This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google books

https://books.google.com

Princeton University Library
32101 073758607

VETUS & NOVUM TESTAMENTUM
DEI SUB NUMINE VIGET
PRINCETON
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

VETUS & NOVUM TESTAMENTUM
DEI SUB NUMINE VIGET
PRINCETON
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REVIEW,

FOR THE YEAR

1800:

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE INCLUSIVE.

Viresque acquirit eundo.
VIRGIL.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:
Printed and ſold by T. & J. SWORDS, No. 99 Pearl-ſtreet.
1800.

NEW JERSEY
COLLEGE LIBRARY

(RLC8XR)
O90.
.M795 v.2

INDEX.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Page.
ARITHMETICAL Queſtion ſolved 84
Aſtringency, Eſſay on 3
Attachments, on early 321
Barri, account of Madame du 401
Baron verſus Workman, 287
Bombay, abode at 106
Buonaparte, account of 89
Calvert, Memoirs of Stephen 17, 256, 330, 413
Calvert, note on Stephen 172
Caterpillars, means of deſtroying 255
Conjugal reſerves, evils of 409
Dialogues of the Living, 96, 402
Directory, ſketch of the late French 407
Fire-Engine, Baader's 17
French Political Nomenclature, 165
Germans, learned labour of the 8
German tongue, on the ſtudy of 284
Godwin's St. Leon, remarks on 404
Hamburgh, deſcription of 6
Hiſtory and Romance, difference between 251
Junius, on the Style of 9
Love, what is 323
Muſic, on the Powers of 85
Negro Slavery, on 81
Ocean, encroachments of the 423
Oration, hints for a Funeral 102
Oxygen, query concerning 345
—————— anſwered, 408
Population, American 13
Promenade à George-town, 340
Puzzle-Cap for Arithmeticians 172
Queſtions, Mathematical 242, 412
———— ſolved, 411
———— on Electricity and Magnetiſm 344
Revolution, effects of the French 161
Reſidence in South-Carolina, 247
Ruſſia, account of Births and Deaths in 16
Ruſſia, preſent State of 99
Selwyn, Memoirs of Mary 174
Speculatiſt: No. I. 241
Socrates, a modern 326
Page.
Spiders, foreſight of 324
Vaucluſe, deſcription of 1
Virgil, remarks on 243
Warehouſe, a Literary 253
Word-Chaſe, a 170
Wheat, a new Species of 328
Workman's Defence, 173
Workman verſus Baron 345

SELECTED.

Apparition, account of an 462
Authors, liſt of Female 381
African mode of Travelling, 393
Bailly, Life of 433
Bethlem-Gabor 453
Burger, Life of 384
Biron, Memoirs of Duc de 389
Climate, on American 436
Economical Information, 381
Falconer's Poems, a Critique on 454
German Stage, State of the 444
Great Claw, account of 68
Greeks, account of Modern 370
Hat-Making, 453
Humphreys, Anecdotes of Colonel 472
Intelligence 76, 155, 237, 318, 398
Johnſon, Adventures of Mr. 148, 312
Linwood, Account of Miſs 476
Locuſts, on the re-appearance of 441
Manure, converſion of Weeds into 75
Pens, on Writing 468
Pope, Anecdotes of the late 465
——condition of the after depoſition ibid
Poverty, evils of 376
Privies, cheap Purification of 396
Prieſtley and Lavoiſier compared, 396
Smith, Character of Dr. J. B. 145
Three-Fingered Jack, 374
Tides, new Theory of 464
Tobacco, hiſtory of 450
Veſuvius, Viſit to 459
Veſuvius and Etna compared, 461
Volcano, account of at St. Lucia 73
Wheat, account of a new Species 64
Wild Boy, account of 449
Waſhington, new Anecdotes of 475

62019

INDEX.

AMERICAN REVIEW.

Page.
Alſop's Poem on Waſhington 309
American Philoſophical Tranſactions 47, 115, 213, 296, 424
Ames's Oration, 355
Backus on Regeneration, 432
Brooke's Oration, 224
Bayard's Oration, 219
Barton's Fragments, 36
Beers's Oration 131
Blair's Funeral Diſcourſe, 55
Burgundy, Smith's Tranſlation of the Count of 133
Burgundy, Plumptre's Tranſlation of the Count of ibid
Caldwell's Poem on Waſhington, 217
Corneliſon's Sermon, 364
Communion, Letters on Frequent 54
Davis's Oration, 304
Der Wild-Fang, Smith's Tranſlation of 225
Der Wild-Fang, Dunlap's Tranſlation of ibid
Dunlap's Verſion of the Virgin of the Sun, 365
Dwight's Funeral Diſcourſe, 431
Edwards's Farewell Sermon, 364
Frelinghuyſen's Oration, 224
Gaudentio di Lucca, 60
Holmes's Funeral Sermon on Waſhington, 363
Kirkland's Oration, 55
————'s Oration on Waſhington, 352
Lee's Oration on do. 122
Linn's Oration on do. 222
——'s Poem on do. 307
Lewis's Oration on do. 124
Minot's Oration on do. 221
Mitchill's Addreſs, 128
Marſh's Oration, 353
Morris's Oration, 120
Maſon's Oration, 302
Miller's Sermon on Waſhington, 429
Morſe's Sermon on do. 125
Oſgood's Oration on do. 236
Paine's Eulogy on do. 354
Prieſtley's Compariſon of Jewiſh and Hindoo Religions, 426
Page.
Rumford's Eſſays, 61, 139
Smith's Tranſlation of the Virgin of the Sun, 365
Strong's Funeral Sermon on Waſhington, 363
Smith's Oration, 305
Trumbull's Diſcourſes, 361
Tuckerman's Oration, 353
Webſter's Hiſtory of Peſtilence, 30, 108, 208, 289
White's Sermon, 127
Wortman's Political Enquiry, 347

POETRY.

Ad Puerum, Ode 320
Anacreon Imitated, 399
Aſhley River, Ode to 160
Charlotte Smith, Sonnet to 320
Cooſohatchie, an Ode 80
Cowper's Return, 479
————on Death, ibid
Eleanor, Ode to 80
Epigram on Baron and Workman, 400
Flavia, Odes to 160, 319
Grimké, Ode to Judge 320
Horace Imitated, 320, 400
Latin Ode to Prince Edward, 79
———— Tranſlation of do. ibid
Linwood's Needle-work, on 479
Lucas George, Odes to 80, 319, 320
Ode by Eleanor, 159
—— on my Houſe, 160
—— to a Cricket, ibid
—— on Home, 239
—— to a Medical Friend, ibid
—— to a Mocking-Bird, ibid
—— on the Plague at Philadelphia, 240
—— in me Ipſum, ibid
Robin to his Miſtreſs, 399
Shipwreck, 400
Sonnet, 480
Sonnet, ibid
Star, Evening, Ode to the 159
Village farewell, ibid
Word-Chaſe finiſhed, 319

but will furnish no adequate conception of its particular beauties.

In order to approach the fountain it is necessary to climb the rock for a little distance: in summer we may pass upward along the bed of the stream itself, which is then extremely scanty and shallow; but, at this time, the vernal rains had made it too deep and rapid to be stemmed, and I was obliged to pursue a path, which seems to have existed in the days of Petrarch. It was then, perhaps, as rugged as at present; since he laments, in one of his sonnets, that its stony points were too sharp for the delicate feet of Laura.

The cavern itself is near an hundred feet wide, though not more than twenty high: within this is a small natural bason, nearly oval, about ninety feet in diameter, in which the fountain rises, cool, clear, and sweet, without noise or ebullition. It is perfectly colourless, but apparently blackened by reflection from the roof and sides of the cavern: thence it flows over part of the rocky entrance, whose surface is worn smooth by the action of its waters into a chasm without; through which, in summer, it steals silently down the precipice; but now, pouring out a copious stream, it bounds from rock to rock with wild and ungovernable fury, till, having reached the vale, it becomes tranquil, and is formed into the river Sorgue.

The spring is so abundant, that the stream supplied by it soon becomes navigable for small boats, and turns numerous mills in a course of fifteen miles to Avignon. Its waters are highly serviceable to several manufactories, and nourish a plant which gives peculiar fatness and flavour to the herds that feed on its banks. They also afford trout of the best kind; but, unhappily, are impregnated with some mineral substance, which renders them indigestible and hard to the taste.

Near it there are now no traces of Laura, or of Petrarch. The fisherman's hut, supposed to have stood on the side of the stream where it falls into the vale, has been gone beyond the reach of tradition. The villagers tell a simple story of Monsieur Petrarch and Madame Laura, whom they represent as a married pair, formerly great lords of the country, rich and charitable; for which they were sainted after their death. It is easy to perceive that, by thus bestowing on them the virtues usually allotted to persons of a far more remote age, no traces of their real story remain. On the summit of the rock are the ruins of an old castle, which seem to frown over the gulph below. The guides point to this as the house of Petrarch, but it never was possessed by him; it was the baronial fortress of the bishops of Cavaillon, the ancient lords of this country; and seems to have been placed here, as a strong hold, in the ages of feudal anarchy. The house which Petrarch inhabited was in the village, and has, long since, disappeared. At the time when he frequented the papal court at Avignon, Peter de Cabassole, his friend and patron, was bishop of Cavaillon; and sought, in this castle, a convenient retreat from the danger and inquietude of courts. He gave one of the houses in the village to Petrarch, with a view not less to have near him a friend whom he dearly prized, than to indulge that friend in the possession of a spot which, next to Laura, appears to have been most fondly loved by him. At that time, doubtless, the mountains round Vaucluse were covered with forests, and the fountain itself wrapt in their shade; if so, no scene can be imagined more adapted to inspire the love of solitude and verse, or to occupy the fancy by

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. II.] JANUARY, 1800. [No. 1.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Description of the Fountain of Vaucluse. In a Letter from an American Traveller.

I KNOW how much you admire Petrarch, and, though I regard his life and his poetry with less respect than you, they are far from being undeserving of notice. In my late tour to Italy, I chanced to wander near the scene of his amorous and poetical despair, and shall give you, in this letter, some account of what I heard and saw respecting that celebrated spot.

The fountain of Vaucluse, the resort of all curious travellers, is at a short distance from the road leading from Avignon to Marseilles. Those who remain a few days at the former place, generally devote one to an excursion thither; but the inquietude of the country, and danger now attending any deviation from the customary road (May 1798), induced me to prefer the safest and most expeditious mode. On my return, therefore, from Marseilles, I left the city of Aix so early as to arrive by ten o'clock in the morning at Orgon, a village in the neighbourhood of Vaucluse. Travellers who are not in haste, may go from hence by water, and land so near that the rest of the way may be traversed on foot without fatigue. As I did not mean to return hither, I procured horses, and crossing the river Durance, a stream of no beauty, I proceeded over a very arid and mountainous country, to the town of Cavaillon; I then crossed the road leading from Avignon to Grenoble, and soon arrived in the vicinity of the fountain.

Leaving my horses at a little hamlet, and accompanied by a train of villagers, whose natural though simple politeness prompted them to be my guides, I walked into the small and beautiful vale, formed by a recess of the mountains, from under which the fountain issues. This vale is somewhat circular; its area consists of meadows, watered by the Sorgue, and the mountains all around it are of wild, grotesque, romantic shape: the fountain itself rises in a cavern in their side, towards the bottom of the vale, and is no more than one of those bold springs which are common to lime-stone countries. The caverns of Derbyshire have a general resemblance to that of Vaucluse, the wildness and grandeur of its aspect.

After thus exploring the fountain, I took leave of my village friends, and proceeded to l'Isle, a neat and beautiful little town, which forms a suitable neighbour to Vaucluse. Shortly after I left this place, being anxious to view, before the sun descended, the vale which extends from hence to Avignon. It is one of the richest in the world, and now exhibited an intermingled scene of corn and meadow, vines, mulberry, fig, and olive trees, in the full bloom of spring. The landscape stretching abroad to a great extent, is at last bounded by the distant hills of Languedoc. To these must be added, the neat cottages and farms of the peasantry, their mild looks, and decent dress, in which the softness of Italy was blended with the comforts of England. I reached Avignon at night, and, after being examined by the commandant, retired to my inn: I found it crowded with soldiers, and soon withdrew to my chamber, with a fancy warmed by the enjoyments of the day.

I rose in the morning to pay a visit to the tomb of Laura, which is in the splended church of the Cordeliers. After wandering through the streets of Avignon, now nearly deserted, I reached the church, but could gain no admittance. All the churches had been shut up by order of the government, ever since those dreadful scenes which followed the seizure of this territory by France. As no persuasion could prevail on the keeper to admit me, I was obliged to rest satisfied with his information. It appears that the tomb itself has suffered little; not because it was respected more than others by the barbarians who pillaged the churches, but on account of its obscurity. It is little more than a grave, in a small dark chapel on the right side of the nave. On the wall near it, is a stone with the name and epitaph of her husband, Hugues de Sade. His wife not being mentioned in this inscription, a doubt for some time existed whether this was her place of burial; but her marriage-contract, still preserved in the records of the family, the researches of one of her descendants, the learned Abbé de Sade, and the opening of her grave, cleared up all obscurity. When the latter was examined, her bones were found with those of her husband. In her coffin was a leaden medal, exhibiting her own and Petrarch's heads; and, what you would deem still more precious, a small wooden tablet, on which was written, by the hand of Petrarch himself, a sonnet, still preserved in his works.

I heartily wish you had possession of this relique. With your temper and views, it would, doubtless, be as dear to you as a manuscript preserved in the same convent is to the devout Cordeliers. They shew it as the production of St. Agnes, who wrote it on her death bed, with a pen brought by some attendant angel from heaven. It is a legend, narrating her miracles and mortifications; and in a just view, is, perhaps, hardly less replete with the errors of the understanding and the passions, than the amorous reveries of Petrarch.

But this is profanation which I can hardly hope you will forgive. The fear of enhancing my guilt induces me to stop here, with declaring how much I am, &c. S. F.

On the Principle of Astringency.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

REFLECTING on the general nature and properties of those substances termed astringents, and the particular process by which many bodies acquire these properties, I was naturally led to some inquiries concerning the principle to which they owed their astringency. The result of these observations, I now, with diffidence, submit to public inspection; not because I think that the proofs I shall adduce are sufficient completely to establish my opinion, but with the hope that these hints may prove incentives to more able inquirers to examine this branch of science; which has, hitherto, remained almost totally unexplored.

Considering that animal substances, in general, are possessed of no astringent property, that many vegetables possess it in a considerable degree, and that the oxyds of some metals were still more astringent; whereas, metals themselves were entirely destitute of astringency: reflecting, also, that acids possess greater astringent powers than either vegetables or oxyds, and that these were in proportion to their acidity, it naturally occurred to me, that by ascertaining in what the particular difference of these bodies consists, by which they become endowed with a similar power in these different degrees, we might be enabled to discover on what the principle of astringency immediately depends. Chemistry teaches us, that the products arising from the analysis of animal and vegetable substances are very similar; the principal difference being that the one contains less oxygen than the other. Is it not then perfectly just to attribute the different properties of vegetables to that principle which particularly distinguishes them from animal substances?

If, then, animal substances are not astringent, and vegetables, for the most part, are so, and if the only difference in their composition appears to be that the one contains less oxygen than the other, it follows, of course, that the astringency of vegetables must depend on the oxygen they contain; which must, in this case, be considered as the principle of astringency.

But let us not rest satisfied here. We know that the most accurate analysis of vegetables which we have hitherto been able to accomplish is very imperfect. The very means we make use of for ascertaining their component principles, are such as give rise to new combinations, from which products result that did not previously exist in the vegetable. With respect to this class of bodies it is, therefore, difficult to say what other principle they may contain which might produce this effect. But, for the very reasons on which I consider these observations, with respect to vegetables, as uncertain (unless confirmed by further analogy), I hope I shall also be allowed to consider objections that may be adduced against them, as, at least, equally inconclusive.

Let us then advance one step farther, and try if the opinion that oxygen is the principle of astringency, be countenanced by other facts. I presume it will be generally allowed, that metals, in their reguline state, exert little or no action on the human body; but their oxyds, we know, are particularly active. The general effect produced by oxydating a metal is, that from an inert substance it is converted into an astringent. I need only mention, as examples of this, the oxyds of iron, lead, arsenic, &c. which are universally allowed to be astringent. To this part of the subject it is proper to pay particular attention, because here we are better acquainted with the changes these bodies have undergone; and, consequently, can draw our conclusions with more accuracy and certainty. We grant that metals are not, of themselves, astringent; that they possess no inherent properties of this kind; and it must also be granted that, by oxydation, they become astringent. But we know that the difference between a metal and its oxyd is, that the last is combined with oxygen, the first is not. If, then, there be any difference in their properties, it must evidently be attributed to this combination; hence, in this case also, oxygen is the principle of astringency. Here I must stop, to notice in what my opinion differs from those who think that the astringent principle of bodies is an acid. Although I perfectly agree with them that acids are astringent, still I can, by no means, allow that astringency, in every case, depends on acidity: thus the oxyds of metals exhibit no acid properties. The same may be said of several of the gums, which we know to contain oxygen, and to be astringent. I would, therefore, wish to prove that it is the combination of oxygen alone with a body (whether an acid be the result or not), that is capable of producing an astringent. I am aware of an objection that may be urged by some against this conclusion, viz. That two bodies, chemically combined, form a compound, differing essentially in its properties, from either of its component parts. Thus, although oxygen united with a metal, may produce an astringent, still, neither of these separately, may possess astringent properties. This, however, can in no way affect my argument. I am not considering oxygen in a free and uncombined state, but am endeavouring to shew that, whenever it unites in proper portion with an *astringifiable base*, an astringent is the result; and that all this class of bodies, so far as we know, owe this property to such combination. But let us pursue this reflection still farther: sulphur, for instance, instead of astringent, possesses rather laxative properties; but, add to this a portion of oxygen, and you immediately convert it into an acid highly astringent; but add to this an alkali, which shall subtract a portion of its acid, you have no longer a fluid possessed of such properties; deprive it of its oxygen, and you, at the same time, deprive it of its astringency. It is in this way that most of the neutral salts become laxative; the astringent powers of the oxygen being destroyed by the operation of alkalies, unless it exist in sufficient proportion to supersaturate the alkali, in which case it is then converted into an astringent. Of this, we have a clear illustration in alum. This has generally been considered as an argillaceous earth, supersaturated with sulphuric acid; and, to this acid, have its astringent properties been attributed. But this opinion is certainly inaccurate; for, from the experiments of that able and laborious chemist, Dr. Lewis, it appears that the vitriolic acid is, of itself, incapable of producing alum with this earth. "Powdered tobacco, pipe clay," says he, "being boiled in a considerable quantity of oil of vitriol, and the boiling continued to dryness, the matter, when cold, discovered very little taste; but, when exposed to the air for a few days, the greatest part of it was changed into lanuginous efflorescences, tasting exactly like alum. The remainder, treated in the same way, exhibited the same phænomena, till the whole of the clay was converted into an astringent salt." Hence he concludes that the clay is somewhat changed before this aluminous salt is produced; but, in what this change consisted, he did not pretend to determine. Since, then, the astringent salt of alum cannot be produced but by exposure to the air, it evidently follows, that something is derived from the atmosphere which is the cause of its astringency. That this is oxygen, we infer, because the acid taste of the alum is considerably increased, and it converts vegetable infusions to a much deeper red than it could do before such exposure. Hence we have reason to conclude that, if all the neutral salts had as strong an attraction for oxygen as the sulphat of alumina, they would lose their laxative properties by exposure to the air, and be converted into astringents. If to a solution of alum you add a metal or any other substance capable of taking away its superabundant oxygen, it then becomes reduced to its former inactive state. From this, we must conclude that its astringency immediately depends on the air with which it is combined, and not on the sulphuric acid; and that, in this case also, oxygen is the principle of astringency.

I shall content myself, for the present, with adducing but one more instance in favour of my position. Charcoal has never been supposed to possess any astringent properties, nor, indeed, does it exhibit any in the slightest degree; but, combine it with oxygen, and the result is fixed air, which we know to be powerfully antiseptic; and, of course, I conclude astringent. I am perfectly conscious that the astringent powers of many vegetables do not appear to be in exact proportion to the quantity of oxygen which we have been able to detect in them; but, with the real component parts of these substances, we are at present so little acquainted, that I presume the plain facts which have been stated will be deemed fully sufficient to obviate any objection that may arise from an uncertain analysis.

With earnest wishes that your very useful Magazine may long continue the medium of philosophical communications, I remain,

Yours, &c.

I. S. S.

Authentic Particulars of the preſent State of Hamburgh.

NOTWITHSTANDING the length of the days, the heat of the summer is moderate, and it is not until near the end of the season that it is very perceptibly felt.

It is seldom that the mercury, in the thermometer of Reaumer, rises to 13 degrees, or $61\frac{1}{4}$ of Farenheit. It is very rare, indeed, that it remains at that height for several successive days. It has been remarked as very extraordinary, when it rose to 25 degrees Reaumer, or $88\frac{1}{4}$ of Farenheit. The winter, in general, is very long, cold, humid, and cloudy. The winter of 1794—5, as in other parts of Europe, was very severe. The thermometer, for a long time, was below 15 degrees Reaumer; and, for some days, it fell to $19\frac{1}{2}$ degrees. Every thing renders it probable that the humidity of the climate will prevail more than it does at present, and will exceed the coldness. Spring is very slow, and almost insensible, in its approach.

It may be remarked, in general, that there is very little heat or serenity, and that the changes in the state of the air are very great and very frequent.

The most usual winds are the south, west, and north. They bring with them clouds and rains, and, in general, purify the air; for none of them produce any noxious *miasma*.

From the bosom of Bohemia, by the eastern side, the *Elbe* flows slowly to Hamburgh. It appears to suspend its course for the convenience and advantages of the city; and, with a calm surface, diffuses itself, and occupies, between that city and Harbourg, an extensive space, intersected with islands, forming a spacious and deep bason, a secure harbour for vessels arriving from every quarter of the world, or destined for distant voyages.

The water used for drink is, in general, of a very good quality.

The Hamburghers inhabit a flat and open piece of ground, without forests or neighbouring mountains. The most considerable part of this plain is watery; the rest is a light, sandy soil, which all the means and arts of cultivation have not been able to render fertile or strong.

The burial grounds within the city are numerous; and, in that respect, argue a bad police—but cemeteries have lately been established beyond the suburbs.

In a handsome quarter of the city, and on the borders of the *Alster*, is a charming public walk, which is not exceeded by any thing to be found in any great city, if we except the *Chiaia* of Naples.

Though civil and political equality exist, there is here, as in every other place, great inequality of fortune; which causes distinctions unfavourable to those who are not blessed with riches.

The country abounds with the means and materials of good living. Sturgeon is some times in great plenty, but there is no salmon. Their white bread is very good.

Hamburgh is an immense workshop, where every one is busy. The love of labour, and the desire of gain, however, do not exclude a taste for pleasure. All share in the amusements. The men love wine, but intoxication is very rare. The city, at present, contains above one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It has been, for a long time, the staple of the north, the general rendezvous for the merchants of every country.

Its neutral port, during the present war, has made it a great resort for commerce; and its peaceful territory has afforded an hospitable assylum for those individuals whom prudence has led to take refuge among them.

A government mild, peaceful, and paternal; a wise administration; an active police, which, like the operations of Providence, though not actually seen, is unceasingly vigilant, rigidly preventive and repressive; a liberty without licentiousness; laws simple and uniform, productive of order and security, while they cause harmony and general prosperity, diffuse among the citizens who are subjected to their influence, that tranquillity and happiness which are so favourable to mind and body.

In such a political state, and in the centre of a level and humid soil, under a climate above temperate, there cannot but exist mild manners, and tranquil and moderate passions.

Strangers necessarily feel the influence of the climate, but, if they do not aid it by improper regimen, they suffer but little of its bad effects.

The Dutchman finds there his canals, his marshes, his pipe, butter, and tea; he feels only the variations and vicissitudes of the temperature of the air. The Englishman may complain more of this inconstancy than of the cold and fogs, to which he is accustomed, and against which he fortifies himself by wine, and riding on horseback. The inhabitants of the south of Europe, who resist the first impressions of the climate, strengthen themselves, and acquire a habit, which, after a long residence there, renders their own country less healthful. The French, though unaccustomed to these disadvantages and those means, have learned how to brave them; and, in general, escape the numerous inconveniences which result from them, by that pliability of their nature, which distinguishes their physical and moral character, and by those changes which, in many respects, they are able to make, as well as by relaxation, regimen, and exercise.

M. *Voght*, counsellor of state to the king of Denmark, when in England in 1796, published a pamphlet on the society for the relief of the poor in the city of Hamburgh. He observed, that the arrangements made in Hamburgh to supply the wants of the needy, were far superior to those practised in most of the large cities in Great-Britain; and, to aid some reform there, in this respect, he was prompted to publish a treatise, which reflects honour on his goodness of heart, and his humanity.

In the north of Europe, it is, in general, more difficult to suppress mendicity than in the south. The causes of that difference, are the rigour of the climate, the changes of temperature, less fertility of soil, the necessity of a greater quantity of nourishment, more abundant and expensive cloathing, light, and fuel, &c. Yet, these joined to other local disadvantages, have not hindered the adoption of those measures which prevent the appearance of a single beggar in the city of Hamburgh, one of the most populous cities in Germany. This is also the case at *Kiel;* and the example of these two cities ought to be universally followed.

The society for the relief of the poor in Hamburgh, commenced their operations by dividing the city into quarters, and then forming a table of the number of the poor in each of these divisions, and of the nature of their wants. They gave to some, suitable and profitable employments; to others, a pension. Their care was also extended to the children of the poor; for whom, schools were provided, where they are taught to labour; by which means, they have been able to rescue a great number of families from misery.

To defray the necessary expenses of this establishment, they united, as much as possible, into one fund, all the different charitable funds, and opened new subscriptions. The most respectable persons of every rank, voluntarily offered to take charge of the details of the administration; and their services, generous and important, are, for the most part, gratuitous.

Mendicity will never be wholly suppressed, but by employing persons of zeal in the cause, of acknowledged disinterestedness, and whose own choice leads them to the accomplishment of so noble a design. T.

Literary Industry of the Germans.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

THE speculation in your last number, concerning the number of books that are extant, has induced me to send you some facts, which my situation has enabled me to collect, connected with that subject.

In no nation in the world has book-making been carried on with more spirit than in Germany. From the *Allemagne savante*, or dictionary of living German authors, by *G. C. Hamberger*, continued by *I. G. Meusel*, aulic counsellor to the king of Prussia, it appears that the catalogue of German authors, from *Abegg* to *Lynker* only, that is, from the letter A to L, in merely naming their productions, extends to upwards of twenty-five hundred pages octavo, very closely printed on a small type. Twenty-five years ago, when the first edition of the catalogue was published, there were only eight hundred and ninety-six pages octavo. From this catalogue it appears, that the number of authors now in Germany is above ten thousand; and some state the number to be twenty thousand. The first volume of the catalogue contains eleven hundred and fifty-four.

The whole population of Germany is not supposed to exceed thirty millions. In the Austrian dominions, the class of peasants are mostly serfs or predial slaves; and may be supposed to be, few of them, able to read at all. In the other provinces, especially Swabia, Westphalia, and the Upper Rhine, the number must be very great of those who, if they have been taught to read, never devote any part of their attention to books. Not more than ten millions of the thirty, are of the reading age; and it is a very liberal calculation, to suppose that, of those, not more than one in ten purchase the ware of authors. Hence it should appear, that for every *hundred* readers, there is *one* who lives by the trade of authorship.

Authors must be nearly as numerous in Germany as lawyers, or physicians, or clergymen. In fact, the three last classes are all of them, in different degrees, authors; that is, in the course of their education or practice, they have published more or less pages.

A German writer, *L. W. Bruggeman*, has published, at Stettin, in Pomerania, a Prussian province, a work, in English, on which he has laboured twenty-five years. It contains *a view of all the English editions, translations and illustrations of the ancient Greek and Latin authors.* In the execution of this work, he has been at great expense, being obliged to purchase and import a great number of English books. This is a very curious specimen of learned perseverance and labour. That a man should spend his life in recounting the translations of ancient authors into a language foreign to his own! It is one of the most difficult, tiresome, unpopular, and unprofitable branches of the trade. Germany, however, affords innumerable instances of this kind of literary diligence. There is a press at Leipsic abundantly supplied with editions and interpretations of Chinese, Abyssinian, Coptic, and Syriac productions. T.

On the Style of JUNIUS.

THERE is, generally, in verbal criticism, somewhat trifling and invidious. It has a strong appearance of injustice, since the merit of compositions consists in their general effect upon the understanding, and in the influence of complex and comprehensive views. To investigate the cause why a literary performance pleases us, by analizing it into its minutest parts, is like searching for the powers of a clock, in a separate examination of each *cog* and *spoke* of its wheels, or for the beauty of a landscape, in each beam of the cottage, and limb of the trees which compose it.

There are properties, however, pertaining to single words, phrases, and sentences, as well as to entire compositions. A perfect writer will not employ terms liable to censure; and not only his whole performance shall impart to us conviction and delight, but each sentence, phrase, and word, however scrupulously weighed, shall be found pure, proper, and precise, musical and energetic.

Every human composition, perhaps, will be, in some degree, faulty. General applause is merited and conferred upon an author, not because his work is faultless, but because its excellencies are more numerous, and of a rarer kind, than can be found in others. If, therefore, in the brief examination which I propose to make of the style of Junius, censure should predominate over praise, it must be ascribed to the minuteness of the survey, and not be taken as an absolute condemnation of his style. Our model should be perfect; but as perfection cannot be found, it is of infinite and indispensible use to distinguish between excellencies and faults in our pattern, and assiduously to study and to imitate the former, while we carefully reject the latter.

I shall select the preface to his *letter to the king*, as this was probably the most elaborate and polished of his compositions; as it has, perhaps, fewer blemishes than his other pieces; and as it is of a moderate length, and therefore more suited to the limits which your publication prescribes to your correspondents. It begins thus:

"When the complaints of a *brave and powerful* people *are observed to* increase in proportion to the wrongs they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission, they are roused to resistance, the time *will soon arrive at which* every *inferior* consideration must yield to the *security* of the *sovereign*, and to the *general* safety of the state."

On the first member of this sentence, we may remark, that the propriety of the epithets *brave* and *powerful* is extremely questionable. The qualities of *bravery* and *power*, are relative. One nation, in contention with another, may manifest its *bravery* and *power*; but in the conduct of subjects towards their rulers, there seems no peculiar opportunities for the display of these attributes. As to power, there is always the same, or nearly the same, disparity between the numbers and force of the people and their domestic governors; and that force, when seconded by inclination, is always alike sufficient to overthrow an authority founded merely on opinion. As to bravery, citizens may tamely submit to magistrates, and soldiers to their officers, without imputation on their bravery. The field of battle is the proper sphere of the brave. It is the qualification of a soldier, and is thoroughly consistent with those prejudices which make men passive under the yoke of civil and religious tyranny. The Romans under Tiberius and Caligula, and the Spaniards under Philip the second and his inquisition, were the *bravest* and *most powerful* nations in the world. Their submission arose, not from the want of valour and force, but merely from their want of *generosity* or *wisdom*. Hopes of opposition to unjust government, are not to be founded on a nation's being brave or powerful, but generous and enlightened.

I shall not, however, be earnest in condemning these epithets. If their consistency be admitted, we shall be inclined, at least, to deny them the praise of being forcible or happy. The terms *generous* and *enlightened* would have been far more apposite.

The only antecedent to the verb "they have suffered," is "complaints." "The people," which the author designed "to suffer," is in the possessive case. As the sentence is at present modelled, "the complaints" are made to "increase in proportion to the wrongs which they (the complaints) suffer."

"When the complaints of a brave and powerful people *are observed to* increase." Of what use is the phrase "are observed to?" The consequences which he mentions, may flow from the *increase* of their complaints, but will flow with equal certainty whether that increase be *observed* or *not observed*. The consequences of the increase of popular discontent, will not, indeed, be predicted or avoided but by those who *observe* that increase. The *observation*, therefore, instead of producing or hastening the evil, as the structure of this sentence implies, has, in reality, a tendency to *obviate* or *preclude* it.

The second member of the sentence deserves no particular regard, except in connection with the sequel. In the last portion of the sentence we are told that "the time *will soon arrive*," &c. Now this consequence seems by no means connected with either of the precedent circumstances. When *wrongs* are observed merely to produce *proportionable complaints*, we are by no means authorized to predict the speedy arrival of forcible resistance. He whose complaints are loud and doleful in proportion as injuries are multiplied upon him, affords no proof of *power* or *bravery*. At least, we have no room to hope, that he who, under an increase of injury, has done nothing but augment his complaints, will ever resist his oppressor. The resentment of the weak and timid evaporates in complaints. The strong and the brave are prone to resist, by force, the first invasions of injustice; and not to meet every new violence or new injury with new outcries and new tears.

The second member of the sentence exhibits the people as *roused* by their wrongs to *resistance*. If the sequel had regard to *this* state of things, it is improper to say that the time when public considerations are to supersede private ones, *will soon arrive*, for, in *that* case, it has actually arrived.

The phrase "at which" ought not to have been preferred to "when."

This, it seems, is a time when every *inferior* consideration must yield to the safety of the king and people. *Inferior* considerations must, at all times, yield place to superior ones. This, truly, is a wonderful discovery. The dreadful state of things just described, will bring us to time when the general good must take place of all *inferior* considerations!

Junius probably meant that, at such a juncture, *every* consideration was inferior, and must yield to these mentioned; but, by unluckily foisting in the epithet *inferior*, he has perverted his own meaning, and enfeebled his sentence.

But what is it to which these inferior considerations must yield? "To the *security* of the sovereign and the *general* safety of the *state*." The distinction between safety and security is well known. The first implies actual exemption from danger; the last, nothing more than the belief of such exemption. I may, therefore, be *safe*; that is, exempt from danger, and, at the same time, be insecure; that is, believe myself not exempt. Safety is a condition of external things, in relation to my welfare. Danger is the reverse of safety; but security is a condition of my thoughts, in relation to external things. It is an *opinion*, whether true or false, that danger is absent. If danger be really absent, the opinion is true, and I am at once secure and safe; but if danger beset me, though unimagined, I am still secure, but not safe. The parity, therefore, between the condition of the sovereign and that of the state, intended by this sentence, is by no means expressed; safety and security not being synonimous terms.

The words *state* and *sovereign* generally denote that system or assemblage of powers and persons which constitute and administer the government. "The state," signifies the scheme of politics; and the "sovereign," implies the agents in that scheme. I am at a loss whether any distinction was meant between them in this sentence. If none were meant, it ends with a useless and feeble repetition. If any were designed, it is vague and obscure.

Perhaps Junius meant nothing more than the obvious and proper *classification* of mankind into king and people. We need not dwell upon the inadequate and improper use of the terms *sovereign* and *state*, to denote the monarch and his subjects, but may observe that the phrase "general safety of the state," is grossly redundant. "The general safety," and "the safety of the state," are phrases equivalent to each other, and, to use them together, is equal to saying "the *national* safety of the *nation*." The defects of this sentence might be partly rectified by modelling it after this manner: "When a generous and enlightened people augment their complaints in proportion to the wrongs *which* they have suffered; when, instead of sinking into submission they are roused to resistance, the time *has come when* every consideration must yield to the *common* safety of the *prince* and *people*."

"There *is a moment* of difficulty and danger *at which* flattery and falsehood can no longer deceive, and simplicity itself can no longer be misled."

"There are moments" is a phrase more cogent and more musical than "there is a moment;" and "at which" is a very formal and harsh substitute for "when." "Danger" was added to "*difficulty*," and "falsehood" to "*flattery*," merely to make the period flow with more dignity and fulness.

Rhythm is of as much value, and is as easily attainable in prose as in verse. A good writer will never have need to sacrifice force or clearness to harmony; but if either must be offered, he will never hesitate to exchange a musical cadence for energy or perspicuity. This sentence, however, is, on the whole, perspicuous and forcible.

"Let us suppose it arrived. Let us suppose a gracious, *well-intentioned* prince made sensible at last of the great *duty he owes* to his people, and of his own disgraceful situation, that he looks round him for assistance, and *asks for no advice but how* to gratify the wishes and secure the happiness of his subjects."

"Well-intentioned" is a specimen of that uncouth and licentious mode of making adjectives of substantives, by tacking to them the participial termination *ed*, which, at present, so greatly prevails. Instead of conforming to the true genius and established usage of the language, by employing the real adjectives and participles, we have adopted such barbarisms as *intentioned*, *unioned*, *visioned*, *compassioned*, for intending, united, visionary, and compassionate. These terms always denote either negligence or affectation, and are not to be admitted into grave compositions.

Duty is a term frequently used in relation to another. Thus we say, duty to a parent, to a master, to God, to mankind. It is a principle by which something is made *due* or *owing* to another. Thus reverence is *due* or owing to parents, and obedience to masters. These phrases are equivalent to saying "reverence to parents is enjoined by duty," or "it is our duty to give reverence to parents;" but to talk of a duty *that is owing*, though not unsanctioned by popular usage, is, to say the least of it, a useless tautology. Debts and duties, are terms nearly allied. To "pay our debts" and "perform our duties," are phrases always preferable to "pay the debts or perform the duties *that we owe*."

"And asks for no advice but how ——," is a phraseology remarkably inelegant and slovenly. This sentence, on the whole, can lay no claim to praise for its energy or elegance.

"In these circumstances, it *may* be *matter of* curious speculation to consider, if an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in what terms he would address *himself to* his sovereign."

The mode which honesty would adopt in these circumstances, is the matter of curious speculation: the consideration of this mode is the curious speculation itself; but, according to the tenor of this sentence, the consideration of the terms, and not the terms themselves, is made the matter of his speculation.

"Himself to ——," is an harsh, awkward, and superfluous incumbrance.

The arrangement of this sentence is essentially defective, since the curious speculation is made to relate to the admission of the honest man to an audience, and not, as was intended, merely to the terms which such a man would employ after his admission. This defect would be cured by distributing the clauses thus:

"If an honest man were permitted to approach a king, in these circumstances, it would be a curious speculation to consider in what terms he would address his sovereign."

"Let it be imagined, no matter how improbable, that the first prejudice against his character is removed—that the *ceremonious* difficulties of an audience are surmounted—that he *feels himself* animated by the purest and *most honourable* affection *to* his king and country—and that the great person whom he addresses has *spirit enough* to bid him speak freely, and *understanding enough* to listen to him with attention."

Much fault cannot be found with this sentence; while, at the same time, there is nothing remarkable for force and beauty to be found in it.

The phrases "no matter how improbable"—"first prejudice"—"ceremonious difficulties," do not entitle themselves to our full, immediate, and unmixed approbation. The first appears somewhat careless and colloquial; the second imperfectly conveys the author's meaning; and the congruity of the third is liable to question.

"Most honourable," is trite and vague, and needlessly protracts a sentence otherwise sufficiently long. "Affection *to* his king" is incorrect. We always say "affection *for*." "Spirit enough," and "understanding enough," are languid and inexpressive.

The concluding sentence is liable to no objection: "Unacquainted with the vain impertinence of forms, he would deliver his sentiments with dignity and firmness, but not without respect."

I shall here conclude my remarks with professing the honesty of my intentions in making them. I shall not draw any inference, with respect to the general merit of this writer, from the brief and hasty survey which has been taken of a few passages. Though none of the performances of Junius afford me the delight which elegance and energy of language are adapted to afford, I am sensible that this may proceed from my preference to other models; and that this preference may have arisen, in some sort, imperceptibly and casually, and not be founded on essential or demonstrable differences. CRITO.

Population of the United States.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE period has nearly arrived when a new census of the people of the United States will be taken. This census, by enabling us to reason from authentic data, will put it in our power to ascertain the rate of our progress in population. We shall then discover in what period our numbers are doubled, and may predict the future condition of our country with tolerable certainty.

Meanwhile, it may not be unacceptable to some of your readers, to state, in a distinct and comprehensive manner, the results of the last enumeration. They will thus have at hand, an object wherewith to compare the particulars of the future census, and be saved the trouble of computing and arranging for themselves. These statements will likewise tend to familiarize objects of science; of which, few, to their disgrace be it spoken, have any accurate knowledge.

The grand division of the United States is into two parts. The first is that which lies on the Atlantic ocean, and among those streams which flow into it. The second is the region adjacent to the Lakes and to the Mississippi. The first is, for the most part, *located;* that is, parcelled out among individuals, and distributed into different States. The second is a wilderness, either wholly desolate, or inhabited by wild beasts and by Indians.

The first was divided, in 1790, among fifteen States. A three-fold division is commonly made of these into Eastern, comprehended under the name of New-England, Middle, and Southern.

The Eastern, or New-England States, with their population and area, are as follows:

	No. to 1. s. m.	No. of people.	Area in s. m.
1. Massachusetts, including the dependant district of Maine, contains	1½	480,000	46,000
2. Connecticut - - - - - - -	48	240,000	5,000
3. New-Hampshire - - - - - -	15	140,000	9,500
4. Vermont - - - - - - - -	8½	85,000	10,000
5. Rhode-Island - - - - - - -	47½	70,000	1,500
The total population and area of these five States is, therefore, - - - -	14	1,015,000	72,000

The population of Massachusetts is very near one half of the population of the whole five.

Its effective strength and military force, is greater than an half, in consequence of its own compact situation, and of the scattered position and slender population of the rest.

The area of Massachusetts and Maine, is equal to that of South-Britain. Maine is equal in extent to the kingdom of England, and Massachusetts to the principality of Wales; but the population of the latter is, to that of the former, nearly as three to one.

It appears that this portion of our country is as thinly peopled as the least populous and fertile portions of Europe, North-Russia and Sweden; their population being proportionably from twelve to fourteen to one square mile. Connecticut and Rhode-Island are, proportionably, as populous as Hungary and Poland.

To make New-England as populous as France, we must increase the present numbers fifteen-fold; that is, instead of one million, as in 1790, this area should sustain fifteen millions of inhabitants.

The middle States consist of	No. to 1 s. m.	No. of people	Area in s. m.
1. New-York - - - - - -	7½	340,000	45,000
2. New-Jersey - - - - - -	22	184,000	8,000
3. Pennsylvania - - - -	10	435,000	45,000
4. Delaware - - - - - -	30	60,000	2,000
5. Maryland - - - - - -	32	320,000	10,000
Total area and population, - -	11	1,239,000	110,000

The population of the five middle States to the five New-England, is as eleven to fourteen, whereas the area of the former is greater by an half than that of the latter.

They produce of men, fit to bear arms and to constitute an effective military force, about the same number.

Maryland is most populous, in proportion to its extent, and New-York the least.

Maryland and Delaware are proportionably as populous as Spain and Portugal. While New-York is as desolate as Finland and Crim Tartary, its progress since 1790, has probably exceeded that of any other State.

The whole, to possess a population proportioned to France, must have its numbers multiplied eighteen or twenty-fold; that is, it must contain twenty millions of people.

	No. to 1 s. m.	No. of people	Area in s. m.
The southern States are - - - -			
1. Virginia - - - - - -	10½	750,000	70,000
2. North-Carolina - - - - -	11	390,000	34,000
3. South-Carolina - - - -	12½	250,000	20,000
4. Georgia - - - - - - -	5½	82,000	15,000
Total, area and population, - -	10	1,472,000	139,000

This portion of territory hence appears to be more populous, on the whole, than either of the former; but less populous proportionably to its extent, by more than one half, than the middle States, and by nearly two thirds, than New-England.

The countries which may be called the eastern or atlantic portion of the United States, are those watered almost wholly by the streams that fall into the ocean, and whose eastern boundary is the sea.

The western portion is that which is bordered by the northern lakes, westward by the Mississippi, and southward by the Gulph of Mexico, and is watered by streams that fall into each of these respectively.

Of the vast extent of Georgia, not more than one tenth, or fifteen thousand square miles, and including the spaces bounded by the rivers St. Mary, and Savannah, and the ocean, may properly be said to be inhabited by European colonists. The rest is either desolate or occupied by savages. The present jurisdiction of the State, nominally extends to the Mississippi, but these vast regions are, in reality, the property of the Chacktaws, Chikesaws, Muscogees, and Creeks. As soon as they are peopled by whites, they will, no doubt, constitute a new State. In a political as well as geographical view, therefore, they may be ranked with the western division of the empire.

This portion may be subdivided into the portions north-westward and southward of Ohio, the greatest eastern branch of the Mississippi.

	No. to 1 s. m.	No. of people.	Area in s. m.
The North-Western Territory - - - -		8,000	411,000
South-Western Territory, including Kentucky - - - - - - - - - -	1½	75,000	50,000
Tenessee and Western Georgia - - - -		80,000	185,000
		163,000	646,000

The comparative extent and population of the two divisions of our country, will be as follows:

The Eastern States, viz.	Northern,	14	1,015,000	72,000
	Middle,	11	1,239,000	110,000
	Southern,	10	1,472.000	139,000
		$11\frac{1}{3}$	3,727,000	321,000
Western Territory - - - - - - -		$\frac{1}{4}$	163,000	646,000
Total, - - - - - - - - - -		4	3,890,000	967,000

Account of Births and Deaths in certain Districts of Russia.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE following facts, derived from sources accessible to few persons in this country, may be useful to your speculative and scientific readers. They are taken from a work written by *W. C. Friebe*, a member of the free-œconomical society at Petersburgh, in 1797. It appears, that in no country do the number of births so far exceed the number of deaths, as in Russia, or in that part of the empire called *Great-Russia.* The following table will shew the excess of births in several districts:

Year.	*District.*	*Births.*	*Deaths.*	*Excess of Births.*
1774	Novogorod.	25,733	13,693	12,040
1775		27,400	12,530	14,870
1777		15,161	7,887	7,304
1779		16,466	7,284	9,182
1776	Twer.	14,383	6,496	7,887
1777		16,235	6,932	9,303
1779	Pleskoro.	11,086	5,016	6,070
1769	Moscow.	82,825	44,748	38,079
1770		82,506	42,567	39.939
1775		88,778	56,862	31,916
1784	City of Petersburg.	6,052	5,244	808
1793		6,690	4,185	2,505
1794		6,750	4,015	2,735

The very great salubrity of the climate of Russia, is evident from the examples of longevity, which are more numerous in that country than any other. In 1793, among the number of deaths in the diocese of Kostroma, there were reckoned one of one hundred years, one of one hundred and one, one of one hundred and ten, and one of one hundred and twenty. In that of Nissegorod, were nineteen of one hundred years, one of one hundred and one, two of one hundred and two, one of one hundred and six, one of one hundred and eight, two of one hundred and ten, and two of one hundred and twenty. In that of Riaesan, there were eighteen who were above their one hundredth year; in Rostou, eight of one hundred years; in Wietka, twenty-three of one hundred years, three of one hundred and two, one of one hundred and four, two of one hundred and eight, and one of one hundred and ten. In 1793, a woman died at Petersburgh aged one hundred and twenty-five years.

The slender population of these

provinces, and the consequent prevalence of forest and marsh in the surface of the country, would lead one to a very different conclusion. It must be noted, however, that Kostroma, Nissegorod, and Wietka, are districts on the upper branches of the Wolga, higher and more irregular than the southern regions, and lying under the fifty-seventh degree of latitude. Cold, to a certain degree, is the parent of salubrity. The pool, or the bog, are deprived of all their pestilential influence, when incrusted with ice, or mantled with snow. North-Russia knows little but the keen and wholesome blasts of winter. T.

Account of a Fire Engine invented by M. Baader, *Director of Machines at Munich, in Bavaria.*

BY this ingenious machine, water is drawn from a canal, river, &c. and is thrown by two or three orifices at once, to the height of seventy-five or eighty feet above the orifice, and is consequently adapted for the extinguishment of fire in two or three places. The quantity of water which this engine spreads each minute, is twenty-six cubic Bavarian feet. This machine has a further advantage, in being easy to transport from one place to another. It is easily drawn, with all its apparatus, by two horses; and, placed upon high wheels, may be easily carried into the country.

If there is not a canal or river at hand, it may be supplied with water brought in large casks, which is drawn up by the *absorbent pipe;* which is an inestimable advantage when it is necessary to use the engine in very narrow streets, which do not permit more persons to approach than are necessary to work the machine. It will likewise disengage itself from the mud which would embarrass its movements, as it often happens in other engines. What is more remarkable is, that by means of *hose* made of hemp, and fastened together to the length of fifteen hundred feet if necessary, and communicating with a canal, river, &c. this engine can furnish sufficient water to three or four large engines of the common kind, so as to keep them constantly at work; and which would, otherwise, have required to supply a sufficient quantity of water, forty horses constantly moving at a gallop. T.

MEMOIRS *of* STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from p. 434 of vol. i.]

LATE in the evening I visited my cousin. I found her alone. Her friend had retired to her chamber earlier than usual, and left her to pursue her reveries without interruption. She was sitting, with a paper open in her lap, her arms folded, and her eyes moist with tears.

She endeavoured to assume a cheerful air at my approach, but her sadness was imperfectly concealed. My curiosity was naturally excited by these appearances. On questioning her as to the cause of her apparent discomposure, she gave me the letter.

"From your mother," said she. "I have just received it; you may read it."

I accordingly perused it, hastily. It was a copious epistle, written in answer to one received from my cousin, in which the reasons of her treatment of me had been explained. It was dictated by maternal candour and affection. My cousin was applauded for her fortitude, the sacrifice of inclination to reason. She was exhorted to continue under the guidance of the same principle, and was gently chidden for laying stress in questions so immediately pertaining to her own happiness and duty, on the assertion or authority of others. This rebuke related not to my cousin's deference to the councils of Sydney, but merely to her appeal to my mother's wishes, and her declaration that my mother's reason or will should be the rule of her conduct. This submission was earnestly rejected. She was exhorted to act with single views to her own felicity, that being the object of supreme regard to my mother, and that being incompatible with wedlock contracted without the utmost independence of choice, and the entire acquiescence of the understanding.

She then proceeded to state her reasons for dissenting from Louisa. She dwelt upon the flexibility and ductility of the youthful character, how much it depends upon the incidents befalling it, and how delicate those contingencies are by which the ultimate rank and condition of men are governed.

She acknowledged that her son's principles were yet unformed, but she believed his biases and propensities to be good, and that no circumstance could be imagined more favourable to the growth and stability of my virtue, than marriage with one of my cousin's excellence.

She had not failed to study my character. She trembled on perceiving my susceptibility of new impressions. Her zeal for my welfare had made her anxious to screen me from the contagion of bad example; to avert all temptations incident to my age; to the possession of opulence; and to freedom from restraint. She had particularly deprecated my voyage to Europe, where my appetites would be provoked, and my prejudices fostered in that sphere of nobility and luxury in which my birth could inevitably place me. The surest and only anchor of my felicity and her's, was marriage with a virtuous woman, together with abode in my native country, and conformity to its simplicity and rectitude of manners. One of these advantages she knew was inseparably connected with another. Nothing but success with my cousin, would prevent my departure. This event was more irreconcilable with her maternal feelings than any other, but she trusted that her fortitude was not unequal to the trial.

These considerations were urged with pathetical simplicity, and with a candour which insured their success. Having finished the perusal, and laid down the paper, I said, "And what effect has this letter produced."

"You may easily guess at its effect. It has plunged me into perplexity and grief. I cannot endure to offend your mother and mine. That, indeed, I need not dread. She knows the goodness of my motives, and will pardon me; but I cannot endure to make her unhappy, or even to put her happiness to hazard. Your voyage is dreaded no less by me than by her. As her reason and her love are equally averse to it, so are mine. Should you persist in this resolution, I shall not condemn you. The impetuosity of your feelings makes you unhappy in the sight of that good which, in your apprehension, is unreasonably withholden from you. You want to fly from sorrow and to put an end to fruitless hopes, by flying from your country and from me. You descry no danger in your path, and are therefore fearless and rash. I imagine that I see those dangers, that your youth will not escape them; but am unable to communicate my feelings to you, and to reconcile you to the practice of a salutary self-denial. Should you go, according to your late intimations, should any evil befal you in your way, or should our fears for your integrity be realized, what will be your mother's anguish? What will be mine? I see, too clearly, that life would be insupportable." These words were accompanied with flowing tears, and every muscle of her face swelled with grief.

My nature could not make me insensible to these tokens of a generous and disinterested affection. Their tendency had hitherto been thwarted by those excruciating regrets, which these very tokens, by adding new strength to my passion, were adapted to produce. Those fears for my safety, those proofs of her virtue and her love, gave new edge to my desire, and made her conduct, respecting me, appear still more to argue infatuation and folly. The difficulty of embracing her conditions, of acquiescing in merely amicable intercourse, and my resolution to end the fruitless contest by eternal separation, were augmented in proportion to her aversion to my voyage. I likewise was careful to remember that this ground might insure my victory, and hoped that marriage would be chosen by her in preference to absence.

The last opinion was enforced by the circumstances of our present interview. It was plain, that by assailing her constancy in this failing moment, I should triumph over her scruples; but the late occurrences had secretly modified and given new direction to my thoughts. My abode in America was no longer a source of unsatisfied craving and despondency. My visions of happiness were no longer collected round this point. I could now endure to think of my cousin as a sister or a friend, and to exchange courtesies with her without the poison of resentment and of jealousy. Agreeably to this change of sentiments, I now said to her:

"I designed, on this visit, to leave with you my last farewell. I am hopeless of subduing your scruples, which my heart and my reason condemn as injurious to yourself and to me. I have, therefore, made every suitable preparation for my voyage; my clothes are packed, my trunks prepared, and my passage bespoken. The ship lies at Newcastle, ready to profit by the next favourable wind, and I designed to have reached the ship this evening."

My companion turned pale, her limbs trembled, and she seemed ready to swoon. This weakness was counteracted by a powerful effort, and she continued, with apparent composure, to listen.

"This resolution," continued I, "will not create surprise; will not be wondered at; will not be condemned by you. It is true, that I have no fears for my integrity. I see not more numerous or more powerful temptations in that scene than in this; on the contrary, my abode in Europe would make me happier and wiser. My own interest, separately considered, would be in every respect promoted by it; but I cannot, and ought not, to have an interest separate from my mother's and from your's. My resolution, ardent and strenuous as it was, is now changed. I will not go."

This unexpected and abrupt conclusion excited in my friend as much surprise as joy. She looked at me with an air of doubt; "What!" said she, hesitating—"how is this change?"

"Are there not sufficient motives for it? Is not the sacrifice of my inclination, in this point, fully due to my mother and to yourself?"

"Alas! there is nothing due to me. My scruples appear to you groundless and absurd. My conduct argues, in your opinion, an heart callous, and cold, and indifferent to your welfare. With such sentiments, and such is my unfortunate condition, that my conduct cannot fail to give birth to such sentiments, you cannot conceive any sacrifice due to me."

"You have a very contemptuous opinion of my understanding and my heart. Hitherto I have deserved that opinion, but not now. I still deplore the error into which a phantastic prudence and an unwise counsellor have led you, and would willingly root it out. To do this, I have tried in vain; and I now give up my scheme in despair: but I am no longer blind to the purity of your motives; I acknowledge and revere them, though I owe to them my misery."

At these words, a serene pleasure lighted up those eyes which had, for a long time past, betokened nothing but melancholy. "And is it so, my beloved friend? Now, indeed, shall I find my resolution in danger of yielding. I have grieved at perceiving your injustice towards me; for, not to have seen the goodness of my intentions from the beginning, was to be guilty of injustice. My affection has, in some degree, been lessened with my esteem; but this precious acknowledgment has restored you to your former dignity, to your first place in my affections, and has made me happier than words can express.

"But you know my wishes with regard to you. They are not limited to merely your staying among us. There are other conditions which, perhaps, (I am inclined to hope every thing from your magnanimity) perhaps you will consent to, and consent to cheerfully."

"Let me know them."

"Do not you know them? You must give me very much of your society. I must see you and hear from you continually; there must be no limits to your confidence; but, for some years to come—— Recollect your youth, your unformed sentiments, your mutable affections; the influence of time, and observation, and experience to new-mould the character: for some years to come, you must be only—*my friend*."

"I do not mean," said I, after a pause, "to make an incomplete and partial sacrifice. What you wish, I will be."

This promise was accepted with eagerness and gratitude. She gave a thousand artless proofs of her joy, her tenderness, and her confidence in my integrity. The feelings which this deportment excited in me were far from joyous or tranquil. I could not but reflect on the causes of this change in my resolutions. I saw that I deserved not the eulogies and thanks of my cousin; that she ascribed magnanimity to me to which I was a stranger; that the present state of my thoughts demonstrated the wisdom of her conduct, since they proved me to be as capricious, fickle, and prejudiced, as her friend had represented it as possible for me to become.

But while her praises inspired me with nothing but humiliation and compunction, my false shame hindered me from confessing the true state of my feelings, and unveiling the genuine motives of my actions. I betook myself to searching for apologies and arguments in favour of my dissimulation. I endeavoured to persuade myself that concealment was but justice to my cousin, whom the disclosure of my thoughts would render needlessly unhappy, and whose estimate of human conduct was superfluously rigid. I flattered myself that time would speedily determine my destiny with regard to Miss Neville; that if my love for her was frustrated or unmatured, it was equitable, on the whole, to conceal from my cousin that it ever existed; but that, if it were conducted to a prosperous issue, it might be disclosed without injury or difficulty. I should be without guilt in the eyes of my cousin, since she had voluntarily loosened the bonds of our betrothment, and had denied me the name, privileges, and expectations of a lover.

These sophistries quieted, for a time, my self-upbraidings; but they were sure to be awakened anew, and every proof of her affection and confidence in me was a sting, goading into new sensibility my slumbering conscience. The anxiety and fluctuation that hence arose, were to be stifled and stilled by new arguments and subtleties, whose influence was, in like manner, merely temporary. This disquiet did not escape the piercing eye of my friend. Being void of suspicion, she was inclined to impute these appearances to my hopes, respecting herself, assuming occasional dominion. When her demeanour was most affectionate, tender, and confiding, my compunctions were always most acute, and the discomposure of my thoughts most apparent. It was at such times that, had my conduct been truly disinterested, those regrets which her candour ascribed to me, would naturally have arisen and acquired new strength; and thus was she unavoidably confirmed in her error.

The emotions which, on these occasions, her looks testified, were of a very complex and mixed kind. Those tokens of unhappiness in me, conjoined with the cause whence she imagined it to flow, and with that magnanimity which enabled me to withhold all crimination and complaint, and, in a short time, to regain my usual composure, excited her admiration, her pity, and her love. Her ingenuous manners always betrayed the sentiments of her heart; but sometimes she expressed these sentiments in words, and employed terms which, while they were designed to fortify my resolution and restore my tranquillity, only gave new edge to my remorse, and rendered my self-condemnations more bitter.

Every day made the disclosure of the truth more difficult, for every day added to the number of my artifices and subterfuges; and, by increasing my guilt, augmented the humiliation of confession. I saw the nature of her error, but could not rectify it without unlimited disclosure. I was frequently compelled to answer her interrogatories, or comment on her remarks. I was frequently denied the middle and equivocal path of silence, and was obliged to countenance her error, not only by ambiguous looks, but by false assertions. She did not allow me to pass over my interviews with Clelia Neville in silence; but having rendered to me, at each meeting, a full account of her own transactions, she always proceeded to demand from me a similar account of the disposal of my time. I foresaw the consequences of even mentioning the name of Clelia Neville. Curiosity would immediately exert itself to know her character, her situation, the circumstances leading to our acquaintance, and accompanying every interview. Surprise and suspicion would be awakened by the concealment which I had hitherto practised. Painful, elaborate, and, perhaps, inefficacious artifices and fictions must be, thenceforth, employed to divert or elude her conjectures. She would immediately procure an introduction to the stranger, and that union of sagacity and frankness which she so eminently possessed, would speedily unravel the maze. Wholly to suppress her name, therefore, and to pretend a different employment of those hours that were devoted to her, were unavoidable. This task was rendered less difficult by the removal of Mrs. Wallace's family to a villa, at a small distance from the city. At this season, it being midsummer, they maintained as little intercourse with the town and its inhabitants, as possible; and were seldom visited by those who could molest their benign repose by tales of slander. Sydney's engagements continued to detain him abroad.

Meanwhile, my first visit to Miss Neville was followed by many succeeding ones. The second visit was paid agreeably to her invitation. This passed away without producing any new impression. General topics of morality or literature were discussed with complacency and eloquence, and the admiration at first excited by her talents, was no wise diminished.

The interval between this and a succeeding interview was occupied by one set of ideas. My mind pondered incessantly upon her features, accents, and words. Having been reviewed and dismissed, they returned anon, and were once more mused upon and scrutinized. All other occupations were tedious and impertinent. I lay upon my bed, or strolled in the fields, beset and haunted by this image from morning to night. I looked forward to the hour when decorum would permit me to go to her house with impatience, and with a thousand perplexities and misgivings as to the seasonableness of my visits. These perplexities were always dispelled by the manner in which I was received. It was always with the blushes of agreeable surprise, and the smiles of a fervent welcome.

The hour thus devoted, was generally in the evening. I insensibly preferred its friendly obscurity to the garish eye of day. At this time, I hoped to find her more disengaged from social and domestic occupations than at others. In this respect, I quickly found that all hours were nearly alike. She had no intimate companions of her own age, no unceremonious and familiar visitants. She enjoyed the protection of a few respectable families, relatives or friends of Mrs. Keith, and as much of their society as she chose to exact; but there being much dissimilitude in age, taste, and especially in religious opinions, between them, the intercourse was rare and brief. At this time, likewise, two of these families with whom she had been most intimately connected, had withdrawn from the city's sultry precincts to the country.

She was almost constantly alone. She chid me for adhering to the formality of knocking at the door, which I, thenceforth, omitted; and, entering always without ceremony, found her seated in a garb of elegant negligence, either in her drawing room, or, if the air permitted, in the summer-house, placed at the farther end of an extensive garden. This latticed building was embowered by a vine, originally brought from the Canaries, whose purple clusters were plucked by her waiting maid, and presented to us on a china plate, accompanied with nectarines or peaches, produced in the same garden, and with lemonade or sherbet. Except at these times, our interviews were wholly unmolested by the presence or the fear of intruders.

You must permit me to dwell somewhat longer on the incidents of that period. I now look back upon them as on the tissue of some golden dream. Their bewitching influence on my juvenile feelings, was enforced by their novelty, by the suddenness and abruptness with which they succeeded to the homely enjoyments and clownish occupations of my previous years, and by their agreement with those fictions of fancy with which a romantic education had made me enamoured, and which I had pursued with an utter hopelessness of their ever being realized. Were it not for that endless series of disasters and calamities that originated here, I should be disposed to confound the circumstances of these interviews with those of the dreams which haunted my seclusion at Burlington.

There was, indeed, nothing wanting to complete the enchantments of that scene. All the refinements of a polished education, the luxuriances of youth, and the attractions of beauty, were possessed by my friend; but she joined music to her elocution, and taste to her knowledge. Her favourite instrument was a Viol d'Amour, from which she extracted the most soothing and voluptuous tones, and to which she was wont to add a voice of boundless compass and inimitable flexibility. These filled up the intervals of conversation, and spread such a hue of fanciful delight and romantic dignity over the accompanying circumstances of moonlight, solitude, a garden, and a bower, that they can never be remembered without tremulous emotions of wonder and pleasure.

In the course of our interviews, I was naturally inquisitive as to the genuine condition of Miss Neville. I was anxious, likewise, for the establishment of confidence between us. I wanted to know every thing concerning herself, and was not unwilling to impart, in my turn, most of the particulars of my own history. My notions of politeness hindered me from accomplishing either of these ends by simple and direct means, by bluntly inquiring into her history, and unceremoniously unfolding my own. I conceived that some curiosity was necessary to be betrayed on her part, before I could justly be explicit. Some opening or invitation, either tacit or expressed, which might gracefully lead to questioning on one hand, or confession on the other.

These invitations or openings never occurred. I frequently introduced such topics as were favourable to my purposes. I talked of Europe and Britain, of emigration to America, of the motives which usually lead to emigration. I imagined and related the adventures of emigrants, and painted innumerable motives which were possible to incite to emigration. I made these imaginary circumstances approach more or less to a resemblance with her own, or what I guessed to be her own. Her own sex, age, single state, her relationship to Mrs. Keith, and such incidents as the talkative shop-keeper had communicated, were adroitly interwoven with my narrative, and the effect of these resemblances on her countenance and demeanour diligently noticed.

All these ingenious stratagems were useless. They served no purpose but to diffuse over my companion an air of thoughtfulness and melancholy. I believed that I saw in her features, the workings of her mind. I saw her busy at one time in reviewing her past condition; I marked that she shrunk from the remembrance with aversion and grief, or with sundry tokens of embarrassment and trepidation; that she solicitously started other topics; and that ease and cheerfulness returned merely in proportion as we lost ourselves in general and literary speculation.

These appearances, while they baffled my contrivances and slackened my efforts, gave new edge to my curiosity. Every resolution which I formed in solitude, to trample upon forms, was defeated by my awkwardness and diffidence, and by the unseasonable return of those scruples which forbade me to extort from another what that other was apparently unwilling to communicate.

The same motives made me no less unwilling to expatiate upon my own private history. I imagined that there was want of dignity in discussing the particulars of our household and our revenue, or in anticipating curiosity by dwelling on one's birth and parentage. I was aware that the mention of my mother and my cousin might lead to expectations or requests of being introduced to them, or to surmises and conclusions respecting the condition of my heart, unfavourable to the end which I proposed in cultivating her society. I was studious to describe myself as one standing, in a considerable degree, alone; as having few or no connections in my present situation; as having lately arrived; and as being merely a sojourner and guest in the city where I dwelt. I endeavoured, particularly, to inspire the belief that my hand and my heart were unappropriated by any foreign or previous engagement; and my manners tended to evince a state of mind, if not actually enamoured of herself, yet unfortified against, and liable to such impressions.

One motive of curiosity, in relation to herself, was weakened by her manners. It was obvious to suspect or imagine obstacles to the success of my views, arising from her former or actual situation. This suspicion was quickly removed by a kindness in her manners, that approached, at certain seasons, to tenderness; by glowing hues and downcast eyes, when certain topics were discussed, and certain situations experienced; by a yielding sensibility, which made tones and glances more eloquent and more expressive than any words.

On these occasions, intelligence between hearts is communicated long before the proffer and formal acceptance of vows; verbal confessions are, indeed, necessary to our happiness, but merely to dissipate that uncertainty created by the magnitude of the good which is sought. By augmenting our desire, it enhances our anxiety, impatience, and doubt.

To this crisis, however, which my impetuosity continually brought near, my diffidences made it long before my actual arrival. An half score times have I gone to her with a full resolution to explain my feelings; but the nearer I approached the eventful moment; the more significant and more nearly bordering on sincerity was the topic of our conversation; the more commodious, protracted, and conscious were the pauses of our general discourse; the more turbulent were my sensations, and the more invincible my incapacity to speak. There was, at those times, a physical obstruction to speech; my utterance was palsied, and, to articulate a syllable, was no less impossible than to lift a mill-stone. To lay my hand on her's, though almost courted to do so, was no less impracticable. The will was strong, but its command over my muscles, whencesoever it arose, was annihilated.

It was impossible for things to remain long in this state. Feverish circulation, ardent musing, incessant watchfulness, and repeated disappointments, were rapidly injurious to my health. My vivacity in Clelia's presence, the earnestness of my discourse, was sensibly diminished. Her company was sought with more fondness than ever; but I grew despondent, museful, prone to silence, and inquietude was deeply written on my cheek.

These tokens did not escape her notice. They were not fully understood by her, but they added new pathos to her features, and tenderness to her accents, and they finally produced these measures on her side, without which my silence would never have been broken.

The constitution of man is compounded and modified with endless variety. The wisest and soberest of human beings is, in some respects, a madman; that is, he acts against his better reason, and his feet stand still, or go south, when every motive is busy in impelling him north. He cannot infer from his conduct, on one occasion, how he shall act when the same or a similar occasion hereafter occurs. It is vulgarly imagined, and perhaps truly, that the sexes are eternally distinguished by their conduct when under the influence of love; that nature has unalterably assigned to women the passive or retreating, and to man the active province; that lovers, confident of their success, are bold, forward, and more abundant, and impassioned, and impetuous in their rhetoric, than at any other time. This maxim was realized in my deportment to my cousin: there I was precipitate and bold; I hearkened to no scruples, and brooked no delays; but now, my feelings and demeanour were totally reversed. I was not doubtful of success. I believed that as much felicity would be imparted as received by my confessions, and yet was I dumb.

One evening, when seated in Miss Neville's drawing-room, the conversation had been carried on with less vivacity than usual. As the moment of parting approached, my inexplicable despondency increased. At length, just as I was preparing to leave my seat, and the last *good night* was ready to fall from my lips, my friend placed herself beside me, without formality, apology, or invitation. Hitherto she had given me no proof of equal familiarity. My blood flowed with new swiftness, and the flame that burnt at my heart, spread over my countenance a new crimson. She spoke, not without some faltering, but in a tone of exquisite tenderness.

"Stay a little longer. You must not go yet. You have first a small account to settle with me."

"Indeed!" said I, much alarmed and half suffocated with emotion.

"Be not frighted," resumed she with a smile. "It is true, you have offended, but I shall not be extremely rigid in exacting the penalty."

"Offence? Have I, indeed, offended you? Nothing was farther from my purpose. The hand that injured *you*, I would cut off; the heart that fostered a single thought to *your* prejudice, I would tare from my bosom."

"Your hand has not offended me. It is your heart that has been criminal, and I take you at your word. Yet, you need not do violence to your heart, but only to the feelings which have so long been harboured in it. Put me in possession of these feelings. Lay them open before me, and drop, at length, that veil of odious and unfriendly secrecy which has shrouded all your sentiments and feelings. Think you I have not noticed your inquietudes? that I have not shared in them? that I have not longed for an opportunity to lessen or remove them? Indeed you mistake. I have caught from you all your sadness, have mourned over your unknown misfortunes, but have more bitterly wept at seeing that you deem me unworthy of partaking your sorrow. I have endured your silence and injustice long enough, and am now determined to wrest from you that confidence which is my due."

Is it not strange, that even this address had no tendency but to make motion and utterance more difficult? After a pause, she resumed: "How have I deserved to be treated as your enemy? Has any thing been wanting to convince you how dearly I prize your happiness? What farther proof is needed? There is none which I will refuse."

Half dubious and reluctant, she now put her hand in mine, and continued: "You are an invincible man. You are cruel and unjust. You refuse to confide in me, and will not enable me to give that proof of my claim to your confidence which you think necessary. Whatever proof you demand, I will give. I will withhold nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing. What do you ask?"

"Your *love*."

"*It is yours*."

Of all moments in the life of an human being, surely this is most pregnant with felicity. One like me, ardent with youth, inattentive to futurity, unchastized by reason, unsobered by experience, it was calculated to bewilder and intoxicate. Those lips, whose sweetness and whose music had hitherto charmed me at a distance, were now near enough for the softest whisper to be heard. They were now opened only to enchant me with the oft repeated assurance, "It is yours: long, very long, has it been yours." They were shut only to confirm the vow by testimonies still more tender. The spell once dissolved, the scruples that had so greatly tormented me, vanished in a moment, and left me in a state in which moderation and forbearance became lessons as necessary to be taught, and as difficult to practise, as confidence and self-reliance had been before.

That night was spent in a tumult and elation of thought approaching to delirium. The image of my cousin rarely intruded. It was only when some sleep had been obtained, and a new day arose, that the transactions of the preceding evening began to assume a more tranquil aspect, and I had leisure to inquire—what is now to be done? Speedy and auspicious beyond the painting of my most daring hope, has been the terminating scene of this drama. Only five weeks are past since, lying in this very chamber, I was mournfully ruminating on the incidents of a voyage on which I was the next day to enter, and which was to bear me forever from my native soil. How should I have held that folly in derision which should then have teazed the ears of my despair with a tale of such events as have since occurred, and have endeavoured to illumine my benighted soul by persuading me that such was the destiny reserved for me!

But what must be my future conduct? Has not the period arrived when dissimulation and concealment must be laid aside with regard to my cousin? I love another, and my passion is accepted and returned. That which she wantonly, or arrogantly, or rashly cast away, has been found, and is cherished as an inestimable good by another. I must go to her this very day, and tell her that my hand and heart must never be her's.

Unhappy girl! How little will such tidings accord with thy fond hopes! Thy eyes, whenever I meet thee, beam with benignity and pleasure. If thy vivacity be sometimes tinged with a shade of sadness, it is from observation of that melancholy which my deportment has hitherto betokened, and which thou fondly ascribest to the struggle between my devotion to thee, and my reverence for virtue. Thou imaginest that, however hard the conflict, the victory has ultimately fallen to the side of magnanimity and duty, and congratulatest thyself on these proofs of constancy and worth in him whom thou lovest with a passion the purest and most ardent that ever glowed in the female bosom.

How wilt thou be astonished on discovering the truth, at finding that this tissue of appearances was merely the garb of hypocrisy!

How bitterly wilt thou deplore, not merely the sudden ruin of that structure of happiness to which thy heart was devoted, but this defection from sincerity, this revolt from gratitude, this trampling upon duty, of which I shall appear to be guilty!

But why should I thus haste to make her miserable? Do I build my confidence on sufficient grounds? Have I not had bitter experience of the instability of human resolutions? the frailty of schemes composed of the elements of hope and fear? Clelia loves me: of that she has afforded me sufficient proof; but, in spite of the illusions of passion, I cannot hide from myself my ignorance of her real situation and her character. What untoward events may not arise to postpone, or forever to preclude that blissful consummation which wedlock bestows? Ought I not, at least, to ascertain her acquiescence in the desirableness of marriage? Ought I not, at least, to gain her consent to ratify irrevocable vows at some definite, however distant period? Having accomplished this, the disclosure of my situation to Louisa will then be seasonable and proper. Before, it will be but hazarding my reputation and my safety on a fluctuating and deceitful sea. This night shall she be persuaded to fix the nuptial day.

Full of these turbulent feelings, I hastened, at the usual hour in the evening, to Miss Neville. She was alone, and afforded me a welcome more fervent than usual, and fraught with that tenderness which became our present situation. After some cursory topics, she glided into a description of those surmises and conjectures which led her to adopt the conduct of last evening, the considerations of decorum, which had long deterred her from pursuing any means for extorting from me my feelings, and inquired into the reasons of so singular a backwardness on my part to claim that friendship from her, which I could not but have discovered in her a perfect readiness to bestow.

This inquiry was made with symptoms of anxiety in my companion which I could not fail to notice, and which I thought disproportioned to the occasion. It seemed as if her fancy pictured to itself some cause of a formidable nature. Whether this cause related to myself or to her, whether her apprehensions sprang from the belief of my knowing some particular in her own condition, or from surmises respecting my mother and my cousin, it was impossible to conjecture.

These reflections were suspended while I laid before her the truth.

"Sheer bashfulness!" said I. "I loved you, but my tongue refused the office of interpreting my sentiments. I believed that my passion was not unanswered, but this emboldened me not. It is strange. I am unable to explain it. My timidity had no basis in reasoning. It existed only in your presence, and in spite of resolutions formed in solitude."

She looked at me with a scrutinizing and anxious glance. "Is that possible?" she emphatically exclaimed.

"Why not? What other cause could exist? I am confident of your integrity; I am conscious of my own. Situated as you and I are, what bar could arise to obstruct the declaration of our feelings? They are innocent and laudable; and, to obey them, forfeits no fame, and violates no duty.

She cast down her eyes at these words; yet her perplexity, though not removed, was lessened. A secret witness, in my own heart, whispered a censure which made me fully share in her uneasiness. The possibility that my betrothment to my cousin, and the mistakes under which she laboured, had, by some untoward chance, been made known to my new friend; the unfavourable judgment she might pass upon my conduct, and the embarrassments or obstacles to my felicity which might thence be created, overpowered me with terror. I repeated more earnestly, "Is not our affection innocent and laudable? Know you ought of me that would make it otherwise? Tell me, I beseech you."

"No," she replied, "I know nothing of you but what redounds to your glory, and places you among the first of men. I know you better than you at this time imagine. Long have I known you, and can bear witness to that unparalleled magnanimity which makes you worthy of the devotion of a pure heart."

These encomiums were strange and unexpected. She knew more of me than I imagined! and for a longer time! My conduct has been disinterested and wise! Had she exerted indirect means to obtain this knowledge? Had she been deceived and misinformed, or was her judgment such as to bestow approbation upon that which my own conscience had condemned? These words, however, had confuted my first conjecture. I had no longer to fear the effects of a morality too scrupulous, or a sagacity too eagle-eyed.

Yet, whence then could flow a perturbation so visible? Was it from reflections on her own misconduct?

This image was of too awful and portentious a kind not to make me shake off my puerile embarrassments. After a considerable pause, I addressed her thus:

"Clelia Neville! we are now arrived at a critical moment in our destiny. It becomes us to walk erect, with a thorough knowledge of our path, and with no possibility of being entangled by suspicion or overtaken by repentance. There are marks in your countenance of apprehension and distrust. You have ascribed my former diffidence to some cause unknown to me. Doubt and fear have found harbour in your thoughts. Whence do they proceed? What is the meaning of those solicitudes which I now witness? You have acquitted me of any guilt. As you value our mutual happiness, be explicit and sincere, and tell me whether there be any thing in your own conduct that should lessen you in my opinion, and bereave you of that love which I have proffered to you."

"No," she replied with some degree of sadness, "there is nothing. I have had the faults of inexperience and youth, but my intentions have been free from malignity. My heart is pure, and is as worthy of you as the heart of woman can be."

"I believe thee," said I folding her in my arms, "and let me on these lips seal my vows of everlasting honour. Thus do I devote my life to the cause of thy felicity. Now my soul knows no wish but one; a wish in which thine, if thy assertions be sincere, will as eagerly participate. There are ties without which our union, and of consequence our happiness, is incomplete. I can know no rest till these ties are formed. When shall that event take place? When shall a solemn rite make Clelia Neville *my wife?*"

Instead of that blushful and tremulous rapture which I expected this intimation to produce, a sudden shock pervaded the frame of my companion; she uttered a shriek of terror and surprise, and shrinking from my embrace, threw herself on a sofa in an agony unspeakable.

The effects of this scene upon

my sensations, may be easily imagined. The first momentary dread that some fatal stroke of disease had fallen on her, was supplanted by different forebodings. Their object was terrible, indeed, but vague, misty, and obscure. They menaced nothing less than extinction to my new-born and darling hopes.

I seated myself by her side; I took her hand and pressed it to my lips; I dared not lift my eyes or utter a word. She did not withdraw from my kindness, but leaning her face on my bosom, poured forth incessant tears. I struggled, after the first burst of passion was exhausted, to obtain words.

"You do not answer me. Have I vaunted of my happiness in vain? Have I, in seeking your love, done no more than pull ruin upon my head? Speak, I conjure you. Will you not be mine?"

She answered only by new grief.

"Torture me not with suspense: whatever be my doom, let me, at least, have the consolation to know it. To-morrow, to-night, this very hour, will not Clelia Neville consent to be—my wife?"

Still I could obtain no answer but tears and the deepest sighs. I had too much reason to infer a denial from these appearances; but my happiness was too deeply involved in this discovery to make me satisfied with vague surmises. I urged my question with augmented vehemence.

At length, she with difficulty articulated: "Alas! not now; it must be postponed."

"Postponed! Blast not my ears with that accursed word. Recall that sentence if you wish me to live."

She shook her head. I continued: "Postponed! God grant me patience! For how long? For months? For weeks? Let me have the foresight, at least, of respite to my misery; of end to my pangs. How long must marriage be postponed?"

"I cannot tell. An overruling fate must decide. Perhaps for years, perhaps forever."

At these words, my equanimity wholly forsook me. My mind was plunged into the gloomiest despair. I fixed my eyes upon the floor; and, forbearing to notice my companion, pursued the disastrous tenor of my own thoughts. This reverse was as fatal in its influence on my happiness as the events preceding it had been auspicious. I could not trust to my senses that informed me of this reverse. They had deceived me. Comforted with this reflection, I started from my dream and turned my eyes on my companion. In her features I read the confirmation of the tidings. Flowing tears, and sighs rising from the bottom of her heart, were tokens of their truth.

But what was the obstacle to my felicity? Was it such a groundless scruple as had actuated my perverse cousin? Might I not hope to remove or rise above it? Was the character of this woman made up of the same refractory materials? Would not her aversion be subdued by intreaties or by arguments? Somewhat revived by these hopes, I again addressed my weeping companion.

"You tell me that our union must be deferred. The period is uncertain. Whence arises this uncertainty? Whence comes this obstacle? It must, it shall be disregarded or surmounted."

"It cannot be."

"Cannot be! Let me judge of its insurmountable nature. Tell me what it is."

She was silent. She had no power to answer.

"Will you banish me forever from your presence? Will you discard me from your love? And shall I not know in what I have offended? Shall I not join with you, and trample down impediments with which your single strength cannot cope?"

"Alas! No earthly power can remove them. Slight obstacles, superable by human force, I should set at naught, but this——"

"Shall be set at nought. Thou art mine. It will be vain to refuse or hesitate. Whatever rite, divine or human, is necessary to cement, to ratify our vows, shall be made. I hearken not to scruples. Denials I will not hear. No power of others or yourself, shall stop my way to the possession of your hand. In this resolution I will no longer repine. I will argue or supplicate no more, for thou shalt be mine."

"Alas! good youth! thy confidence is vain, thy efforts will be fruitless. I cannot be thy wife, for I am—*a wife already!*"

(To be continued.)

American Review.

Art. I.

A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them; and Observations deduced from the Facts stated. In two vols. 8vo. By Noah Webster. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *pp.* 700.

THIS work, not more from the nature of the subject than from the mode in which the subject is discussed, will excite extraordinary curiosity, and lay claim to an uncommon portion of attention. The practical deductions which it is designed to enforce, are of immediate and universal importance; and the indirect instruction which it conveys as an œconomical, moral, and historical performance, is no less valuable.

The author is no physician, and though every species of knowledge, and especially the knowledge of medicine and chemistry, could not fail to be useful to him in the performance of his task, yet it was, by no means, necessary. Inasmuch, perhaps, as the work is wanting in technical precision and refinement, it is calculated to be generally useful. Popular curiosity is more attracted, and its cravings more fully and conveniently gratified in proportion as the garb is more familiar and intelligible.

The author begins his work with stating the various opinions which philosophers, physicians, and travellers have adopted in relation to the theory of pestilence; and concludes his catalogue with the following remarks, in which his own design is unfolded to the reader:

"From this *lengthy* statement of opinions in regard to the origin and causes of pestilence, opinions weak, contradictory, absurd, or inaccurate, what conclusion shall be drawn? This, most evidently, that the *subject is not understood.* Perhaps it never will be understood: but, surely, a subject so interesting to the life and happiness of man, deserves most critical and laborious inquiry. A subject which concerns the lives of millions of the human race, ought not to be abandoned, by the man of science, until every effort to find the truth shall have been exhausted. Yet, strange as it may appear, even a history of pestilence, that *all-devouring scourge*,* which has *swept* away a large portion of the human race in every age, is yet a desideratum in our libraries.

"To supply, in part, this defect, and to stimulate further researches into the origin of this frequent and formidable calamity, I will recite such historical accounts of the plague, as an imperfect examination of authors has enabled me to collect. And, as the most accurate observers of the operations of nature have suggested the probability that pestilential epidemics are caused by some occult qualities in the air, or by vapour from the internal parts of the earth, or by planetary influence, it is absolutely necessary to inquire how far such suggestions are supported by facts. For this purpose, I shall note, as I proceed, any extraordinary occurrence or phenomena in the physical world, as earthquakes, eruptions of vulcanoes, appearance of comets, violent tempests, unusual seasons, and other singular events *and circumstances* which may appear to be connected with pestilence, either as cause or effect, or as the effect of a common cause.

"The result of this process will probably be a refutation of some of the foregoing opinions, and the establishment of such as are more rational and philosophical."

The ensuing remarks on the defects of travellers and historians, seem to be superfluous; and are suggested too much by that spirit which every student displays, of depreciating every object of pursuit but his own. War and political intrigues, the ambition of princes and demagogues, cannot be described with a *disgusting minuteness.* Measured by their influence on human happiness, their importance very far surpasses that of any physical agent; and, considered with regard to utility, it is far more proper to exhibit the mischiefs of ambition and misgovernment, which are susceptible of remedy, than the influences of comets and vulcanoes, which come and go, burst forth and subside, without the leave, and in defiance of the wisdom of mortals.

The historical view of epidemics is introduced by an account of those which occurred before the christian æra. A very ingenious use is made of the few particulars relative to this subject to be found in the sacred writings. A pious mind, however, will not be highly pleased with the light in which certain scriptural relations are placed. The author's motives were good, but he has allowed himself to be drawn aside from his proper subject into reflection, whose tendency is opposite to that supposed by him. By tracing the resemblances between the ordinary phenomena of the present age, and which are supposed to flow from natural and established laws, and those recorded by Moses and the prophets, he imagines that he has done much to convince those *modern superficial philosophers* who hold in contempt the most authentic ancient history, because it has claims to inspiration.

"Infidels," he proceeds to say, "*if they were not too wise to read, examine, and be informed*, might be convinced of the authenticity of the scripture history, by comparing the facts related with the present state of the world. The present endemical and other diseases which often occur in Egypt, *answer so exactly* to the description given of them in the books of Moses, as to leave no room to question the genuineness of those books. It was the peculiar climate of Egypt, and the usual prevalence of scorbutic and malignant complaints, in that country, *which occasioned all* the minute injunctions of Moses, in regard to washing, cleansing, and purifications. The same or similar regulations were enjoined by the laws of Egypt."

---

* A ſcourge neither devours nor ſweeps.

Does Mr. Webster forget that infidels have laboured to prove, by the means here used, that credit is due to the Mosaic writings *merely* as an ancient history, and to infer the natural origin of that which the scriptures ascribe to a *supernatural* origin, from the resemblance of these narrations to other ancient histories, and of the facts it records to facts observed by ourselves, and for which we deem ourselves able to account without resorting to miraculous and extraordinary agency? Does he forget that these people deny not the likelihood of plagues in Egypt, but that, with him, they derive them from the influence of seasons, air, and domestic habits, and not, like the sacred writers, from disobedience to divine commands, announced by a prophet? It is a strange assertion for the friend of religion to make, that in the passages which he quotes from the prophets, we have proof that, in their times, it was considered as a well known fact, that pestilential diseases are *the effects of crowded population;* and that the season when the robbers of the ark were afflicted with plague, proves that the climate of ancient and modern Syria is the same. In truth, a believer in the scriptures will regard the whole scheme of Hebrew government as *theocratical*, in which famine, pestilence, and war, were distributed by an unseen judge, as punishments for *sins*, for violations of positive precepts, on the same principles as theft, homicide, &c. are punished by human judges. Adherence to *the ten precepts* would secure to them exemption from these evils, and infraction would incur them, without regard to soil, climate, or the state of neighbouring nations. It is true, that piety considers physical evils as judgments of God upon crimes against himself, and that philosophy endeavours to trace the hand of heaven through the medium of *second* causes; but philosophy is frivolously employed, since it is only of moment to investigate the *primary* cause. *That* being removed, the secondary or instrumental will, of course, be impotent and harmless.

The ceremonials of the Jewish law are believed to be annulled at present; but if religion teaches that divine government still subsists, and avenges disobedience in this way, that eloquence is surely misplaced which exhausts its rage against narrow streets, marshy exhalations, scarcity of running streams, and disuse of baths. These are secondary instruments, motionless and harmless; but when set to work by a superior cause, and this cause is the divine will, exerted for the punishment of irreligion. It would be a strange imagination, that by widening streets, dispersing houses, emptying the pools, drying up the bogs, and checquering the surface of the whole earth with rivulets and fountains, we should rob our Maker of his weapons, and might sin with impunity, because our Judge is bereaved of his implements of punishment.

These ideas have, in truth, much influence upon mankind. In our own country, there are many persons who believe pestilence to be wholly a supernatural visitation; who, therefore, are inattentive to provide for their safety by visible means; who refuse, as impious, to contend with immediate or secondary causes.

The lessons of true religion are, perhaps, different; and it is not only true, but useful, to inculcate that the adequate punishment of sin will be inflicted not in this, but in another state; that physical evils are sometimes the growth of general laws; that, in pursuance of these laws, which, on the whole, are best, pain sometimes falls to the good, and pleasure to the wicked; that any seeming disproportion or injustice arising hence will be rectified by a more equitable distribution hereafter. It is likewise proper to teach that there are other physical evils, the immediate cause of which it is within our power to discover and to obviate. That, in these cases, the existence of the *remedy* is as much the growth of general laws, and a part of the scheme of providence, as the existence of the *evil;* that failing to exert our faculties to discover and to apply the means of safety, is a species of guilt; that to allow a fever to destroy us, because we will not receive the Peruvian bark, or shut up or withdraw from the scene of disease, is criminal disobedience to him who gave us the love of life, the capacity of happiness ourselves, and the power of promoting that of others.

The purpose of the work before us is to shew how far pestilence is one of these physical evils which admits of remedy. For this end the causes are investigated, by comparing the events and situations with which pestilential epidemics have been attended in the different periods of history. However we decide upon the evidence of historians, in relation to other regions and times, we must object to any practical conclusion drawn from the Jewish history. If the causes of pestilence, in the present times, and in all nations, were the same as then existed in Egypt and Palestine, and in relation to the Israelites, the disquisitions of philosophy, and especially of this work, would, as to any practical or useful tendency, be idle and absurd. Neither can we derive, from this source, any clue to the question, "Whether Egypt produces the plague?" The origin, as assigned by scripture, of what are called the ten plagues of Egypt (one of which was palpable darkness, and another the death of the first born by an angel), will not surely enable us to judge of the origin of *modern* plagues in that country. The allusions made by the prophets to the diseases of Egypt, are, at most, evidences of *their opinion*, on a physiological subject. On such subjects it was never believed that their opinions were infallible. On the contrary, on topics of this nature their education made them more liable to mistake than to judge truly. Mr. W. however, seems to think, or rather positively avers, that "These authorities, of high antiquity, leave *no room for doubt or controversy* on the question whether Egypt *originates** the plague."

Mr. W. proceeds to state whatever information, respecting epidemical diseases, he could collect from Plutarch, Livy, Dyonisius, Herodotus, and some modern compilers. These are interspersed with judicious remarks, and comparisons of this event with other remarkable phenomena of nature. The following passage exhibits his peculiar opinions, as to the connection which subsists between convulsions of the elements and pestilence.

"It will be found as we proceed with this history, that most of such extraordinary seasons and unusual concurrence of great agitations in nature, happen during volcanic eruptions, and the approach of comets to the solar system, of which this globe is a part. That comets were visible during the calamitous periods mentioned in the Roman history is probable; but unfortunately few instances are recorded, until after the christian æra. Not an eruption of Vesuvius is mentioned, and I cannot find more than fourteen instances of eruptions from Ætna, anterior to the same æra. This defect of history is of no small concern in a treatise of this kind."

---

* *Originate* is a neuter or intransitive, and not an active verb.

In describing the loss, by pestilence, of Romans and Carthagenians, in Sicily, A. U. C. 548, he remarks,

That "this period of pestilence was distinguished by the appearance of immense swarms of locusts, which overspread the whole country about Capua. Their appearance was subsequent to the plague mentioned in the armies. We shall have frequent occasion to mention the same phenomenon in the natural world, as cotemporary with pestilence. But clouds of these animals rarely or never appear at any other time than during or near the time of the prevalence of plagues; and by comparing the dates of their appearance, it will be found that they are not, unless by accident, the cause of plague, nor the effect; but, like other animals which are generated in myriads, during pestilence, the produce of some general cause, and probably of that state of the elements which occasions the diseases of the human race.

"It will be remarked by any man who reads history with attention, that during pestilential periods all the ordinary operations of nature acquire unusual strength and magnitude. Earthquakes and tempests are vastly more violent than at other times. The ancient historians, evidently without design, have left proofs of this fact. Thus Livy mentions, that during the period under consideration, the operations of the war in Spain were retarded by continual rains, which swelled the rivers; and Flaccus, the Prætor, was compelled, tempestatibus fœdis, terrible storms, to order his whole army into a city in the neighbourhood."

In commenting on a pestilence that desolated Africa, A. U. C. 628, in consequence of dead locusts, he observes:

"We must accede to the opinion of the ancients, that the stench of the locusts was one cause of the pestilence; it is possible that no epidemic disease would have been excited without that cause; but it is equally true, that in a healthy state of the atmosphere, no putrefaction of dead bodies has ever been known to produce an epidemic pestilence. It may be powerful enough to excite disease within a small extent of its own atmosphere; but if no other cause of disease exists, it will not extend beyond that infected atmosphere."

In another place, his opinions are more clearly expressed:

"It will be found invariably true, in every period of the world, that the violence and extent of the plague has been *nearly proportioned* to the number and violence of the following phenomena: earthquakes, eruptions of volcanoes, meteors, tempests, inundations."

The reader will, perhaps, think that the confidence with which this proposition is stated, is scarcely warranted by the number, clearness, and authenticity of the events previously related. The influence of comets is particularly liable to difficulties, and a wary philosopher will pronounce with hesitation on questions of such magnitude, and necessarily involved in doubt.

In detailing the calamities of the first and second centuries, Mr. W. takes occasion to pass a severe sentence on Mr. Gibbon. This digression, though somewhat foreign to the chief tenor of the book, would not be liable to objection upon that account. It displeases because it is unjust to the reputation of a writer whose general integrity, and stupendous diligence and perseverance ought to be acknowledged by all. Mr. W. in his preface, kindly informs us that in the course of his inquiries respecting pestilence, he has discovered "that many of the historical works consulted and trusted by American readers, are very incomplete; and that no man who relies on them only, and neglects original writers, can acquire an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of history."

The meaning of this passage is not clear and satisfactory. *Comprehensive* knowledge is only to be gained from compilations and abridgements, since the longest life will be exhausted before an hundredth part of original historians can be read. Abridgements, to be of use, must, indeed, be faithful: and perhaps it is here insinuated that the popular historians are unfaithful to the truth. We are afterwards presented with the following singular remarks on Gibbon, who ventured to describe what is called the *golden* age of the Antonines, as the *most happy* period of mankind.

"How can that be a 'happy and prosperous condition of men,' in which they were subject to continual wars, to massacres, to the ravages of insects, and to a series of plagues, which destroyed *probably one fourth* of the inhabitants of the globe; and when the Roman empire was upon the brink of ruin? And how can a writer be esteemed as a historian, who substitutes the flowers of rhetoric for sober truth, and sacrifices fact to embellishment?"

Gibbon, then, does not deserve to be esteemed as an historian, because, in his general and introductory account of the Roman empire, he estimates the comparative felicity of mankind differently from Aurelius Victor, and does not make the representation of that writer, in regard to the reign of *one prince*, (M. Aurelius) a standard by which to estimate the state of things during the reign of the *four* preceding ones. And *this error* being proved, it follows, that the writer of six copious volumes is one "who substitutes the flowers of rhetoric for sober truth, and sacrifices fact to embellishment."

Gibbon, who was not indebted for his knowledge to compilers and abridgers, to the centuries of Magdeburg or the annals of Baronius, concurred with the rest of mankind in supposing a period of *eighty-four* years, during which the most virtuous and enlightened of mankind exercised absolute power over a larger number of men than has since lived under one government, was the happiest period of the world. He compared the scarcely interrupted tranquillity of this period with that confusion and degeneracy, that fatal servitude and superstition which seized upon the Romans after it expired, with the devastation, anarchy, and barbarism which accompanied the progress of the Arabs, Tartars, Germans, and Goths, with the turbulence, havock, and intestine wars, and pernicious tyranny that preceded it, and deduced from this comparison, the conclusion that is so much censured.

The Roman *nations*, at that period, were not exempted from adverse seasons, earthquakes, and pestilence; but Mr. Webster's book will shew that these evils, in subsequent periods, were *more* frequent, extensive, and destructive; and history in general will inform us that moral evils, far more terrible than physical, and exceeding, by far, the commotions of the Jews under Adrian, have continued to afflict the posterity of the subjects of Trajan and Aurelius to the present hour. The description of Victor relates to the *conclusion* of the Antoninian age; and it is somewhat whimsical that this description of a *rhetorician by trade*, should be quoted and believed by one who professes so much aversion to the flowers of rhetoric; that this writer's assertion, unsupported by the facts produced by himself, should be admitted to prove that the Roman empire, when most powerful, populous, and extensive, was upon the brink of ruin; and that men from the reign of Nerva to that of Commodus, were subject to *continual wars* and *massacres*. We are likewise somewhat curious to know how one, who prefers fact to embellishment, has discovered that this period "was afflicted by a *series of plagues* which destroyed probably one *fourth* of the inhabitants of *the globe*." In the authorities quoted, there is nothing which carries our observation beyond the bounds of the Roman empire, and nothing which enables us to guess at the *number* which the plague destroyed. We may remark, in general, that the pictures of authors respecting pestilence, as of all great calamities, are unavoidably tinged with exaggeration. The human mind more delights in hasty convictions and strong assertions, than in doubts, hesitations, and alleviating distinctions.

Gibbon, himself, affords an instance of this. When discussing the state of the Romans under Gallienus, he conjectures the decrease of population in Alexandria, from the plague, civil war, and tyranny, to be one half. The havock made by pestilence and civil war, in a *city* peopled by *Egyptians*, situated on the verge of the sea, and of the burning desert, and filled with artizans and traders, supplied him with grounds for computing that a *moiety* of the *human species* had perished in a few years "by war, pestilence, and famine!"

A still stronger instance of this precipitate spirit is given by Mr. W. himself; who, speaking of the pestilence of that time, tells us, and seems to believe, that "Gibbon has calculated that a moiety of the human species was destroyed by this frightful epidemic:" whereas, this destruction is imputed, by Gibbon, not to pestilence alone, but to war, pestilence, and famine.

(To be continued.)

ART. II.

FRAGMENTS *of the* NATURAL HISTORY *of* PENNSYLVANIA. *By* Benjamin Smith Barton, *M. D. &c. Professor of Materia Medica, Natural History, and Botany, in the University of Pennsylvania. Part I. Folio. pp* 42. *Philadelphia, printed for the Author, by* Way *and* Goff. 1799.

FEW countries abound with more ample stores for the *naturalist*, or are more replete with novelty and variety, than America: but this spacious field of natural history, so inviting, and so worthy of research, has hitherto been very superficially surveyed. Thousands of plants and flowers throughout the wilds of America, as well as in the cultivated regions, still lift their heads unregarded, and "blush unseen," though endowed with every virtue, and decked with every beauty which should arrest the attention of the curious and enlightened traveller.

On the different branches of natural science, the citizens of the United States have bestowed little attention; but of the few exceptions to this remark, Dr. B. is not the least illustrious. He is already known for several learned and interesting publications;* and it is with pleasure that we observe that he is engaged in other important works, and we sincerely wish him all that leisure and encouragement which he desires, to enable him to bring them to a completion.*

---

* 1. Memoir on the faſcinating faculty of ſerpents. (1797.)
2. Collections for an eſſay towards a Materia Medica of the United States. (1798.) [See 1ſt vol. Medical Repoſitory.]

No man in America appears better fitted to enlarge the boundaries of the natural history of our country, than the amiable and ingenious author of these "Fragments." The present publication is the *first* part of a more extensive work, and is confined to *ornithology*. It is dedicated to the *Linnæan Society*, of which Dr. B. is a member.

The introduction, consisting of eighteen pages, contains many useful facts, hints, and observations on the *manners* of birds, and particularly on their *migration*.

On the *instinct of birds*, Dr. B. is inclined to dissent from the generally received opinions of philosophers.

"It is an interesting fact, for which we are indebted to Mr. William Bartram, that very few of our birds of passage from the south, 'build or rear their young in the south or maritime parts of Virginia and Carolina, Georgia and Florida.'† This circumstance leads to a suspicion, that the principal cause (I will not, out of complaisance to any one, call it a necessary instinct) which leads or impels these birds to migrate to the northward, is that they may make choice of a proper climate, abounding in their favourite food,' to perform their amours, to build their nests, and to rear their young. Much light might be thrown upon this curious subject, if natural history were cultivated in the United States, with a portion of that innocent and useful zeal with which it is cultivated in Europe; with only a small portion of that ardent zeal which so strongly characterizes the Americans in their pursuit of gain. But, as yet, little attention is paid to the study of nature in the United States. In our colleges, it is not taught as an indispensable branch of polite or useful knowledge, but is obliged to yield its laurels to languages which are withered or dead, and to studies which are useless or ignoble."

"The migration of birds is not a 'determinate instinct,'‡ but an act of volition, or will. Hence, the seasons and other circumstances, will greatly regulate the arrival of birds in, and their flight or removal from, a particular country. Sometimes there is a difference of three weeks or a month between the arrival or appearance of the same species, in two different years. This will appear from the tables of the present work."

"If birds, in their migration from one country to another, were impelled by a 'determinate,' or necessary instinct, the periods of their arrival and departure would be more uniform and fixed. But we have seen that there is a considerable difference in these respects, even in two years immediately in succession. Such great regularity in the migrations of these animals, by no means

---

3. New Views of the Origin of the Tribes and Nations of America. (1798.) [See 1ſt vol. page 117 of this Magazine] Beſides many intereſting papers to be found in the Tranſactions of the Philoſophical Society of Pennſylvania.

* Dr. B. is engaged in the compoſition of a work *on the inſtinct of animals; A Tour through the weſtern parts of New-York and Pennſylvania; A Memoir on the* BRONCHOCELE *or Goitres*, as obſerved in the ſtate of New-York; *A Geographical View of the Trees and Shrubs of North America; A Memoir on that deſtructive inſect called the Heſſian Fly;* and *an extenſive work on the Vegetables of Pennſylvania and the adjoining ſtates.*

† Travels, &c. page 287.

‡ Dr. Adam Ferguſon.

accords with those accommodating habits which the naturalist discovers in his investigation of the manners of all animals; those habits which have been given to them, as to us, by a Creator, whose works so loudly proclaim his wisdom, and the extent of his benevolence and attention to the innumerable living objects which he has formed.

"It is highly probable, that the periods of the migrations of birds will be found to be more or less uniform, in proportion as the climates of the countries to which they migrate are more or less variable in their temperature. It is, perhaps, upon this principle, that we are to explain the difference of the times of the arrival and departure of the birds of Pennsylvania, and other parts of North-America. The climates of these countries are extremely variable; I suppose more so than most other countries that are known to us. If, as has been supposed by many writers, the hand of man, by clearing and by cultivating the surface of the earth, contributes essentially to the greater uniformity in the temperature of climates, it is reasonable to conjecture, that the time will come when the periods of the migrations of our birds will be more constant and fixed: for, in North-America, especially the United States, the progress of population, and of clearing and cultivating the earth, is more rapid and immense than in any other portion of the world.

"It would be a very curious subject of inquiry,—what changes have taken place in the periods of the arrival and disappearance of the passenger-birds, in those countries in which observations have long been made by the ancient poets, and by naturalists? Perhaps an investigation of this question would, in some degree, illustrate the changes which climates are said to have undergone. Thus, the time of the Swallow's coming into Italy, is particularly mentioned both by Columella and by Pliny,* and it may be gathered also from a beautiful passage in the Georgics of Virgil.† Do the periods mentioned by these writers correspond with the periods of the arrival of this bird, in the same country, at present? If the climate of Italy, within the last seventeen or eighteen hundred years, has altered as much as it is, by many ingenious men, thought to have done, it is not likely that the Swallow now visits that country at the same time it did formerly, in the days of Virgil, and the naturalists whom I have mentioned. I am sorry that I cannot, without some trouble, ascertain the question."

Dr. B. supposes that very few of our birds "hiemate," or take up their winter quarters among us. The few instances of birds found in marshes, ponds, or trees, in a torpid state, are exceptions only to the general rule; and strengthen, rather than weaken, the argument in favour of their general migration. He very justly observes, that ten thousand serpents or frogs may be found in a torpid state, as readily as a single Swallow or Humming-bird. And if those birds *generally wintered* among us, the labours of a century in clearing forests, ponds, and marshes, would certainly have furnished more than five or six instances of Swallows, &c. being in a torpid state. This opinion Dr. B. maintains by a variety of facts, arguments, and illustrations, which cannot be well abridged, and are deserving the attention of the curious and philosophical inquirer.

---

* Columella ſays, the Swallow viſits Italy about the twentieth or twenty-third of February. The following are his own words: "Decimo Calendas Martii leo definit occidere, venti ſeptentrionales, qui vocantur ornithiæ, per dies triginta eſſe ſolent, tum et hirundo advenit." In another place, he ſays, "Septimo Calendas Martii ventoſa tempeſtas, hirundo conſpicitur." *De Re Ruſtica.* Pliny ſays, this bird appeared on the twenty-ſecond of February: "Octavo Calendas Martii hirundinis viſus."

† Georgic IV. 305—307.

The body of these "Fragments," is divided into three sections, consisting of TABLES, in the *first* of which is exhibited the "*spring and summer birds of passage*," in the *second* the "*autumnal and winter birds of passage*," and in the *third*, the "*resident birds of Pennsylvania*." The first and second sections are divided into five columns, which successively exhibit the day of the month when the birds of the second column were first seen in the vicinity of Philadelphia; the second column contains the scientific names of Linnæus; the third the English scientific and provincial names; the fourth marks the progress of vegetation; and the fifth and last column contains miscellaneous observations. These tables form so valuable and interesting a part of this performance, that we shall present to our readers the three first columns of the three sections.

SECTION I.

SPRING *and* SUMMER BIRDS *of* PASSAGE.*

1791. March 1.	1. Oriolus phoeniceus.	Red-Wing-Oriole. (Swamp Black-Bird.)
——12.	2. Muscicapa fusca (G.)	Black-Headed Fly-Catcher. (Pewe.)
	3. Alauda rubra (G.)	Red Lark.
	4. Alauda alpestris.	Shore-Lark. (Sky-Lark.)
	5. Fringilla domestica (mihi.)	Little Sparrow. (Titt, Chipping-Bird.)
	6. Fringilla ferruginea (G.)	Ferruginous Finch. (Ground Sparrow, Hedge-Sparrow.)
	7. Fringilla albicollis (G.)	White-Throated Finch.
	8. Fringilla melodia.	Black-Throated Sparrow.
	9. Passer palustris of Bartram. *Travels.*	Reed-Sparrow.
	10. Fringilla exilis (mihi.)	Least Finch.
	11. Fringilla tristis.	Golden Finch.
	12. Fringilla pinus (mihi.)	
	13. Sitta canadensis.	Red-Breasted Nuthatch.
	14. Picus auratus.	Golden-Wing Woodpecker. (Flecker, or Flicker.)
	15. Gracula Quiscula?	Crow-Blackbird.
——13.	16. Fringilla pecoris (G.)	Cowpen-Finch. (Cowpen-bird.)
——15.	17. Motacilla Sialis.	(Blue-Bird.)
	18. Scolopax Gallinago.	Common Snipe. (Wood-cock.)
	19. Charadrius vociferus.	Noisy Plover. (Kill-dee, Kill-deer.)
April 3.	20. Scolopax minor (G.)	Little Wood-cock. (Meadow-Snipe.)

---

* The letter G denotes the names adopted from Profeſſor *Gmelin.*—*(Mihi)* marks thoſe named by Dr. B. himſelf.

April 10.	21. Hirundo purpurea.	Purple Martin.
——15.	22. Hirundo rustica?	House-Swallow.
	23. Hirundo ———.	Little Bank-Martin.
	24. Falco piscatorius.	Fishing Hawk.
	25. Certhia Pinus.	Pine-Creeper.
	26. Fringilla graminea (G.)	Little-Field-Sparrow.
	27. Motacilla coronata (G.)	Golden-crowned Warbler.
	28. Motacilla cærulea (G.)	Cærulean Warbler.
	29. Ardea Herodias.	Great Blue or Ash coloured Heron.
	30. Alcedo Alcyon.	Belted Kingfisher. (Kingfisher.)
	31. Colymbus septentrionalis	Greater Loon, or Diver. (Loon.)
	32. Colymbus migratorius of Bartram. *Travels.*	(Eel-Crow.)
	33. Colymbus Podiceps.	Pied-Bill Grebe. (Dobchick.)
	34. Anas canadensis.	Canada-Goose. (Wild-Goose.)
	35. Anas bucephala.	Buffel-Duck.
	36. Anas discors.	White-Faced Teal.
	37. Anas fusca.	Blue-Winged Teal.
	38. Anas subcærulea of Bartram. *Travels.*	(The Blue-Bill.)
	39. Anas Boschas.	Mallard-Duck.
	40. Mergus cucullatus.	Fan-crested-Duck.
——18.	41. Anas sponsa.	Summer-Duck.
	42. Columba carolinensis.	Carolina-Pigeon. (Turtle-Dove.)
	43. Columba migratoria.	Passenger-Pigeon. (Wild-Pigeon.)
	44. Scolopax candida.	(Plover.)
	45. Turdus rufus.	Ferruginous Thrush. (Thrush, Thrasher.)
	46. Ardea Nycticorax.	Night-Heron. (Qua-Bird.)
	47. Motacilla Troglodytes?	(Marsh-Wren.)
——20.	48. Ardea virescens.	Green-Bittern, or Poke.
——23.	49. Certhia familiaris (mihi.)	House-Wren, Sociable Wren.
	50. Fringilla erythrophthalma.	Towhee-Bunting. (Towhee-bird, Ground-Robbin. Chewink.)
	51. Hirundo pelasgia.	Aculeated Swallow. (Chimney-bird.)
	52. Caprimulgus virginianus (G.)	Whip-poor-will, or Night-hawk.)
	53. Lanius Tyrannus.	King-bird. Tyrant.
	54. Oriolus Baltimore.	Baltimore-Oriole, Baltimore-Bird. (Hang-Bird.)
	55. Oriolus spurius.	Bastard-Oriole, Bastard-Baltimore.
	56. Muscicapa carolinensis.	Cat Fly-Catcher. (Cat-bird.)

	57. Motacilla varia.	White-Poll Warbler.
April 27.	58. Parus luteus.	Summer Yellow-bird.
——28.	59. Motacilla fluvialis.	Water Wag-tail.
	60. Muscicapa fusca. (Catesby.)	Warbling Wren, or Green-Wren.
——30.	61. Trochilus Colubris.	Red-throated Honeysucker. (Humming-Bird.)
	62. Turdus Trichas (G.)	Yellow-breast Warbler. (Maryland yellow-throat.)
	63. Picus erythrocephalus.	Red-headed Woodpecker.
	64. Motacilla aurocapilla.	Golden-crowned Thrush.
	65. Tanagra rubra.	Canada Tanager. (Swamp-Red-Bird?)
	66. Muscicapa subfusca of Bartram.	
	67. Muscicapa olivacea.	Red-eyed Fly-catcher.
May 1.	68. Muscicapa Ruticilla.	Black-headed Warbler.
	69. Turdus minor (G.)	Wood-Thrush. Little Thrush.
	70. Anas Bernicla.	Brent-Goose.
	71. Muscicapa crinita.	Crested Fly-catcher.
	72. Muscicapa viridis (G.)	Yellow-breasted Chat.
——12.	73. Falco sparverius.	Sparrow-Hawk.
	74. Tanagra cyanea.	Indigo-Bunting, Blue Linnet.
	75. Cuculus Americanus.	Cuckoo of Carolina.
	76. Alauda magna.	Crescent Stare. (Meadow-Lark.)
	77. Parus Americanus.	Creeping Titmouse. Finch Creeper.
——15.	78. Motacilla mitrata.	Hooded Titmouse.
	79. Motacilla Canadensis (G.)	Black-throat Warbler, Blue Fly-catcher.
	80. Tringa macularia (G.)	Spotted Sandpiper.
	81. Motacilla chrysoptera.	Golden-winged Fly-catcher.
	82. Motacilla petechia.	Red-headed Warbler.
	83. Motacilla virens (G.)	Green Warbler.
	84. Motacilla Pennsylvanica.	Bloody-side Warbler.
——18.	85. Muscicapa rapax of Bartram. *Travels.*	Olive coloured Fly-catcher, or Lesser Pewe.
	86. Ardea cinerea.	Marsh-Bittern.
——20.	87. Emberiza oryzivora.	Rice-Bunting. (Rice-Bird, Reed-Bird, Bob-Lincoln?)
	88. Rallus Carolinus (G.)	Soree Gallinule.
	89. Rallus Virginianus.	Virginian Rail.
	90. Rallus crepitans (G.)	Clapper-Rail. (Meadow-clapper?)
	91. Fulica atra.	Common Coot.
	92. Ardea parva of Bartram. *Travels.*	The Little Striped Bittern.
——25.	93. Alauda Calandra.	Calandra-Lark. (May-Bird, Grass-Bird.)

	94. Motacilla vermivora (G.)	Worm-Eater.
May 28.	95. Certhia Floridana (mihi.)	Great Yellow-throated-Wren of Florida.
June 20.	96. Vultur aura.	Carrion-Vulture. (Turkey-Buzzard.)
July 4.	97. Ardea alba.	Great White-Heron.
	98. Ardea acquinoctialis.	Little White-Heron.
	99. Falco furcatus.	Swallow-tailed Falcon.
Aug. 12.	100. Emberiza oryzivora.	Rice-Bunting. (Rice-Bird, Reed-Bird.) The females exclusively? make their appearance.

SECTION II.

AUTUMNAL *and* WINTER BIRDS *of* PASSAGE.

Sep. 12.	101. Parus domesticus.	
	102. Parus bicolor.	Crested-Titmouse.
	103. Parus Virginianus.	Virginian Titmouse, Yellow-Rump.
	104. Ampelis Garrulus.	Prib-Chatterer. (Cedar-bird.)
	105. Anas querquedula.	Blue and green wing Teal.
——25.	106. Anas nigra.	Black Duck.
	107. Anas Boschas.	Mallard.
	108. Parus Virginianus.*	Virginian Titmouse.
	109. Anas Canadensis.†	Canada-Goose.
——29.	110. Picus varius.	Yellow-bellied Woodpecker.
Oct. 9.	111. Motacilla Regulus.	Golden-crowned Wren.‡
	112. Motacilla Calendula.	Ruby-crowned Warbler.‡
	113. Muscicapa Carolinensis.	Cat-Bird.§
	114. Scolopax Gallinago.	Wood-Cock.§
——15.	115. Anas Bernicla.‖	Brent-Goose.
	116. Fringilla Hudsonias.	Snow-Bird.
	117. Fringilla ferruginea.	Fox-coloured Sparrow.
	118. Fringilla albicollis.	Large brown Sparrow, with red eye-brows.
——30.	119. Falco sparverius.	Little Falcon.
Dec. 15.	120. Strix diurnalis (mihi.)	Sharp-winged Day-Owl.
	121. Fringilla cannabina?	Greater Redpoll?
	122. Columbia Carolinensis.	Carolina-Pigeon.
Jan. 25.	123. Fringilla cannabina?	Greater Redpoll?¶
——30.	124. Emberiza nivalis.	Snow-Bunting.
Feb. 15.	125. Strix stridula?	Tawney-faced Owl.
	126. Strix Nyctea?	Great-white-Owl.
——28.	127. Alauda alpestris.	Shore-Lark (Sky-Lark.)
	128. Alauda rubra (G.)	Red-Lark.
	129. Fringilla pinus (mihi.)	Pine-Finch.
	130. Fringilla ferruginea.	Ferruginous Finch.
	131. Fringilla albicollis (G.)	White-throated Finch.
	132. Fringilla tristis.	Golden Finch.

[*] Great numbers of theſe birds appear again, along with the Ampelis.

[†] Paſſes ſoutherly in great flights.

[‡] Theſe two birds arrive from the north.

[§] Theſe are ſtill ſeen among us.

[‖] Immenſe flocks of theſe Geeſe are now ſeen, at great heights in the air, paſſing ſoutherly.

[¶] Large flocks of theſe birds are now ſeen.

SECTION III.

Of the RESIDENT BIRDS *of* PENNSYLVANIA.

By the Resident Birds, I mean those Birds which, in general, continue in Pennsylvania the whole year; which build their Nests, rear their Young, and are commonly thought to continue near the District in which they themselves were reared. I shall enumerate these Birds in the order of the Linnæan arrangement.

ACCIPITRES. RAPACIOUS.

1. Falco Leucocephalus. White-headed Eagle. (Bald-Eagle.)

2. Falco regalis of Bartram. Great Grey Eagle.

3. Falco aquilinus of Bartram. Great Red-tailed Hawk.

4. Falco Columbarius. Pigeon-Hawk.

5. Falco glaucus of Bartram. Bluish Hawk. A beautiful species. Colour a pale sky-blue. Tips of the wings black.

6. Strix Virginiana. Great Horned Owl.

7. Strix Asio. Red Owl, Little Owl. (Screech-Owl.)

8. Strix varius of Bartram. MS. Hen Owl.

9. Lanius Excubitor. Great Shrike. (Gust Bird? Nine Killer.)

10. Lanius Collurio? Red-backed Shrike.

PICÆ. PIES.

11. Corvus Corax. Raven Crow. (Raven.) Corvus carnivorus of Bartram.

12. Corvus Corone. Carrion Crow. (Crow.*) This is the Corvus frugivorus of Bartram.

13. Corvus cristatus. Blue-Crow. (Blue-Jay, Jay-Bird.)

14. Picus pileatus. Pileated Woodpecker. (Wood-Cock.)

15. Picus erythrocephalus. Red-Headed-Woodpecker.

16. Picus auratus. Golden-Wing Woodpecker.

17. Picus villosus. Hairy Woodpecker. *Se-se-ah* of the Wyandot Indians.

18. Picus pubescens. Downy Woodpecker. *Sho-ah* of the Wyandot Indians.

19. Sitta. Black-headed Nuthatch. (Sap-Sucker.)

20. Certhia fusca of Bartram. MS. Brown-Creeper.

GRALLÆ. CLOVEN-FOOTED.

21. Ardea Herodias. Great Heron. In very mild, open winters.

22. Charadrius vociferus. Noisy Plover. (Kildee, Kildeer.) In very mild winters.

GALLINÆ. GALLINACEOUS.

23. Meleagris Gallopavo. Wild-Turkey.

24. Tetrao umbellus. Ruffed Grous. (Grous.)

25. Tetrao cupido. Pheasant of Pennsylvania. (Pheasant.)

26. Tetrao Virginianus. Maryland Patridge. (Patridge, Quail.)

PASSERES. PASSERINE.

27. Columba migratoria. Passenger-Pigeon. (Wild-Pigeon.)

28. Columba Carolensis. Carolina-Pigeon. (Turtle-Dove.)

29. Alauda magna. Crescent Stare. (Meadow-Lark.)

30. Turdus migratorius. Red-breasted-Thrush. (Robin.)

31. Turdus Polyglottos. Mimic Thrush. (Mocking Bird.)

32. Ampelis Garrulus. Prib Chatterer. (Cedar-Bird.)

33. Loxia Cardinalis. Cardinal Grosbeak. (Virginia Nightingale.)

34. Loxia Curvirostra. Cross-bill. (Shear-Bird.)

35. Motacilla Sialis. (Blue-Bird.)

---

* There is another ſpecies of Corvus which differs from both the ſpecies here mentioned. It is larger than the common Crow, (Corvus Corone) and makes a noiſe more like that of the Raven, or Corvus Corax. It keeps upon the ſea-coaſt. Mr. Bartram (*Travels*) calls this ſpecies Corvus maritimus. I have never ſeen it.

36. Motacilla Troglodytes. (Marsh Wren.)

37. Parus bicolor. Toupet Titmouse.

38. Parus artricapillus. Canada Titmouse. Little Pied Titmouse.

39. Parus Virginianus. Virginian Titmouse.

Additional Birds found in the vicinity of Philadelphia.

1. Falco Ossifragus? Sea-Eagle.
2. Strix Aluco. Speckled Owl.
3. Strix Naevia. Mottled Owl.
4. Strix passerina. Little Owl.
5. Psittacus pertinax? Illinois Parrot.
6. Scolopax nutans? Nodding Snipe.
7. Charadrius Himantopus. Long Legged Plover.
8. Haematopus Ostralegus. Pied-Oyster-catcher.
9. Loxia ludoviciana. Red-breasted Gross-Beak.
10. Fringilla purpurea. Purple Finch.
11. Fringilla ———. (Hemp-Bird.) Mr. William Bartram.
12. Hirundo Subis. Canada Swallow, Great American Martin. Mr. Oppelt.
13. Caprimulgus europaeus. European Goatsucker. (Night-Hawk.)

To these tables, Dr. B. has subjoined an appendix, containing observations on most of the birds enumerated, which will be found useful to the ornithologist. His remarks on those *useful birds* who destroy reptiles and insects of various kinds, are particularly deserving of attention. "These," says Dr. B. "ought to be preserved, if not by the *laws*, at least by the *good sense* of the country." Among these destroyers of reptiles and insects so destructive to vegetation, he enumerates,

"I. Muscicapa acadica of Gmelin? This is the Lesser Crested Flycatcher of Pennant. It is called, in Pennsylvania, the Lesser or Wood Pewe. This little bird builds in woods and in forests. After the young have left the nests, the parents conduct them to the gardens and habitations of men. Here the whole brood dwells in trees near the houses, where they are fed with the common house-fly, and other insects that are caught by the old birds. The young ones are soon capable of obtaining their food in the same way. This species of Muscicapa visits us in the spring, and commonly continues with us until late in September, when it retires southerly to winter.

"II. The Motacilla Sialis, or Blue-Bird, feeds principally, if not entirely, upon insects, both such as are flying and such as are reptile. It is said they eat currants.

"III. Most of our species of Picus, or Woodpecker, appear to me to be very useful in destroying insects, particularly those which injure our forest and orchard-trees. It is true, these birds are sometimes injurious to us, by eating some of our finest fruits, particularly our cherries, and therefore pains are taken to expel them from our gardens. But they devour vast numbers of insects, particularly some of those species which prove so destructive to the trunks of trees, such as the coleopterous insects, which, perhaps, do as much mischief as the caterpillars.

"IV. As a devourer of pernicious insects, one of the most useful birds with which I am acquainted, is the House-Wren, or Certhia familiaris? This little bird seems peculiarly fond of the society of man, and it must be confessed, that it is often protected by his interested care. From observing the usefulness of this bird in destroying insects, it has long been a custom, in many parts of our country, to fix a small box at the end of a long pole in gardens, about houses, &c. as a place for it to build in. In these boxes they build and hatch their young. When the young are hatched, the parent birds feed them with a variety of different insects, particularly such as are injurious in gardens. One of my friends was at the trouble to observe the number of times that a pair of these birds came from their box, and returned with insects for their young. He found that they did this from forty to sixty times in an hour; and in one particular hour the birds carried food to their young seventy-one times. In this business, they were engaged the greater part of the day; say twelve hours. Taking the medium, therefore, of fifty times an hour, it appeared that a single pair of these birds took from the cabbage, sallad, beans, peas, and other vegetables in the garden, at least six hundred insects in the course of one day. This calculation proceeds upon the supposition that the two birds took each only a single insect each time. But it is highly probable they often took several at a time.

"The species of Certhia of which I am speaking, generally hatches twice during the course of the summer. They are very numerous about Philadelphia, and in other parts of the United States.

"The fact just related is well calculated to show the importance of attending to the preservation of some of our native birds. The esculent vegetables of a whole garden may, perhaps, be preserved from the depredations of different species of insects by ten or fifteen pair of these small birds: and, independently of this essential service, they are an extremely agreeable companion to man; for their note is pleasing. A gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, thinks he has already reaped much advantage from the services of these Wrens. About his fruit-trees, he has placed a number of boxes for their nests. In these boxes they very readily breed, and feed themselves and their young with the insects which are so destructive to the various kinds of fruit-trees and other vegetables.

"V. The services of the Ibis in devouring the reptiles of Egypt, are well known. North-America abounds with birds of this order; and we even have some species of Ibis very nearly allied to the Ibis of Egypt, such as the Tantalus Loculator, or Wood-Pelican, the Tantalus ruber, or Scarlet Ibis, the Tantalus fuscus, or Brown Ibis, and the Tantalus albus, or White Ibis. Mr. Bartram informs us that the first of these birds feeds 'on serpents, young alligators, frogs, and other reptiles.'

"VI. Some of the birds of the Vulture-kind are extremely useful to man, by destroying immense quantities of carrion, which serve to vitiate the air, and perhaps, in some instances, to give rise to malignant epidemics. The Vulture Aura, or Turkey-Buzzard of our country, is one of the most useful of these birds. In Virginia it is protected by a law of that State. The Abbé Clavigero speaks of the usefulness of the *Cozcaquauhtli*, or King of the Zopilots, the Vulture Papa of Linnæus. 'The Zopilot,' says this writer, 'is a most useful bird to that country, (Mexico) for they not only clear the fields, but attend the crocodiles, and destroy the eggs which the females of those dreadful amphibious animals leave in the sand to be hatched by the heat of the sun. The destruction of such a bird ought to be prohibited under severe penalties.'

"Many of the pernicious insects of the United States seem to be increasing, instead of diminishing. Some of these insects which originally confined their ravages to the native or wild vegetables, have since begun their depredations upon the foreign vegetables, which are often more agreeable to their palates. Thus the Bruchus Pisi, or Pea-Fly, is a native, and seems originally to have fed, in a great measure unnoticed, upon the indigenous vegetables which are allied to the Pea: but since the introduction of this last among us, it is the principal, if not the only vegetable which suffers from the ravages of this insect. The Hessian-Fly could not originally have inhabited the wheat, the rye, and other similar gramina of this kind, for these vegetables are not natives of America. It is now more formidable to us than would be an army of twenty thousand Hessians, or of any other twenty thousand hirelings, supplied with all the implements of war. The caterpillar, which has begun its ravages upon the leaves of the Lombardy Poplar, that contributes so much to beautify our city, is, most probably, a native of our woods. It prefers this fine foreigner to the less palatable leaves upon which it has been formerly accustomed to feed. Other instances of this kind might be mentioned. They show how very necessary it is to watch the migrations of insects from the native to the introduced vegetables; and they teach us a truth, not I think sufficiently attended to by naturalists, that different kinds of insects are much less confined to vegetables of the same species, or to species of the same genus, than has been commonly imagined. It is certain, that the same species of insects, in America, often feeds indiscriminately, and in succession, upon plants of very opposite genera, and even of very different natural orders.

"It is, doubtless, difficult, but it is by no means impossible, to prevent the ravages of noxious insects. In this important business, something has already been done in our country. We have discovered a method of diminishing the depredations of the little bug called Cucumber-Fly, which proves so destructive to the cucurbitaceous vines, particularly those of the Cucumber and Musk-melon. By manuring our wheat-lands, and thereby increasing the strength and vigour of the wheat, we have lessened the evil of the Hessian-Fly. By suspending to our young apple and other trees, pieces of tow, impregnated with a mixture of brimstone and train-oil, we have learned how to frighten away the periodical Locusts (Cicada septemdecim of Linnæus) which often do so much injury to our orchards.[*] The American Philosophical Society, by calling the attention of the public to the decay of our Peach-trees, has brought us to a better acquaintance with the causes of this decay, and with the means of preventing it. Insects are, no doubt, one of these causes.[†] We have made some progress in preventing the mischief of the Bruchus Pisi, or Pea-Fly, which proves so destructive to one of the

---

"[*] It is only the female Cicada ſeptemdecim that does miſchief to our orchards, &c. This ſhe does by making inciſions into the tender branches to depoſit her eggs. In conſequence of this operation, the leaves periſh. The inſect does no miſchief 'by devouring the leaves,' as has been aſſerted by ſome reſpectable writers. (See Tranſactions of the American Philoſophical Society, Vol. III. Introduction, p. xxii.)

"[†] The peach-inſect (it is an Ichneumon) is obſerved to injure young trees more than old ones. Perhaps the beſt remedy againſt the miſchief of this inſect, is to dig up the ground about the roots in the ſpring-ſeaſon, and to take out the larva or worm. This may be done without much difficulty, and the operation does not injure the tree. Do not the peach-trees ſuffer more from our late night-froſts than from inſects? Theſe night-froſts, eſpecially after rainy whether, in the months of February and March, when the ſap is aſcending, are certainly very pernicious. They occaſion the bark to crack ſo that the ſap is permitted to run out. I ſuſpect that this is one of the principal cauſes of the decay of our peach-trees."

finest esculent vegetables. But all that has yet been done, is very little compared to that which remains to be done. The subject is as new as it is important."

In a postcript, Dr. B. modestly terms his performance "Fragmentary Rubbish." Its merits entitle it to a more respectable appellation. He may be assured that his "present labours are neither useless nor unentertaining;" and we are confident they will "be received with candour and indulgence." We hope that he will be induced to publish the two remaining parts, and to complete the natural history of Pennsylvania: *Quæ non tantum ad legendos eos, verum ad simile aliquid elaborandum, possunt æmulationis stimulis excitare.* PLINY.

ART. III.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

[Continued from p. 445 of vol. i.]

THE following papers have relation to a subject of great importance in the present state of our country. The first is

A Mode of drying up the Marshes in the maritime parts of North-America. By Thomas Wright, of the College of Surgeons, and Teacher of Anatomy in Ireland.

The free operation of wind and sun, is well known to promote evaporation. Pools and marshes, the usual source of febrile and epidemical diseases, are augmented by being encompassed and overshadowed by forests. Vegetation tends to augment them, not only by collecting and condensing the moisture dispersed through the atmosphere, but by preventing its subsequent escape by evaporation. The obvious mode of drying the soil by digging pits and canals, into which the water will flow from the higher surfaces, will seldom be attempted from any motive but interest, whose influence is limited and partial; is, in all cases, expensive and laborious, and in many cases utterly impracticable. The position of the ground, in relation to adjacent parts, may not admit of a canal or an outlet. This mode can never do more than remove the water. The causes of its collection and accumulation being as numerous and powerful as ever, the evil is alleviated but not removed. The effectual remedy consists in removing the foliage and the shade, by which the winds are impeded and the solar rays are shut out, and thus preventing the moisture from condensing, by the same means by which we cause it, when it is condensed, to evaporate and disappear.

The progress of culture and population will, no doubt, produce this effect in America. When the ground is wanted for raising flax and corn, and for pasturing oxen and sheep; when the timber is required to construct houses and ships, to furnish heat to furnaces and ovens, our forests will gradually disappear, the pool and bog will become dry land, rain will be less frequent and copious, torrents will be less impetuous, and rivers will shrink into narrower channels. The sources of diseases will be somewhat lessened, and not only greater numbers will partake of the blessings of existence, but will enjoy it for a longer time, and with fewer intervals of debility and pain.

It is to be feared, however, that this effect will never be otherwise produced; and that all projects for anticipating the effects of culture, are airy and chimerical. The obstacles will arise from the indolence, ignorance, and wants of mankind; and not, as Mr. Wright imagines, from the usefulness of wood as fuel, He fears that we should be obliged to spare our woods, because our soil has not yielded so many vegetable crops, as to form, by their decay, peat or combustible turf, inferring, in the true spirit of his countrymen, that the only substitute, in culinary processes, for timber, is *peat*. His apprehensions are kind, but groundless. When there is nothing to be found above the surface, we shall always procure enough to warm our fingers and to make *the pot boil* below it. When we cannot hew logs and cut turf, we must dig for *coal*, and of that there will never be a scarcity. To obviate this objection, however, and to keep most of our hiccories and pines sacred from the axe, he proposes that immense vistas, fifty or an hundred miles in length, should be made in our largest forests, in the direction of our N. W. and S. E. winds, whose blasts will thus be suffered to pervade, *exsiccate*, and make suitable for settlers, by diminishing the insalubrity of, large portions of the country.

Experiments and Observations on Land and Sea Air. By Adam Seybert, M. D

The inquiry as to the ingredients of air, zealously and so successfully pursued in the present times, was naturally connected with subsequent inquiries as to the proportions between these ingredients in different circumstances. Dr. Seybert has undertaken to improve our knowledge on this curious and important subject, by recounting, in this memoir, a series of experiments made to estimate the comparative purity of the air, upon land and water. After enumerating the opinions and observations of several eminent philosophers, Ingenhousz, Priestley, and Fontana, upon the purity of air in different situations, he proceeds to state the results of his own attempts. These lead him to conclude, agreeably to Fontana's decision, and contrary to the popular belief, that, *on land*, the air in different situations, is of nearly the same degree of purity.

His experiments were made on air collected in the streets and court-yards of Philadelphia, on the verge of a marsh *washed by the tide*, in the neighbouring roads, and on the summit of an eminence near Schuylkill. In all these cases the air was proved to possess the same degree of purity.

Of experiments made with the same view, at sea, and in the bay of Chesapeake, he speaks as follows:

"My experiments at sea, sufficiently prove that the atmosphere is considerably purer there than on land. Though there are some trifling differences in the results of several experiments, I have no reason to believe that they were owing to the difference of latitudes or longitude in which they were performed. I can form no system respecting such variations. Winds, temperature, rain, &c. do not seem to have produced them. As they did not observe any regularity in their occurrence, they may, perhaps, be attributed to certain unperceived errors, which are unavoidably attendant on such trials.

"That the air at sea should appear nearly of the same purity in different latitudes, does by no means astonish me; for, if land air has certain matters mixed with it, they are, *perhaps*, absorbed: and if my supposition be true, that the influence of the sun's rays on the water tends to increase its purity, the opinion I entertain is not surprising. For when once purified, there are perhaps none, or few causes to render the air noxious, after it is wafted from our towns and cities over a large body of water.

"It occurred to me that, probably, the purity of the air at sea varied at different periods of the day;

to satisfy myself on this point, I made several trials on the 10th and 17th of June last. On the 10th, I performed them at nine o'clock A. M. at twelve, and at six o'clock P. M. On the 17th, at nine A. M. and at twelve o'clock. The result of all the experiments of the same day, was exactly similar; at least, not perceptibly different.

"Whether sea air might not be rendered more pure by agitation with water, appeared to me a question worthy of being ascertained: particularly, as some celebrated men maintain that it has this effect, and must hence be looked upon as one of the greatest resources which we have for purifying the atmosphere. Sir John Pringle and Dr. Ingenhousz are of this opinion. But some of Dr. Priestley's experiments seem to contradict it; and so does the following assertion of the celebrated Scheele, who says, 'L'air ne s'unit pas avec l'eau commune.' Traité de l'air and du seu, p. 51.

"My experiments on this head are as follow: on the 26th and 28th of June, the 2d and 5th of July, equal bulks of sea water and air were agitated for half an hour in my eudiometer tube; but I never discovered any absorption to have taken place; neither was the air rendered purer, as was evident from a mixture with nitrous air.

"It now appeared probable to me, that sea water was already saturated with all the gaseous particles it could absorb; and that fresh water, when agitated with sea air, might diminish its bulk or alter its purity. In consequence of this supposition, equal bulks of sea air and fresh water were agitated as above, but it was not in the least altered. Not entirely convinced of the fallacy of my conjecture, I boiled sea water a sufficient time to purge it of the air it might contain. I then agitated sea air with this boiled water as above, and found no difference from the other experiments. These results tend to confirm my belief, that if sea water purifies the air, it is rather by adding somewhat to it, than by absorbing any considerable quantity of effluvia floating therein. Though by this I do not mean to say, that certain matters, foreign to our atmosphere, do not float therein on land. If they exist, perhaps they may be subject to absorption by water."

This memoir concludes with a table very accurately and satisfactorily constructed and arranged, and exhibiting the results of twenty-five experiments, made in different temperatures of the air, different positions of the wind, different times of day, at sea, between the latitudes of 37° and 42°, and in the bay of Delaware, between 5th June and 18th July. These experiments produced nearly the same result. We shall not pretend to decide how far Dr. Seybert's conclusions are weakened by the imperfections of his instrument. Fontana's eudiometer is essentially defective.

Experiments and Observations on the Atmosphere of Marshes. By the same.

We cannot detail the numerous experiments by which the author of this paper has endeavoured to prove that the air generated by marshes, differs from that of other places; that this difference consists in its possessing a disproportionable quantity of carbonic acid gas, and no oxygen whatever; that the air above marshes, that is, their actual atmosphere, as well as that upon their verge, are not impurer than ordinary.

As to the cause of this difference, he speaks in the following manner:

"The putrefaction of the animal and vegetable matters upon the soil of marshes, is the great cause of the changes observed to exist: for every species of soil will not operate in the manner alluded to.

"That the cause is in the putrefaction of these matters, and that this state is absolutely necessary to those changes, I infer from the following circumstance: marshes have no noxious influence during the winter season. They cause disease when the circumstances are present which promote putrefaction; as, a proper degree of heat, a due quantity of moisture, and the contact of atmospheric air, or substances capable of affording oxygen, as *water*. That a certain degree of moisture is necessary, appears evident from White's experiments, related in the Philosophical Transactions: he says, 'a certain degree of moisture seems necessary to produce the bad effects of marshes; for mud, when perfectly dry, did not altar the air.' He might have added, that too much fluidity will likewise prevent their bad consequences, which is proved by the neighbourhood being healthy when they are overflowed. An overflow of water may operate by preventing the powerful effects of the sun. Experience teaches us that their bad effects are discontinued when they become dry. Covering them with clay and other substances not liable to putrefaction, destroys their bad effects; so does cultivation, frost, &c.

"Living trees being planted in their neighbourhood, renders the situation more healthy, by absorbing the gas exhaled during putrefaction, and affording oxygen gas.

"White's experiments prove, '1st. During sixteen hours, air confined in a phial over water, did not suffer a change. 2dly. Pure clay moistened, did not alter the purity of the air. 3dly. Sand moistened, did not change the purity of the air.' But 4th. *Mud (which consists of earths intimately mixed with dead animal and vegetable substances) rendered the air very impure, as I proved by the experiments which I performed.*"

The purity of the actual atmosphere of marshes, that is, its possession of the usual proportion of oxygen, is explained by setting the influence of living vegetation in opposition to that of the *dead*. The carbonic produced by the putrescent mass which constitutes the soil, is supposed to be absorbed by the living vegetable growth above; while, from the latter, oxygen is continually disengaged. On this subject, we will quote his own words.

"A variety of facts prove that oxygen gas is a principal ingredient in the atmosphere of marshes: 1st. Candles burn therein with the same lustre as in other situations. 2d. Animals breathe with equal ease as in other places. 3d. Eudiometrical experiments prove that it forms as great a proportion here, as in other atmospheres which are reckoned more healthy.

"August 4th and 5th, 1796—July 8th and 10th, 1798, I collected air from over marshy grounds, to the south and north of Philadelphia; when tried with the eudiometer, they always proved as pure as the air in the yard of my lodgings.' Chaptal, in his Memoirs de Chimie, p. 141, asserts that the air over the ponds which border on the Mediterranean sea (the neighbourhood of which is equally marshy, if not more so, than the neck formed by the junction of Schuylkill and the Delaware, as I convinced myself during my residence at Montpellier in the years 1795 and 1796), was equally pure with that of Montpellier, tried the same day. When I assert that the atmosphere of marshes is equally pure with that of other situations, I mean that it contains as large a proportion of oxygen gas as such other atmospheres do. I do not, by any means, intend to be understood that it is free from foreign mixtures.

"I have acknowledged that putrefaction is going on in marshy places, and likewise admit that this process destroys the purity of the atmosphere by absorbing its oxygen; therefore, it may seem difficult to admit the *absolute purity* of the air being equal here to that of other places. People being able to breathe with ease over marshy grounds, is sufficient proof that the oxygen gas there is adequate to support life. I shall now attempt to account for the purity of the air of marshes, as follows: Sennebier has proved, by numerous experiments, that living vegetables, placed in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, or in water saturated with this air, exposed to the action of the sun, thrive and grow very rapidly; during the experiments the carbonic acid is destroyed, and oxygen gas is disengaged. In addition to these experiments, Ingenhousz has taught us that the aquatic plants, particularly such as grow in the neighbourhood of marshes, possess the power above stated to a surprising degree; see Experiences sur les Vègètâux, Tom. 2. p. 401. These facts, when properly considered, and connected with the remarks I made when speaking of the effects of mud on the atmosphere, I think are sufficient to account for the phenomenon which, at first, seemed at least doubtful.

"The above view of this difficult subject, will, perhaps, in some measure alter our opinions respecting the utility of marshes. Heretofore, mankind seem to have viewed their existence as noxious to them, and unnecessary to their happiness. I confess my former opinion respecting them, coincided perfectly with that of the majority, but at present my ideas are very different: I consider them as very necessary to keep the atmosphere in a *proper degree* of purity, for it is not only the impure atmosphere which kills animals, but the too pure also; and an ingenious philosopher has well observed, that animals live too fast in atmospheres overcharged with oxygen gas. They appear to me to have been instituted by the Author of Nature, in order to operate against the powers which vegetables and other causes possess of purifying the atmosphere, so that the oxygen may exist in a proper proportion, fit to support animal life and combustion. I am of opinion that, *ere long*, marshes will be looked upon by mankind *as gifts from Heaven* to prolong the life and happiness of the greatest portion of the animal kingdom. Perhaps it was originally intended that they should remain uninhabited, and that their only use should be that of correcting the too pure atmospheres. Although their immediate inhabitants suffer disease from them, still, but a small portion of the human race choose marshy situations for their residence."

The concluding remarks on the benefits of marshes, are liable to some exception. If the atmosphere of marshes be equally salubrious with that of other places, it is so because the fluid exhaled from dead plants is the proper food of the living; which, while they consume the air noxious to animals, are busy in producing that which is useful to them; but it is likely that part only of this noxious vapour is devoured on the spot, and that the rest is dispersed over the adjacent regions; and that so far from producing merely an equilibrium, the hurtful gases predominate exactly in proportion to the extent or the proximity of marshes.

This is the lesson of experience. To be covered with thick umbrage, and entangled in slimy bogs, is to be sick. To be *high* and *dry*, to bask in the rays of the sun, and to be fanned by unobstructed breezes, are the means of health. While experience evinces that health is enjoyed in proportion as bogs disappear, we shall not readily applaud them as the gifts of Heaven.

The inevitable tendency of cultivation, is to annihilate marsh. The effect of *incultivation*, is to turn the whole level and cultivable parts of the globe into *vast dismals*. Few will acknowledge, with Dr. S. that they were originally intended to remain uninhabited, for that is to say that the earth was not designed to be the dwelling place of men; but most persons will maintain that their only use is that of producing corn and pasturing cattle, for which purpose they must loose their nature and become *dry land*.

We know that their beneficial effects, whatever they be, are outweighed by their hurtful ones. We may, indeed, according to the addage, have *too much* even of a *good thing;* and therefore, though the *good thing* called marsh is injurious when we have too much of it, yet, when moderately distributed, it may be beneficial. This concession, however, is of not much value. At present, it is plain that we have too much of it, and that we have no reason to check or curb our industry in annihilating bogs from the dread of doing too much. While we have running waters, respirable organs, and combustion (necessary not merely for *warmth* sake, but for culture, cookery, and the various arts), while we have the putrefaction of plants and animals useful to subsistence, we need not fear that our atmosphere will become *too pure*.

On the Insalubrity of Flat and Marshy Situations, and the Means of correcting it. By William Currie.

This treatise has little resemblance to the foregoing. It is not the detail of experiments, but a series of speculative remarks on the experiments of others. We shall not recapitulate Mr. Currie's arguments and facts to shew that the unwholesomeness of marshes arises not from vapours or miasmata actually emitted from the soil, but indirectly from the abstraction of the oxygen of the atmosphere. Whether disease be produced by the air of marshes, in consequence of that air having too much of one thing, or too little of another, by being deficient in oxygen or superabundant in certain pestiferous effluvia, is a question that we shall leave in the hands where we find it, and shall content ourselves with quoting Mr. Currie's concluding observations.

Having, as he thinks, established the position that the putrefaction of bogs and fens is hurtful, by diminishing the due proportion of oxygen in the ambient air, he proceeds to point out the *prophylaxis* thus:

"The remedies are to introduce and increase the proportion of oxygenous gas in the superincumbent atmosphere, and to prevent its future abstraction, by cutting off or diminishing the sources of putrefaction.

"It would be a happy circumstance if the application of the means suited to produce an amendment in a body so large and fluctuating as the atmosphere, was as practicable as the means suited to effect that purpose are obvious: but, unfortunately, this requires too much labour and expense to admit of extensive application, especially in a country where population and wealth do not bear a due proportion to the extent of territory.

"We ought, however, to attempt every thing in our power to effect so desirable and useful an event.

"Chemistry furnishes various articles, by means of which we can generate and introduce a supply of oxygen into the atmosphere, as well as alter the quality of those noxious gases with which it is occasionally contaminated.

"But the grand engine by which the sources that deprive the atmosphere of its salutary and vivifying principle, are cut off; and the great magazine from whence a sufficient supply is obtained, must be sought for in the art of agriculture.

"The stagnant waters may be carried off, and the soil of marshes rendered dry, by means of drains, deep trenches, and wells; and further stagnation and putrefaction prevented by consuming the dead weeds, grass, and trees, and by covering the flats, and filling the hollows with clay, sand, or lime.

"And the atmosphere may be supplied with oxygen by cultivating, on such soils, grasses and plants of vigorous growth, and especially those which live and flourish latest in the season. For vegetables, while living and growing, when exposed to the rays of light, constantly decompose the water they imbibe from the earth and air, and while they retain the hydrogen or base of inflammable air for the formation of oil, wax, honey, or resin, they replenish the atmosphere with oxygen.*

"When it is impracticable to render marshy situations dry, on account of their extent, they should be kept constantly flooded by means of dams and sluices, to lessen the effects of putrefaction; for, when dead vegetable or animal substances are immersed in water, so as to be entirely excluded from contact with the air, putrefaction can only take place in a slow and imperfect manner.

"But removing the trees and shrubs from marshy or fenny tracts, without draining off the stagnant water at the same time, and destroying the dead herbage by fire, instead of rendering such situations more healthful, has been found to have a different effect, because a greater extent of putrescent surface is thereby exposed to the rays of the sun, and, of course, a greater portion of oxygen abstracted from the atmosphere. It is owing, in a great measure, to this circumstance, that all new countries are so generally fatal to the first settlers.

"The same land, after it has been cultivated a few years, especially if there be sufficient declivity to prevent the water from stagnating, looses its unwholesomeness; the putrescent substances mixed with the soil or superficial stratum of the ground having finished the putrefactive process by that time. In order, therefore, to render and preserve marshy countries healthful, they should be preserved dry and clean by means of the spade, the plow, and the rake.

"When the level situation of a place prevents the stagnant water from being carried off by drains, deep wells should be dug in different places for the water to collect in; by which means a greater portion of the soil will be rendered dry, and less noxious.

"To prevent still farther the injurious effects of residing near marshes or mill-ponds, rows of such trees as grow rapidly, and retain their verdure late in the season, should be planted between those situations and the mansion, for the purpose of intercepting the moisture in its progress, while they furnish a constant supply of oxygen to the atmosphere.

"Lodging in the upper story of a house, has been found to preserve health during a sickly season, instances of which are recorded by Sir John Pringle. This appears to be owing to those situations being out of the reach of the moisture from the ground."

---

* Chaptal's Chemiſtry. Ingenhouſz's Obſervations, &c.

ART. IV.

LETTERS on FREQUENT COMMUNION: *addressed particularly to the Members of the Associate-Reformed Church in North-America.* 8vo. *pp.* 113. *New-York.* T. *and* J. Swords. 1798.

THIS publication is anonymous, but we have good authority for ascribing it to the Rev. Mr. JOHN M. MASON, minister of the Scots Presbyterian Church in the city of New-York. It has been customary, it seems, in most of the churches with which he is connected, to administer the communion, or the Lord's supper, generally not more than *once*, and never more than *twice*, in the year; and then to encumber it with a preceding *fast*, and a subsequent *thanksgiving* day. The design of the author is to prove, that this ordinance should be attended upon more frequently; and that, in order to render such frequency practicable and convenient, the burdensome appendages before mentioned, should be laid aside.

The principles and reasonings which were judged to be subservient to his design, the author has thought fit to present in the form of letters, addressed particularly to his own religious connections. The *first* is introductory, stating the ground and object of the work. The *second* is employed in unfolding the nature, and exhibiting the interesting features of the Lord's supper as a religious duty, and deducing from these considerations, the advantages and importance of a frequent attendance upon it. The *third* is intended to shew that a frequent administration of this ordinance has been the general practice of the church from the beginning; that among the primitive christians it made a part of the sanctification of every Lord's day; that this continued to be the case until the fourth century; and that, in proportion as the spirit of vital piety declined, and men became more careless of religion, or more addicted to superstition and will-worship, the solemn memorial of our Lord's death was attended on with less frequency, and with more pompous form. In the *fourth* letter, the author answers the objection "that the frequent administration of the Lord's supper would render it *too common*, destroy its solemnity, and thus prove injurious to the interests of religion." In the *fifth*, he undertakes to shew that the customary appendages to this ordinance, particularly public fasts and thanksgiving days, have no warrant in scripture, are contrary to the judgment of almost the whole christian church, and are attended with great and serious evils. In the *sixth* and *seventh*, the subject is continued. In the *eighth*, some popular pleas in favour of sacramental fasts and thanksgivings, are briefly considered and answered; and the *ninth* and last, treats of the benefits of scriptural communion.

In handling the various subjects discussed in these letters, Mr. M. displays good sense, force of argument, considerable reading, and fervent piety. He has judiciously availed himself of the facts and reasonings of preceding writers, of which, due acknowledgment is made. And he has presented and defended his opinions, in a manner which, we presume, will be generally considered clear, convincing, and satisfactory, by those to whom they are addressed.

Mr. M.'s style is, on the whole, good. It possesses a degree of spirit and vigour not generally to be met with. We cannot help remarking, however, that it sometimes discovers a fondness for point and antithesis, approaching to quaintness: and we are inclined to believe that, in a few instances, the dignity and weight of the sentiment is rather impaired, by aiming at a keenness and an energy of expression which are unseasonable and excessive. But, amidst so much substantial merit as this performance possesses, we take for granted that its readers will be much more occupied in observing and approving its excellence, than in noting verbal defects.

Art. V.

A Funeral Discourse, *delivered in the Third Presbyterian Church in the City of Philadelphia, on the 17th day of November, on occasion of the death of the* Rev. Dr. John B. Smith, *late Pastor of said Church, who departed this life August 22,* 1799. *By* Samuel Blair, *D. D.* 8*vo. pp.* 38. *Philadelphia.* Woodward. 1799.

THE highly esteemed divine, whose death and character form the principal subjects of this discourse, was among the first victims of the pestilence which visited Philadelphia last year. On account of the general flight of the inhabitants on that occasion, a sermon with reference to his death, was not delivered until near three months after the event. Soon after the fugitives had returned, and public worship was resumed, the Rev. Dr. Blair, a relative of the deceased, was called upon to perform this service; which he executed in so acceptable a manner, that the hearers, by a very respectable vote, solicited a copy of his discourse for publication.

The text is chosen from Matthew xxv. 21. *Well done, good and faithful servant, &c.* From this passage, Dr. B. undertakes to shew who are the *servants of God,* in the peculiar and discriminating sense of the text; to draw the character of those who are *good and faithful,* and to point to the reward which awaits such in another world. To what is said on these topics, he adds the character of the deceased, and particular addresses to his relict, to his children, and to the congregation which he had served with such honourable acceptance.

The structure of this discourse is, in no respect, very remarkable. Its materials are all of the common kind; and its workmanship is plain. Good sense, seriousness, and piety, reign throughout. We think Dr. B.'s style, in several points of view, exceptionable. His sentences are frequently involved to a degree of perplexity. His mode of expression is, too often, formal, circumlocutory, and feeble. And, though we approve of gravity in the pulpit, yet, we are of opinion that the scripture style may be used to excess even there; and that, when mingled with the familiar, it makes a motly appearance, and produces unpleasant effects.

The character of Dr. Smith is drawn in a judicious manner. How far the eulogium, in all its parts, is applicable to the person whom it is designed to depict, we are not qualified to judge. We have, however, no reason to doubt that this is fully the case. We have always understood that the respectable deceased possessed a character which endeared him, in a very eminent degree, to the friends of virtue and religion wherever he was known.

Art. VI.

An Oration, *delivered at the request of the Society of* ΦΒΚ, *in the Chapel of Havard College, on the day of their anniversary, July* 9, 1798. *By* John Thornton Kirkland. 8*vo. pp.* 24. *Boston.* J. Russell. 1798.

WE should not notice a performance of so transitory a nature as the present, so long after its appearance, if its comparative merit were not so great as to render it more worthy of attention than most of the class of similar publications. We regret that it was not put into our hands at an earlier period; but, should it be indebted to this circumstance for a longer existence, the writer may be compensated for our tardy approbation.

The *mystical* name of this society mentioned in the title-page, excited our curiosity and apprehension. We were at a loss to comprehend the meaning of the three Greek letters which constitute its title; and, had not an academical friend relieved us from our uncertainty and fear, by unfolding their hidden purport, and the objects of the association, we should have hastily concluded that a society, whose designs are represented as innocent and laudable, but who, erroneously, if not immorally, pretend to *secrecy*, was one of those *occult* communities which have produced so much terror and alarm, and still vex the repose of many good men. This will teach us to beware of rash and precipitate conclusions, and not to substitute hypothesis for fact, and the phantoms of our own imagination for real existences. We have, perhaps, many moral and spiritual Quixotes, but not one Cervantes.

After claiming indulgence for that partial fondness for the constitution, fortune, and future felicity of our own country, "so natural to every feeling and generous breast," Mr. K. states the topics which he proposes to illustrate; "the *principles*, *manners*, and *institutions*, which are the price and pledge of every other natural blessing."

"The first of *political* principles," says Mr. K. "which we have received, a principle often expressed in very indefinite language, and *whose* misconception, or perversion, has, in a manner, annihilated society in one country in *Europe*, is this, '*that all men are born free and equal.*' The blasphemies uttered, the crimes committed, and the desolation spread within the space of a few years, in the *name* of *liberty and equality*, have associated such turpitude and horror with the words, that the blood freezes, the heart sickens at their sound. Viewed in this association, instead of tutelary divinities demanding the love and veneration of men for the blessings which they shed, they appear tremendous spectres, born of chaos, and stalking through the earth with the scythe of destruction.

"But breaking this unnatural association, we find that *we* have not so learned liberty, and that, well understood, it is the first of blessings. As it is taught in our school, the liberty of a nation, with respect to other nations, is the right of governing itself *in consistency with* their rights. Such a liberty we possessed, before our separation from the parent country, until her system of aggression began. We ever denied her claim to bind us in any case without our consent. Since revolution has come to mean subversion, it means too much to be applied to that alteration of our political relations made by independence. We contended for preservation, not acquisition, to keep the rights we had, rather than to gain those we never had; and the separation was resorted to chiefly as a necessary means of maintaining the ancient ground.

"By *liberty*, as it respects our internal relations, we understand protection of rights; and by *rights*, the claim of every member of the community to all the advantages which he can obtain and enjoy, without injuring others. These rights are declared to be the right to life and personal security, the right to acquire, hold, and transmit property, the right to liberty of action, the right to reputation, the right to liberty of opinion, of speech, and of religious profession and worship. But we consider all these rights subject to various limitations and exceptions. We deny that they allow any one to be judge in his own cause, or to exert them in any way inconsistent with law. Society here does not secure life to the murderer, freedom of action to the madman, property to the thief, robber, or knave, reputation to the villain, nor liberty of speech and writing to the tongues or pens, which mislead the ignorant or corrupt the pure, which blaspheme God and trumpet sedition. Our commonwealth claims to limit even the rights of conscience. Whilst it tolerates every denomination of religious teachers, it requires the maintenance of some denomination; and, whilst it extends protection to the Jew, Mahometan, and Gentoo, it insists that a christian people will commit the enaction and administration of their laws to none but those who profess to be christians.

"In the extension of like privileges to all persons in like circumstances, consists *American equality*, an equality which secures the rich from rapacity, no less than the poor from oppression; the high from envy, no less than the low from contempt; an equality which proclaims peace alike to the mansions of the affluent, and the humble dwellings of the poor."

Mr. K. vindicates that part of the political constitution and laws of his country which requires the qualifications of *age*, *property*, and *sex*, in electors, from the attacks of the advocates of the *universal right of suffrage*. On a subject of so great interest and moment, there will always be diversities of opinions, arising from the different points of view in which it is considered, as well as from the different associations, habits, and pursuits of the several partisans. Most of them will, probably, concur in the belief that we ought to be satisfied with the liberty we possess, rather than to trust, at this time of general contention, calamity, and misrule, to the uncertain issue of experiments, and thereby to hazard that rich and ample portion of freedom and happiness now enjoyed in security and peace.

Whether our *fair sisters* will acquiesce in the justice of their exclusion from the exercise of political rights, we presume not to conjecture. They may, in some degree, be reconciled to their condition, by the very courteous and plausible description of Mr. K. who artfully appeals to them for their decision in his favour.

"Had the new theory of the *Rights of Women* enlightened the world at the period of the formation of our constitution, it is possible the framers, convinced by its arguments, might have set aside the old system of exclusion, upon which the world has always proceeded till this reforming age, as selfish, illiberal, and tyrannical; perhaps they might have felt it absurd and insolent for man to claim the honour of being the protector and guardian of woman; and pernicious also, if they had acknowledged with the champion of her sex's rights, that it is a consequence of the present order to compel women to resort to art, insincerity, and meanness, in order to supply, by influence, the want of prerogative. To disprove this consequence, however, we appeal to the simplicity and frankness of manners, and dignity of sentiment of American females; and, to test this singular theory, we may submit to them the question, whether they are not as free, as lovely, as respectable, and happy, in their present situation in society, as they would be if their sexuality of character and employments were done away, and law and custom allowed them to exchange the distaff for the plough, the needle and the pencil for the axe and the hammer; and their stations as mistresses of their families, companions of their husbands, guides and protectors of their children, and equal sharers of domestic pursuits and pleasures, to be lawyers, legislators, and town-meeting patriots. We submit to them, whether they are not content to make the best part of the object of all government, which is *society*, and to leave to us the drudgery and vexation, the contest and danger, of providing the *means* of securing that object."

This view of political rights is thus summed up:

"These are *our* rights of man; this is *our* liberty; this, *our* equality. There is another sort of liberty and equality which we consider to be spurious—''tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father, made of such stuff as dreams are, and baseless as the fantastic visions of the evening,' and which we leave to those who choose it—to that *regenerated nation* whose government considers the people as made for the government, and not the government for the people; preserves the freedom of elections by the bayonet, and coins money by the guillotine, makes it *death to emigrate, and death to stay at home.* We leave it to those wonderful philosophers who, in the plenitude of their wisdom, have no use for the fund accumulated by past ages; who have discovered that the collective good depends on the sacrifice of the individual good; that the end sanctifies the means; that property is a prejudice, and prescription of no validity; and we leave to them, also, all the *order, justice, security,* and *liberty,* which they derive from their *precious* discoveries."

In opposition to those whom he supposed to have endeavoured to decry patriotism, and substitute the principle of universal benevolence in its place, Mr. K. maintains that the love of our country is a virtue; and traces its origin in the combined energy and operation of all our social and moral affections.

"We are taught," says Mr. K. "to believe that religion is the only support of morality, and revelation of religion." "Under the pavilion of religion only, can society find a covert from the tempests of the passions which is ever ready to burst on its head. Religion lays her hand on the movements of the heart, and directs her eyes to the secret haunts of iniquity. She awes the insolence of the high, and represses the envy of the low. Destroy her influence, and universal tyranny ensues."

For the preservation of these just principles and pure morals, we are indebted to our excellent religious, political, and social institutions; our constitutions, laws, system of education, schools, and colleges. "These deserve to be maintained," says Mr. K. "and transmitted pure to our posterity. But have they been thus maintained? Will they be thus transmitted? There are spots in thy garments, my country! There is somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love. Many of thy children have degenerated from that spirit of order and religion which marked the precepts and the example of their fathers.

"But," concludes Mr. K. "we are returned to ourselves. We see the precipice on which we have stood, and are eagerly [*hastily*] stepping back. May the enthusiasm in the cause of our altars and laws which the exigency has kindled, become a habit of the soul, and live a vestal fire in every bosom."

Mr. K. sometimes indulges in invective; but it is of that temperate and dispassionate kind, springing from a feeling and virtuous heart, regarding with affectionate sensibility and concern, the errors of the misguided, and the vices of the profligate, awakens attention, and excites the good will of those against whom it is directed. Aware that violence and passion produce each other, and defeat the purpose of instruction, he softens the severity of censure by a spirit of benevolence, which seeks the reformation, not the destruction of its object. He reproves with the mild earnestness of a friend, and the anxious zeal of a parent, not with the scourge of a tyrant, or the maledictions of an enemy. The delicacy, beauty, and force of the following passage, will justify our commendation, and afford a favourable specimen of the style of the writer.

"The poison of the skeptical and disorganizing philosophy, which is now perverting and corrupting man, has been administered in writings, many of which want no confidence of assertion to overawe, no subtilty of argument to perplex, no sprightliness of wit to amuse, and no charms of eloquence to entice. But whilst to indulge curiosity, to taste the beauties of composition, or to gratify the vanity of general reading, we peruse them, it is at the hazard of being entangled in their sophistry, and depraved by their immoral sentiments. It is proper advice to all, at least to such, whose minds are immature, and whose habits are unformed; look not into their infectious pages. Tread not on the bed of flowers, under which a serpent lurks. 'What! forbid free inquiry?" Forbid imprudent, rash, indiscriminate inquiry; inquiry which can do us little good, and may do us infinite mischief! The intense heat of this untried region will melt the waxen wings of the indiscreet *Icarus*, who disdains the bounded flight of his father, and plunge him into the sea of doubt and despair. Will the wise man, who counts the cost, leave safety in the camp to attack the enemy with unequal force in the field? Will the traveller who wishes to secure an agreeable journey, forsake the beaten road at the peril of being entangled in inextricable wilds? Believe not that discoveries are to be made in morality; or that any way will be found of existing happily in this world, or in the next, but that which the Lord our God hath illuminated with the brightness of a sunbeam, 'Do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God.' These men cant about universal benevolence, sensibility, and morality. Disinterested benevolence! which teaches that the vilest means are consecrated by a benevolent end, and that it is noble to destroy the parts to serve the whole. Sweet sensibility! which feels for every thing except that which touches it; for all mankind, except those with whom it is in contact, and to whom it may be useful; which weeps over the injustice of governments, and sends its children to the hospital. Rigid morality! which is shocked with the vices of society, and charmed with the purity of the natural state, yet writes licentious novels for the rich; which plants a sting in the conscience for stealing an apple, and seduces a wife, and betrays a friend, without self-reproach."

As an orator, Mr. K. appears in the dress, and with the manners of a gentleman; not with the tinsel decoration, fantastic ornaments, and extravagant gestures of a mountebank declaimer. He does not attempt to tickle the ears of his audience with high-sounding but ill chosen epithets, with studied alliterations, and a pompous phraseology; to dazzle their imaginations by extravagant and incongruous metaphors; to mislead their judgment by artful exaggeration and specious analogies. He appears to possess a pure and correct taste; and, though his style abounds with long and intricate periods, yet the parts are so nicely adjusted and well arranged, that there is neither confusion nor obscurity, and the sense of the whole is readily comprehended without hesitation or embarrassment. After this general and deserved praise, we may be allowed to point out a few faults, which are too obvious to escape even the less attentive observer.

"Though the *eulogy* of the blessings and prospects of America is so common as to want the attraction of novelty." The word *eulogy* is here used in an improper manner. We *eulogise* the benefactor, not the blessing. We may admire and blazon the *gift*, but our praises are bestowed on the *giver*. *Latter*, instead of *later* mixtures, is probably an error of the press. "*Ephemeral* productions of *a day*," is palpable tautology. The following sentence abounds with incongruous images and gross errors:

"Let them defend it from the demons, infidelity, ambition, and faction, *which* are prowling around it, ready to pluck its fruits, *to strip its foliage, with the blast of their breath*, to kill its vegetating virtue, and, with their vengeful axe, to hew it down and cast it into that fire, which is lighted at the infernal pile to lay waste the natural and moral world."

Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.

Art. I.

Adventures of Signor Gaudentio di Lucca. One volume. 12*mo. Philadelphia.* 1799.

BISHOP Berkley, some forty years ago, amused his leisure with the composition of this fanciful story; in which he endeavoured to pourtray a nation of sages or philosophers, who governed all their passions with a strong hand, and were strangers to every species of excess. A scheme of this kind had already been executed by Sir Thomas More, in his Utopia, and executed with so much skill, that few persons have adventured to tread in the same path.

This kind of composition has been sanctioned by the practice of some of the most eminent persons that have ever existed. Plato, Sir Thomas More, Dean Swift, Berkley, and Hume, have severally attempted to draw the outlines of a wise and well-governed community. Plato and Hume have delivered the scheme of a perfect political system, whereas Berkley and More have entered into a plausible and circumstantial narrative, not only of the institutions and manners of a fictitious community, but into the means by which the narrator obtained the knowledge of the facts related. A nation is imagined, to whom a name and place are assigned, and of which the history is partly given. The motives and adventures of the traveller are described, and an air of truth and probability is endeavoured to be thrown over the narration.

Sir Thomas More, who lived shortly after the Spanish discovery of America, took advantage of the general ignorance and curiosity respecting the new world, and introduces his "Raphael Hightlody" to us as a companion of Americo Vespuccio. Raphael tells us that he penetrated into the great South Sea, and lighted on an island called Utopia, where he resided during several years. Raphael is met with by Sir Thomas during the embassy of the latter to the low countries, and the story is communicated, in several conversations, to Sir Thomas and his friends.

The tale is so well conducted

that, at the time it was published, all the world believed it to be genuine; and proposals were seriously made by several learned bishops, to send missionaries to Utopia, it being very desirable that a people who had profited so much by the light of nature, should be admitted to a knowledge of the gospel.

This work, once so popular that it has even given a name to every splendid but impracticable project, is now antiquated; and there are many by whom the word "Uptopian" is used, who know not its origin. Yet, there are few works which deserve more to be studied, and which more abounds with just and enlightened sentiments on politics and morals.

Gaudentio di Lucca is a very inferior performance. The narrative is introduced very artfully. Gaudentio is an unknown person who resides in Florence, who attracts the notice of the inquisition, and is arrested and imprisoned by the ministers of the holy office. Long and frequent examinations take place, in which the prisoner relates his travels into an interior country of Africa, and the work is composed of the interrogatories and answers delivered at these examinations.

A small portion of the work is devoted to that which seemed designed to constitute the whole: the description of the institutions and manners of a wise people who migrated, at the confusion of tongues, into Egypt; and, being offended at the corruption and depravity of the collateral descendants from the same stock, migrated a second time, and, at last, found refuge in the bosom of the African deserts. Here they have remained, numerous and flourishing, from that period till the present.

This work shews erudition and some dexterity in the narrative of Gaudentio's imprisonment and trial, but the political knowledge of the author, is superficial and crude. Many inconsistencies and contradictions are united in the portrait. The style is slovenly and incorrect; and the wise Africans are abortives of a fancy, fuller of the reveries of ancient writers, than of the deductions of modern science. On the whole, we cannot but express our surprise that a work of this kind, which the great name of the author has not been able to save from neglect and obscurity, though, indeed, it must be owned that it has never been publicly acknowledged by Dean Berkley, should be thought worthy of re-publication in America.

ART. II.

Essays, Political, Economical, and Philosophical. By Benjamin Count Rumford. *The first American, from the third London Edition.*

[Continued from p. 453 of vol. i.]

COUNT Rumford proceeds to enumerate various circumstances in which the due operation of fire-places depends.

Though it be not known *how much* heat it is possible to produce in the combustion of fuel, yet it is probable that the quantity chiefly depends on the management of the fire. It is likewise probable that the heat produced is furnished, not merely by the fuel, but chiefly by the *air* by which the fire is fed. Air is necessary to combustion; the pure part of common air, or that part of it (amounting to about one fifth) capable of supporting combustion, is *decomposed* in that process. As, in this decomposition, a great quantity of heat is set loose, it has been supposed by many, that by far the greater part, if not all the heat produced, is derived from this source.

It is, at least, certain, that the quantity furnished depends much upon *the management of the fire*, and that the quantity is greater as the combustion or decomposition of the fuel is more complete.

The consumption of fuel is much accelerated, and the intensity of the heat augmented, by causing the air by which the combustion is excited, to flow into the fire-place in a continued stream, and with a certain degree of velocity. Hence, blowing a fire, when the current of air is properly directed, and when not too strong, serves to accelerate the combustion, and to increase the heat; but when too strong or improperly directed, it tends rather to impede the combustion than to forward it; and when too strong, it will totally extinguish it.

Fire-places may be so constructed that the fire may blow itself, that is, may cause a current of air to flow into the fire. Furnaces thus constructed, have been called *air-furnaces;* but every perfect fire-place ought to be an air-furnace, and that even when intended for the smallest sauce-pan.

An Argand's lamp is a fire-place of this kind; for the glass tube which surrounds the wick, serves merely as a blower. The circular form of the wick is not of moment; for, by applying a flatted glass tube as a blower to a lamp with a flat or ribband wick, it may be made to give as much light as an Argand's lamp, in proportion to the size of the wick, and to the quantity of oil consumed.

In these lamps, the fire-place is closed on all sides, and the current of air which feeds the fire, rises perpendicularly from below the fire-place into the fire. By surrounding the fire with a wall, the cold atmosphere is prevented from rushing in laterally to supply the place of the heated air which continually rises from the fire, and this causes the current of air below to be very strong.

But, that a fire-place may be perfect, it should be so contrived that the combustion of fuel, and the generation of heat, may occasionally be accelerated or retarded *without adding to or diminishing the quantity of fuel;* and, when the fire-place is closed, this may be done by means of a *register* in the door, which closes the passage leading to the ash-pit; for, as the rapidity of the combustion depends on the quantity of air by which the fire is fed, by opening the register more or less, more or less air will be admitted, and more or less fuel will consequently be consumed, and more or less heat generated in a given time, though the quantity of fuel be much greater than would otherwise be sufficient.

That this register may produce the proper effect, a valve, or *damper*, should be placed in the chimney or canal by which the smoke is carried off; which damper should be opened more or less, as the quantity of air admitted into the fire-place is more or less. This register and this damper will be found very useful in putting out the fire when no longer needed; for, on closing them entirely, the fire will be immediately extinguished, and the half-consumed fuel, instead of burning out to no purpose, will be saved.

Nearly the same effects may be produced without a damper, by causing the smoke, after having quitted the fire-place, to descend several feet below the level of the grate on which the fuel is burned, before it goes up the chimney.

Another circumstance is of much importance, namely, the proper disposition of the fuel. It is necessary that the solid parts of the fuel be of a just size, and that they be not placed too near each other, so as to prevent the free passage of air between them, nor too far asunder.

The fire-place should be so contrived, that solid pieces of the inflamed fuel, as they go on to be diminished in size, may naturally fall together in the centre of the fire-place without assistance. This may be done, in small fire-places, by burning the fuel on a grate in the form of a section of a hollow sphere, or of a dish. Instead of a grate of iron, we may use hollow dishes or pans, of earthen ware, perforated with a great number of holes for giving passage to the air. Earthen pans are cheaper, and, on the whole, better than metalic grates. The holes should be wider below than above, to prevent obstructions by ashes or coals.

For large fire-places, grates may be used, the bars of which consist of common brick placed edgewise.

When the fire-place is closed on all sides by a wall, and when the opening by which the fuel is introduced is kept closed, no air can press in laterally upon the fire; but yet, when the grate is larger than the heap of burning fuel, a great quantity of air may insinuate itself by the sides of the grate into the fire-place, without going through the fire; but when, instead of an iron-grate, a perforated hollow earthen pan is used, by making its bottom two, three, or four inches thick, and making all the air-holes point to the focus or centre of the fire, this furtive entrance of cold air will, in a great measure, be prevented.

This evil may likewise be prevented when iron grates are used, by narrowing the fire-place under the grate, in the form of an inverted, truncated, hollow cone, the opening of which above, being equal to the internal diameter of the circular rim of the grate, and that below, by which the air rises into the fire-place about *one-third* of that diameter. This opening below must be under the exact centre of the grate, and as near to ti as possible; a small space, however, must be left between the outside or underside of the iron bars which form the hollow grate, and the inside surface of this hollow cone, that the ashes may slide down into the ash-pit.

The ash-pit should be large enough to give free passage to the air necessary for feeding the fire, and the only passage into it should be closed by a door furnished with a register.

These fire-places serve equally well for every kind of fuel. Wood, pitcoal, charcoal, turf, &c. may indifferently be used, or any two, or more of them, may be used at the same time without inconvenience; or the fire having been lighted with dry wood, or any very inflammable material, the heat may afterwards be kept up by cheaper or less combustible fuel. Some kinds of fuel will perhaps be found most useful for making the pot boil, and others for keeping it boiling. When the fire-place is so contrived as to serve equally well for all kinds of fuel, this may easily be done.

By narrowing that part of the fire-place which lies below the grate, the air is made to enter the fire in a more advantageous manner. But this structure produces another benefit; the heat which is projected downwards through the openings between the bars of the grate, instead of escaping into the ash-pit, strikes against the sides of this inverted hollow *cone*, is there stopped, and afterwards rises into the fire-place again with the current of air which feeds the fire, or it is immediately reflected by this conical surface, and, after several bounds from side to side, is thrown up against the bottom of the boiler.

To form clear conceptions on this subject, it is necessary to examine all the circumstances attending the generation of heat in combustion, and to ascertain under what form the heat generated manifests itself, and how it may be collected, accumulated, confined, and directed.

The heat generated in combustion manifests itself in two ways; namely, in the hot vapour which rises from the fire, with which it may be said to be *combined*, and in the calorific rays which are thrown off from the fire in all directions.

The quantity of heat which goes off in the heated elastic fluids, visible and invisible, which rise from a fire, is much greater than that which all the calorific rays united is capable of producing. But though the quantity of *radiant heat* be less than that existing in the hot vapour, (and which may be called *combined heat)* the former is still too considerable to be neglected.

That the heat thus generated is considerable, appears from the heat which is felt in a room warmed by a chimney fire; for as all the heat, combined with the smoke and hot vapour, goes up the chimney, it follows that the increase of heat in the room, occasioned by the fire, is wholly owing to the calorific rays thrown into it from the burning fuel.

It is not, however, burning bodies alone that emit calorific rays. All bodies throw off these rays when made red hot.

As they generate heat in the body by which they are *stopped or absorbed*, and not in the medium through which they pass, it is necessary to dispose those obstructing bodies so that they may *necessarily* communicate the heat thus acquired to the body which it is intended that such heat should operate; and this purpose is thoroughly effected by closed fire-places. The fire being closed on all sides except where the bottom of the boiler presents itself to the fire, none of these rays can escape; and as the materials of the fire-place, bricks and mortar, are bad conductors of heat, a small part only of the heat will be absorbed and transmitted by them into the interior parts of the wall, there to be dispersed and lost.

Inquiries into the means of confining and directing heat, has led the author into many curious speculations and experiments on the qualities of different bodies, to conduct, transmit, and detain heat. These we shall notice hereafter.

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS.

An Account of a new Species of Wheat.

THE history of a forward winter wheat, accidentally discovered in Virginia, is a short one. A Mr. Isbill, in the county of Caroline, of that State, about seven years past, purchased of a merchant a quantity of mixed wheat, and having sown it, when his wheat was in flower, he observed a single ear almost ripe. Hence he conceived an idea, that it might be a different species. To determine this, he carefully preserved the wheat produced by this solitary ear, which has now multiplied to such a degree as that several thousand bushels will be produced at the next harvest, it having been distributed into many hands.

But the character of this wheat deserves great attention. And as, in all probability, it has not yet entirely unfolded its qualities, it is much to be desired that the best informed botanical knowledge, and the most accurate agricultural experiments were united in its investigation.

The following observations have for their basis, several trials upon different soils, made in the two last years; a term so short that it would be dangerous to allow them an unsuspicious reliance.

This wheat ripens from fifteen to twenty days earlier than any other; the straw is shorter by about one third, than that of any other kind, and the same proportion is maintained in the length of the ear. But the ear always possesses a full and prominent appearance. The straw is encumbered with very little fodder.

The circumstance of its ripening so early, produces the following important effects:

1st. It is never destroyed by the rust. An effect, towards which the nakedness and lowness of the straw, by allowing more freely the action of the sun and air, must considerably contribute. Upon this point, the experiments appeared to be conclusive. The two last years were singularly unseasonable upon wheat in general, after it was in the ear, where the experiments were made, and most so upon this particular species. But this bade defiance to the pestilence, and weighed above sixty pounds to the bushel, whilst all others suffered a loss of about one third in quantity, and did not in weight exceed an average of fifty-five. The experiments were made in six different places, upon new, old, stiff, light, poor, and rich ground. And the different sorts of wheat were sown on the same day, immediately contiguous to each other, early and late.

2d. Being ripe before cockle has arrived to a vegetable state, it is never assailed by that enemy. And it is probable, that the seed of the wild onion may feel a shock from the same cause. As to cheat, it did not make its appearance among this wheat; but it is to be expected, this, like other wheat, is liable to degenerate into that weed.

3d. If vegetables extract much of their food from the atmosphere, as the experiments of Doctor Priestley seem clearly to prove; and if more of this food is obtained, when the air is condensed by a degree of moisture, than when it is in a state of rarefaction, it results, that this wheat cannot equally impoverish the soil, with any other species; because it arrives to maturity before the heats of summer have driven down vegetables, to pasture themselves almost exclusively upon the store of food absorbed by the earth.

4th. Admitting this theoretic argument to be inconclusive, it will not weaken the force of another, which is experimental. Clover was sown upon four of the six lots of this wheat, and also upon its contiguous rival. The clover, and where there was no clover, the weeds succeeding this wheat, so far surpassed in growth the clover and weeds succeeding the other kinds, that their superior luxuriancy was distinguishable almost as far as they could be discerned. And though this effect should be attributed to the removal of the forward wheat from the ground earlier than the other; yet, it must still be acknowledged, that it will have a preservative influence upon the fertility of the soil.

5th. Wherever the climate will admit of the cultivation of artificial grasses, the last observation deserves considerable attention; and it may be enforced by others having a similar tendency. Before, as well as after the forward wheat was cut, the growth of the clover sown upon it greatly exceeded that of its neighbour, and it also came up better. Whether this is ascribable to the lowness of the wheat, and its not being burdened by any operative weight of fodder, or to any other cause, it is yet an effect as recommendatory of it to northern climates, as its safety againſt ruſt is to southern. The product of the grass, either for hay or paſture, is greater, and it also acquires a ſtrength of constitution capable of withſtanding the summer heats. These it almoſt universally survived; whilſt the contiguous clover, debilitated by being oppressed with a greater burden of straw, and to a later period, perished, generally in great quantities, and, in some spots, entirely.

6th. If Indian corn is cultivated to a considerable extent, it usually suffers at harvest. The harvest of the forward wheat is over, when the corn is yet young, and therefore recoverable; whereas, it often happens that it sustains irretrievable injury by arriving to an advanced state during the neglect incident to the later harveſt.

7th. When potatoes or other vegetables, which are gathered late in the fall, are used as a fallow crop, the repugnancy of this wheat to the ruſt must be highly recommendatory, because late sowings are ever moſt liable to this diſtemper.

With respect to the straw, which is inferior in quantity to that of other wheat about one third, it occurs to observe,

1st. That this circumstance produces a saving of near one third of the labour of cutting, gathering up, carting, and stacking.

2d. That the wheat being short, never lodges.

3d. That it may be cut by the scythe, almoſt unexceptionably.

4th. That the straw is not liable to be damaged by the ruſt.

5th. That the grain, before and after the wheat is cut, is not liable to an equal degree of risque with wheat carrying a greater burden of straw, from rain; because this species dries faster, and is got in sooner.

It may be objected that this circumſtance diminishes the great fund for raising manure; to this it is answered, that the straw is only an offal of the crop. That no crop can be cultivated for the sake of the offal. That the impoverishment of the soil, by the growth of straw, is probably equivalent to the quantity produced. That hence it may be inferred, that it will require the whole surplus of straw produced by the later wheat, to repair its surplus of injury to the soil, beyond the forward: and that if it were admitted, that a given quantity of land, in the later, would produce more straw than the same quantity in the former, it does not follow that a similar effect would flow from a given quantity of labour; because the saving of labour, being equivalent to the deficiency of straw, may be converted to the extension of tillage, and thus more than compensate for that deficiency.

Besides, if these arguments are juſt, they exhibit an article of agricultural economy of great importance. The whole labour of removing the surplus of straw, of converting it into manure, and reſtoring it to the soil, is saved; and nothing is loſt by this saving, because the late wheat does not rob the soil of this surplus. The forward wheat invariably produces more grain than the later, in proportion to the straw.

The shortness of the ear is the next object of consideration, as it appears to prognosticate a diminution of the crop; it being evident, that an ear one third longer, muſt produce the most grain, if equally well filled. The laſt circumſtance seldom or never happens; but if it did, it ought not ſtill to be conceded, that an equal quantity of land or of labour, would produce more later than forward wheat. Because, 1st. The land may probably bear being sown one third thicker, on account of the difference in the size of the straw; and if so, the objection arising from a supposed deficiency of that article, is removed. But if, with an equal quantity of seed, the crop of grain will be equal, and land can bear more forward than later seed, it follows, that the crop, per acre, of the forward wheat will be greater, whilst it will impoverish the soil less, by reason of being separated from it sooner. The superiority of the produce, per acre, is rendered still more probable by estimating all the exclusive casualities to which the later wheat is liable, and by recollecting that the heads of the forward wheat are almost invariably best filled, and the grain heaviest.

2d. Should this expectation even turn out to be groundless, as to an equal quantity of land, yet, it may be safely affirmed, that an equal quantity of labour would undoubtedly produce an equal quantity in the crop, (supposing the two kinds of wheat to come to perfection) both as to grain and straw. This idea comprises the benefits arising from the culture of the forward wheat within the narrowest compass; and yet, excluding the considerations of less magnitude, an improvement of the soil, and an avoidance of the exclusive calamities to which the later wheat is liable, are among the advantages which would still remain.

To form a comparative average of these rival crops, would require a long succession of accurate experiments, as the only means by which a just computation of the exclusive calamities so inimical to the later wheat can be made. During the two years experiments before mentioned, the forward wheat was preferable to the later in every respect, and in all soils. The crop exceeded by the acre, in measure, in weight, and as to the value of the straw. But these results do not furnish sufficient evidence of the consequences, in case both kinds should arrive to a state of perfection.

The grain of the forward wheat is harder than any other with which it has been compared. It is also large, plump, white, and produces flour in quantity and quality equal to the best later white wheat.

This hardness of the grain conspires with the inferior growth of the straw and fodder, to lessen the liability of the forward wheat to sprout in the field—An effect, to which its ripening in cooler weather also contributes.

It is very probable, that this species of wheat would be a beneficial acquisition to those countries, whose short summers, warm climates, or wet seasons, occasion many impediments in the culture of this grain. If it were introduced into Great-Britain, and if it should be found that the soil and climate of America operated particularly against its degeneracy, whilst that country would be greatly benefited, a new branch of commerce would be opened for this.

An agent at Fredericksburgh or Port-Royal, on Rappahannock river, in Virginia, might probably be able to collect as much as one thousand bushels of this wheat. The eagerness, however, with which it is purchased for seed by the neighbouring farmers, and the smallness of the quantity yet grown, rapid as the increase has been, have hitherto bestowed upon it a superiority of price over other wheat, from fifty to an hundred per centum. A circumstance which constitutes an encomium flowing from experiment upon this species of wheat.

Description of a Quadruped of the Clawed kind, bones of which have been discovered in the western parts of Virginia. By Thomas Jefferson.

IT is well known that the substratum of the country beyond the Blue Ridge, is a limestone, abounding with large caverns, the earthy floors of which are highly impregnated with nitre; and that the inhabitants are in the habit of extracting the nitre from them. In digging the floor of one of these caves, belonging to Frederick Cromer, in the county of Greenbriar, the labourers, at the depth of two or three feet, came to some bones, the size and form of which bespoke an animal unknown to them. The nitrous impregnation of the earth, together with a small degree of petrification, had probably been the means of their preservation. The importance of the discovery was not known to those who made it, yet it excited conversation in the neighbourhood, and led persons of vague curiosity to seek and take away the bones. It was fortunate for science that one of its zealous and well informed friends, Colonel John Stewart, of that neighbourhood, heard of the discovery; and, sensible, from their description, that they were of an animal not known, took measures, without delay, for saving those which still remained. He was kind enough to inform me of the incident, and to forward me the bones from time to time as they were recovered. To these I was enabled to add some others, by the kindness of Mr. Hopkins of New-York, who had visited the cave. These bones are,

1st. A small fragment of the femur or thigh bone; being, in fact, only its lower extremity, separated from the main bone at its epiphysis, so as to give us only the two condyles, but these are nearly entire.

2d. A radius, perfect.

3d. An ulna, or fore-arm, perfect, except that it is broken in two.

4th. Three claws, and half a dozen other bones of the foot; but whether of a fore or hinder foot, is not evident.

About a foot in length of the residue of the femur was found, it was split through the middle, and in that state was used as a support for one of the salt-petre vats; this piece was afterwards lost, but its measures had been first taken, as will be stated hereafter.

These bones only enable us to class the animal with the unquiculated quadrupeds; and of these, the lion being nearest to him in size, we will compare him with that animal, of whose anatomy Monsieur Daubenton has furnished very accurate measures in his tables at the end of Buffon's Natural History of the lion. These measures were taken as he* informs us from "a large lion of Africa," in which quarter the largest† are said to be produced.

Were we to estimate the size of our animal by a comparison with that of the lion, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, by taking the longest claw of each as the module of their measure, it would give us a being out of the limits of nature. It is fortunate, therefore, that we have some of the larger bones of the limbs which may furnish a more certain estimate of his stature. Let us suppose, then, that his dimensions of height, length, and thickness, and of the principal members composing these, were of the same proportions with those of the lion. In the table of M. Daubenton, an ulna of 13.78 inches, belonged to a lion $42\frac{1}{2}$ inches high over the shoulders; then an ulna of 20.1 inches bespeaks a megalonyx of five feet 1.75 inches height, and as animals who have the same proportions of height, length, and thickness, have their bulk or weights proportioned to the cubes* of any one of their dimensions, the cube of 42.5 inches is to 262℔. the height and weight of M. Daubenton's lion, as the cube of 61.75 inches to 803℔. the height and weight of the magalonyx, which would prove him a little more than three times the size of the lion. I suppose that we should be safe in considering, on the authority of M. Daubenton, his lion as a large one. But let it pass as one only of the ordinary size, and that the megalonyx, whose bones happen to have been found, was also of the ordinary size. It does† appear that there was diſsected for the academy of sciences at Paris, a lion of four feet $9\frac{3}{8}$ inches height. This individual would weigh 644℔. and would be, in his species, what a man of eight feet height would be in ours. Such men have existed. A megalonyx equally monstrous, would be seven feet high, and would weigh 2000℔. but the ordinary race, and not the monsters of it, are the object of our present inquiry.

---

* Buffon, xviii. 38. Paris edition in 31 vols. 12mo.

† 2 De Manet, 117.

I have used the height alone of this animal to deduce his bulk, on the supposition that he might have been formed in the proportions of the lion. But these were not his proportions; he was much thicker than the lion, in proportion to his height, in his limbs certainly, and probably, therefore, in his body. The diameter of his radius, at its upper end, is near twice as great as that of the lion; and, at its lower end, more than thrice as great, which gives a mean proportion of $2\frac{1}{2}$ for 1. The femur of the lion was less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch diameter. That of the megalonyx is $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, which is more than three for one. And as bodies of the same length and substance have their weights proportioned to the squares of their diameters, this excess of caliber, compounded with the height, would greatly aggravate the bulk of this animal. But when our subject has already carried us beyond the limits of nature hitherto known, it is safest to stop at the most moderate conclusions, and not to follow appearances through all the conjectures they would furnish, but leave these to be corroborated or corrected by future discoveries. Let us only say, then, what we may safely say, that he was *more* than three times as large as the lion; that he stood as pre-eminently at the head of the column of clawed animals as the mammoth stood at that of the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus; and that he may have been as formidable an antagonist to the mammoth as the lion to the elephant.

A difficult question now presents itself. What is become of the great-claw? Some light may be thrown on this by asking another question. Do the wild animals of the first magnitude in any instance fix their dwellings in a thickly inhabited country? such, I mean, as the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, the tyger? As far as my reading and recollection serve me, I think they do not: but I hazard the opinion doubtingly, because it is not the result of full inquiry. Africa is chiefly inhabited along the margin of its seas and rivers. The interior desert is the domain of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the lion, the tyger. Such individuals as have their haunts nearest the inhabited frontier, enter it occasionally, and commit depredations when pressed by hunger: but the mass of their nation (if I may use the term) never approach the habitation of man, nor are within reach of it. When our ancestors arrived here, the Indian population, below the falls of the rivers, was about the twentieth part of what it now is. In this state of things, an animal resembling the lion seems to have been known, even in the lower country. Most of the accounts given by the earlier adventurers to this part of America make a lion one of the animals of our forests. Sir John Hawkins[*] mentions this in 1564. Thomas Harriot, a man of learning, and of distinguished candor, who resided in Virginia in 1587,[†] does the same; so also does Bullock, in his account of Virginia,[‡] written about 1627; he says he drew his information from Pierce, Willoughby, Claiborne, and others who had been here, and from his own father, who had lived here twelve years. It does not appear whether the fact is stated on their own view, or on information from the Indians; probably the latter. The progress of the new population would soon drive off the larger animals, and the largest first. In the present interior of our continent there is surely space and range enough for elephants and lions, if in that climate they could subsist; and for mammoths and megalonyxes who may subsist there. Our entire ignorance of the immense country to the west and north-west, and of its contents, does not authorize us to say what it does not contain.

---

* Buffon xxii. 121.

† Buffon xviii. 15.

Moreover, it is a fact well known, and always susceptible of verification, that on a rock on the bank of the Kanhawa, near its confluence with the Ohio, there are carvings of many animals of that country; and, among these, one which has always been considered as a perfect figure of a lion. And these are so rudely done as to leave no room to suspect a foreign hand. This could not have been of the smaller and maneless lion of Mexico and Peru, known also in Africa, both in[§] ancient and[||] modern times, though denied by [¶]M. de Buffon; because, like the greater African lion, he is a tropical animal; and his want of a mane would not satisfy the figure. This figure, then, must have been taken from some other prototype, and that prototype must have resembled the lion sufficiently to correspond with the figure; and was probably the animal, the description of which, by the Indians, made Hawkins, Harriot, and others, conclude there were lions here. May we not presume that prototype to have been the great-claw?

Many traditions are in possession of our upper inhabitants, which themselves have heretofore considered as fables, but which have regained credit since the discovery of these bones. There has always been a story current, that the first company of adventurers who went to seek an establishment in the county of Greenbriar, the night of their arrival, were alarmed at their camp by the terrible roarings of some animal unknown to them; that he went round and round their camp, that at times they saw his eyes like two balls of fire, that their horses were so agonized with fear that they couched down on the earth, and their dogs crept in among them, not daring to bark. Their fires, it was thought, protected them, and the next morning they abandoned the country. This was little more than thirty years ago. In the year

---

[*] Hakluyt, 541. Edition of 1589.

[†] Ibid. 757, and Smith's Hiſtory of Virginia, 10.

[‡] Bullock, page 5.

[§] Ariſtot. Animal, 9. 4. Pliny, 8. 16.

[||] Kolbe.

[¶] Buffon, xviii. 18.

1765, George Wilson and John Davies, having gone to hunt on Cheat river, a branch of the Monongahela, heard one night, at a distance from their camp, a tremendous roaring, which became louder and louder as it approached, till they thought it resembled thunder, and even made the earth tremble under them. The animal prowled round their camp a considerable time, during which their dogs, though on all other occasions fierce, crept to their feet, could not be excited from their camp, nor even encouraged to bark. About daylight, they heard the same sound repeated from the knob of a mountain about a mile off, and, within a minute, it was answered by a similar voice from a neighbouring knob. Colonel John Stewart had this account from Wilson, in the year 1769, who was afterwards Lieut. Col. of a Pennsylvania regiment in the revolutionary war; and some years after from Davies, who is now living in Kentucky.

These circumstances multiply the points of resemblance between this animal and the lion. M. de la Harpe, of the French academy, in his abridgement of the General History of Voyages, speaking of the Moors, says,* "it is remarkable that when, during their huntings, they meet with lions, their horses, though famous for swiftness, are seized with such terror that they become motionless, and their dogs, equally frightened, creep to the feet of their master, or of his horse." Mr. Sparrman, in his voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, chap. 11. says, "we could plainly discover by our animals, when the lions, whether they roared or not, were observing us at a small distance. For in that case the hounds did not venture to bark, but crept quite close to the Hottentots: and our oxen and horses sighed deeply, frequently hanging back, and pulling slowly, with all their might, at the strong straps with which they were tied to the waggon. They also laid themselves down on the ground, and stood up alternately, as if they did not know what to do with themselves, and even as if they were in the agonies of death." He adds, that "when the lion roars, he puts his mouth to the ground, so that the sound is equally diffused to every quarter." M. de Buffon (xviii. 31.) describes the roaring of the lion as, by its echoes, resembling thunder: and Sparrman, c. 12. mentions that the eyes of the lion can be seen a considerable distance in the dark, and that the Hottentots watch for his eyes for their government. The phosphoric appearance of the eye in the dark seems common to all animals of the cat kind.

The terror excited by these animals is not confined to brutes alone. A person of the name of Draper had gone, in the year 1770, to hunt on the Kanhawa; he had turned his horse loose, with a bell on, and had not yet got out of hearing, when his attention was recalled by the rapid ringing of the bell. Suspecting that Indians might be attempting to take off his horse, he immediately returned to him, but, before he arrived, he was half eaten up. His dog scenting the trace of a wild beast, he followed him on it, and soon came in sight of an animal of such enormous size, that though one of our most daring hunters and best marksmen, he withdrew instantly, and as silently as possible, checking and bringing off his dog. He could recollect no more of the animal than his terrific bulk, and that his general outlines were those of the cat kind. He was familiar with our animal miscalled the panther, with our wolves, and wild beasts generally, and would not have mistaken nor shrunk from them.

---

* Gentleman's and London Magazines, for 1783.

In fine, the bones exist: therefore the animal has existed. The movements of nature are in a never ending circle. The animal species which has once been put into a train of motion, is still probably moving in that train: for, if one link in nature's chain might be lost, another and another might be lost, till this whole system of things should evanish by piece-meal, a conclusion not warranted by the local disappearance of one or two species of animals, and opposed by the thousands and thousands of instances of the renovating power constantly exercised by nature for the re-production of all her subjects, animal, vegetable, and mineral. If this animal, then, has once existed, it is probable, on this general view of the movements of nature, that he still exists; and rendered still more probable by the relations of honest men, applicable to him, and to him alone. It would, indeed, be but conformable to the ordinary economy of nature, to conjecture that she had opposed sufficient barriers to the too great multiplication of so powerful a destroyer. If lions and tygers multiplied as rabbits do, or eagles as pigeons, all other animal nature would have been long ago destroyed, and themselves would have ultimately extinguished after eating out their pasture. It is probable, then, that the great-claw has, at all times, been the rarest of animals. Hence so little is known, and so little remains of him. His existence, however, being at length discovered, inquiry will be excited, and further information of him will probably be obtained.

I have lately met with an account and drawing of the skeleton of an animal dug up near the river La Plata in Paraguay, and now mounted in the cabinet of Natural History of Madrid. The figure is not so done as to be relied on, and the account is only an abstract from that of Cuvier and Roume. This skeleton is also of the clawed kind, and having only four teeth on each side, above and below, all grinders, is, in this account, classed in the family of unquiculated quadrupeds destitute of cutting teeth, and receives the new denomination of megatherium, having nothing of our animal but the leg and foot bones; we have few points for a comparison between them. They resemble, in their stature, that being twelve feet nine inches long, and six feet four and an half inches high, and ours, by computation, five feet 1.75 inches high: they are alike in the colossal thickness of the thigh and leg bones also. They resemble, too, in having claws; but those of the figure appear very small, and the verbal description does not satisfy us whether the claw-bone, or only its horny cover, be large. They agree, too, in the circumstance of the two bones of the fore-arm being distinct and moveable on each other; which, however, is believed to be so usual as to form no mark of distinction. They differ in the following circumstances, if our relations are to be trusted. The megatherium is not of the cat form, as are the lion, tyger, and panther, but is said to have striking relations, in all parts of its body, with the bradypus, dasypus, pangolin, &c. According to analogy, then, it probably was not carnivorous, had not the phosphoric eye, nor leonine roar. But to solve satisfactorily the question of identity, the discovery of fore-teeth, or of a jaw-bone shewing it had or had not such teeth, must be waited for, and hoped with patience. It may be better, in the mean time, to keep up the difference of name.

Description of the Volcano in the Island of St. Lucia. By M. Cassan. *From Transactions of the Swedish Academy of Sciences, Vol. XI.*

MORE volcanoes are to be found in the West-Indian islands than in any other part of the globe; and, from the frequency of earthquakes, the abundance of hot springs, &c. in these islands, there is reason to conclude that those substances which produce them still exist. On account of the quantity of sulphur produced by the mountain where this crater appears, the name of *la Souffriere* has been given to it, and to the whole adjacent district. The mountain itself forms a part of a high ridge, which runs across the island from north-east to south-west, and incloses the crater like a bason, which can be reached without great difficulty. Those who visit it must put on thick-soaled boots, as the earth, before they have gone two miles from the town, becomes exceedingly hot. Every thing composed of metal, and especially silver, should be left behind, because splendour is destroyed by the vapour. The sulphureous hydrogenous smell begins at the distance of little more than half a mile from the town. However strong this smell, it seems not prejudicial, for the inhabitants in the neighbourhood enjoy health and attain considerable age. Though this district is mountainous and exposed to inundations, it is very fruitful: its sugar canes produce the richest sugar, as the districts round Etna and Vesuvius produce the most celebrated wine. The nearer you approach the crater, the more numerous you find the volcanic productions. You pass over various rivulets, the water of which has a sulphureous smell, and the scum seems to contain saline and ochery matter. You soon after arrive at the side of the mountain which rises over the volcano towards the south-west. The road lies across the declivity of the mountain, which is very steep, so that the traveller sees on one side a terrible abyss, filled with vapour from boiling water, by which he is surrounded. On the other side he is inclosed by a high steep rock; yet one can ride without danger to that part of the mountain which incloses the volcano on the east-side; but when you arrive there, you must procure a guide, and descend the mountain, by a very steep path, between low thick brush-wood. Throughout the whole way you must beat on both sides with a stick, in order to guard against snakes. Scarcely have you reached the bottom of the mountain, when you find the heat of the atmosphere considerably increased, and the earth hot under the feet. The sulphureous vapours which here surround the body, soon occasion an abundant perspiration, and the sulphureous hydrogenous smell is so powerful as to oblige many persons to return. The valley which incloses the volcano, is about three hundred and sixty feet long, and three hundred broad, and lies three hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea. It appears as if the volcano had long ago formed the hollow in which it is placed, by splitting the mountain that surrounds the cavity, and by its eruption, casting to a distance on one side, those parts which covered the centre or focus. In looking down into the crater, great care must be taken that the ground which rings below the feet, does not sink, which would expose the legs to the danger of being burnt. For this reason, it is usual to send a guide before, to point out the places that are firm, especially when the weather is changeable; for people may then be speedily immersed in vapours that almost obscure the sun. It has also been remarked that, during rain, the vapours are more abundant than at other times. It is difficult to ascertain the nature of the soil passed over in order to reach the crater; but it seems to consist of decomposed remains, or the scoriæ of different minerals, and especially of pyrites, which, however, have changed their nature. As you advance farther, the surface of the earth appears more and more covered with sulphur, and you find a number of small spiracles, from which arises a burning vapour, and which are covered on the sides with sublimated sulphur that has a very beautiful appearance. All these apertures may be considered as so many apparatuses for distillation, which nature has prepared in order to purify the sulphur. If you strike your stick against the ground, in this spot, it occasions a vent through which the vapour issues with a strong hissing noise, and so hot that it raises the thermometer ten degrees above the boiling point. From these apertures, whether the work of nature or art, it appears that the surrounding district is filled, below the surface, with boiling water: this water does not proceed from rain, or from springs in the crater, but from the mountain which rises above the volcano on the eastern side. This is more probable, as the top of the mountain ends in a kind of funnel, which is of great width, and consists of marshy ground. Several small streams issue from it at different heights, and, after traversing the surface of the crater, pursue their way through the valley and discharge themselves into the sea. The water of all these streams is very warm, and is covered with a multitude of air bubbles, so that it sparkles like champagne. These bubbles exhibit all the phenomena of oxygen gas, which probably is disengaged from oxydes of various kinds with which it was combined in the earth.

What among the phenomena of the crater excites most wonder, are twenty-two large basons full of boiling water, some of which are twenty feet in diameter, and which may be considered as enormous cauldrons placed over the most violent fire. The ebullition is so strong, that water-bubbles of four or five feet in height, are thrown up, which raises the thermometer far above the boiling point; but this, however, happens only in those where the water is from one to two feet in depth; though the depth, in general, amounts to eight or ten feet. You may walk round the edge of them without any danger; and contemplate, at leisure, this astonishing quantity of boiling water. It is of a black colour, oily, covered with scum at the edges, and diffuses a vapour which obscures the atmosphere. From this ebullition and high state of the thermometer, we might be induced to believe that there is a great quantity of heat in these basons, but if you put your hand into the water, you find the heat less than that of boiling water. The ebullition may proceed only from the vapours which rise from the bottom of the excavations with so much strength that they give the water a boiling movement; and, in the like manner, the rising of the thermometer ought to be ascribed to these vapours. The surface of the ground is of a pale yellow colour, and besprinkled with a multitude of small shining crystals, for the most part crystals of sulphur. The upper part of the crater, towards the south-east, rises exceedingly steep, and is covered with a great number of other crystals lying in a kind of earth, which is partly calcareous, and partly of an unctuous nature like clay. Among these crystals, there are some shaped like flat needles, and which are real crystals of sulphat of lime. Others exhibit all the properties of sulphat of alumine; others appear like sulphat of iron, greatly supersaturated with the acid; and others like ferruginous pyrites covered with an efflorescence by the action of the atmosphere and water. The above mentioned substances must be considered as the principal causes of the violent commotions which appear in this crater. They are supplied from a large stratum of pyrites; and, from the violence of the combustion, we may conjecture that it must be very deep. It is probable, also, that this stratum is of considerable extent, for very hot springs are found at the distance of a mile, north and south of the volcano. Such substances accumulated in different parts of the earth, when accidentally combined with other substances, such as air, water, and inflammable bodies, produce earthquakes and other convulsions. Though the internal re-action of these substances on one another seems to threaten danger, it however occasions no danger to the colony, because they have immediate communication with the atmosphere, and the whole soil is penetrated by water, so that it cannot take fire: neither are coal, bitumen, or the like inflammable bodies found in the neighbourhood.

* * *

Method of converting Weeds and other Vegetable Matter into Manure. From Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c.

I BEG leave to communicate to the society, and, if thought worth notice, by them to the world, a composition for manure. Fearful it would not answer the purpose so fully as I could wish, I deferred it from year to year; but I now find, both by numerous trials made by my friends as well as myself, the very great utility of the composition, as well as its cheapness, with the capability of its being made in any situation and in any quantity. The mode of making it is as simple as, I trust, it will be found productive. It is nothing more than green vegetable matter, decomposed by quick or fresh-burnt lime. A layer of the vegetable matter about a foot thick, then a very thin layer of lime, beat small, and so on; first vegetable, then lime, alternately. After it has been put together a few hours, the decomposition will begin to take place; and, unless prevented, either by a few sods, or a forkfull of the vegetables at hand, it will break out into a blaze, which must, at all events, be prevented. In about twenty-four hours the process will be complete, when you will have a quantity of ashes ready to lay on your land at any time you wish. Any and all sorts of vegetables, if used green, will answer the purpose; say weeds of every description. They will doubly serve the farmer, as they will not only be got at a small expense, but will, in time, render his farm more valuable, by being deprived of all noisome weeds.

But if this composition answers the purpose, as I flatter myself it will, a very short time will see almost every weed destroyed; which, supposing to be the case, I have made my calculations with clover, grown for the purpose: for instance, I will take one acre of clover, which, at once cutting, will produce from fourteen to eighteen tons of green vegetable matter, and about three tons of lime; this, when decomposed by the above process, will yield ashes sufficient to manure four acres, the value of which I estimate at something under four pounds; the clover, according to the value of land here, I will say two pounds, which, take the average of the kingdom, is too much. The lime I will also say two pounds; but that will vary, according to the distance it is to be fetched; take them together, I think will be about the average value. Now, if this is the case, and as far as I have been able to try it I find so, how valuable must it be to the community in general! If it answers the purpose, I shall feel myself much obliged by the society making it as public as they possibly can.

The vegetables should be used as soon after they are cut as possible, and lime as fresh from the kiln as the distance will allow of; as on those two circumstances depends the goodness of the composition.

Miſcellaneous Articles of Literary and Philoſophical Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

ROBERT Fulton, an American, has published at Paris, (1799) a work in one volume 8vo. on inland navigation, entitled "*Recherches sur les Moyens de perfectionner les canaux de Navigation, et sur les nombreux avantages de petits canaux,*" *&c.* It contains many curious and ingenious remarks, calculations, and details, expressed with clearness and precision, and is worthy the attention of those who are engaged in similar inquiries.

The second part of Dr. Barton's "*Fragments of the Natural History of Pennsylvania,*" is in the press, and will shortly appear. Dr. B. has also prepared for publication, his "*Journal,*" made during a tour through part of the States of New-York and Pennsylvania.

A poem on the death of General WASHINGTON, by Mr. Richard Alsop, will be published at Hartford, in Connecticut, in February.

Mr. George F. Hopkins, of this city, intends to publish, on a very judicious and comprehensive plan, a work, entitled, "*The Political Legacy; or, the Speeches, Letters, and Addresses of General* WASHINGTON, *composed since the revolution. To which is prefixed, a Sketch of his Life and Character.*"

A *Sermon* on the death of General WASHINGTON, by the Rev. Samuel Miller, has just been published by T. and J. Swords.

An *Oration* by Major General Lee, an *Oration* by Gouverneur Morris, an *Oration* by William P. Beers, Esq. of Albany, an *Oration* by Samuel Bayard, Esq. on the death of General WASHINGTON, have been published this month.

Dr. Mitchill's *Address to the Citizens of New-York, on the 4th of July,* 1799, has just been printed by G. F. Hopkins.

Dr. Priestley has published, at Nothumberland, Pennsylvania, a work, entitled, "*A Comparison of the Institutions of Moses with those of the Hindoos and other ancient Nations; with Remarks on Dupuis's Origin of all Religions; the Laws and Institutions of Moses, methodised, and an Address to the Jews on the present State of the World, and the Prophecies concerning it;*" and two pamphlets, addressed to the people of Northumberland, on political subjects. He has also prepared for publication, a continuation of his "*General History of the Christian Church; and Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments.*"

Mr. Dunlap intends publishing the plays of Kotzebue, translated by him and adapted to the stage, with notes marking the variations from the original. The first of the proposed series, now in the press, is "*Wild Goose Chase*, or *Wild Fang.*"

A History of the Campaigns of Prince Alexander Suworow Rymnekski, with a sketch of his life and character, translated from the German of Frederic Anthing; to which is added a concise and comprehensive History of his Italian Campaign, has just been published by William Cobbet.

Dr. Charles Caldwell, A.M. M.D. of Philadelphia, has published an *Elegiac Poem*, on the death of General Washington.

Mathew Carey has reprinted, in a handsome octavo, Lavoisier's Elements of Chemistry, from the last London Edition.

Hannah More's *Strictures of Female Education*, a new and interesting work, has been reprinted by Mr. Thomas Dobson, Philadelphia.

Dr. Tytler, of Salem, (Massachusetts) has published, in one volume octavo, *A History of the Yellow Fever*.

FOREIGN.

SONNINI's "*Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt*," are announced for publication in London. This work cannot fail to excite a general interest not only on account of the well known abilities of the author, but from the circumstances of his having penetrated farther into Upper Egypt than any other European traveller; while his local knowledge of, and long residence in, a country so imperfectly known, have enabled him to throw new light on the celebrated expedition of Buonaparte.

Professor Bergman, of Leyden, has discovered a test for ascertaining whether cotton be adulterated with an admixture of wool, by submitting it to the action of oxygenated muriatic acid, which bleaches the cotton, while it gives a yellow tinge to the wool. The Professor has, by similar means, been enabled to distinguish, with accuracy, the medullary substance of the brain from that of the *nerves;* and to trace the latter even to their most remote origin.

Some months since was announced the important discovery by Mr. Achard, of Berlin, of a method of making sugar from white beet-root; we are now enabled to add further particulars respecting this interesting process. The discovery is already brought to a high degree of perfection in Prussia; moist sugar, refined sugar, molasses, &c. being now obtained in large quantities, and at a fifth of the expense of India sugars, from the white beet! The best kind of root is that in which the skin is of a reddish colour, and the flesh white. The soil should be thoroughly cleaned from weeds, &c. and manured at least a year before it is sown. It should be ploughed three times; first, at the beginning of autumn, secondly, and thirdly or lastly, between the middle and the end of the month of April. Immediately after the third ploughing, it should be carefully harrowed. Afterwards, a kind of rake, the teeth of which are from nine to twelve inches distant from each other, is to be drawn across the land, so as to form lines upon it; which lines are to be crossed by others, made by the same instrument. At the points where these lines cross each other the seed is to be planted. The harvest begins at the end of September, when the roots must be taken up with great care, that they may not be broken. The leaves and stalk of the plant are then to be cut off. The first operation in the making of the sugar from the roots, consists in washing and cleaning them. They must afterwards be sliced, by means of a machine, or ground in a sort of mill, consisting of a cylinder furnished with points, like a rasp, which turns round in a box. The roots are put into this box, and pressed, by means of a weight, against the cylinder, which, upon being turned round, soon reduces them to a kind of pulp. After the roots have been thus ground or sliced, the juice is pressed out of them by means of a press. When this is done, a small quantity of water may be poured on the remains of the roots, and they may be again submitted to the action of the press. The juice, thus pressed out, is to be boiled, in proper kettles or cauldrons, over a gentle fire, till it is brought to the consistence of a thin syrup. These cauldrons must have flat bottoms, and must be fixed in brick work, in such manner that the heat may be applied only to the bottoms of them. The juice must be repeatedly skimmed whilst boiling. When it has acquired the above-mentioned consistence, it must be carefully separated from a kind of mucilage which adheres to the bottom of the cauldron. This liquor, after being strained, is to be poured into a second cauldron, and again boiled, till it is brought to a proper consistence for crystallization. This consistence cannot be well described, but experience will soon point it out. The syrup is then to be put into shallow tin pans, for the sugar to crystallize. These pans should be about the size of a large sheet of paper, and the syrup in them should not be above two or three inches in depth. They should be placed upon a kind of stage, in a room heated pretty highly by a stove; and the stage should be so contrived that the heat may have access to every part of them. At the end of a fortnight or three weeks, the sugar will be separated, in the form of small crystals, like grains of sand. When this crystallization has taken place, the whole is to be poured into linen bags, and pressed: the sugar remains in the bags. The strained liquor may be again boiled to a proper consistence, and once more set to crystallize in the heated room; by this means more sugar will be obtained. Twenty-four measures of roots, each of which weighs about ninety pounds (in all 2160 pounds) produce one hundred pounds of raw sugar; that is, twenty pounds of roots produce nearly one pound of sugar. One hundred pounds of raw sugar give fifty-five pounds of refined sugar, and twenty-five pounds of molasses. It is computed that one German square mile, or sixteen English square miles, of land, properly cultivated, will produce white beats sufficient to furnish the whole Prussian dominions with sugar. No part of the plant is useless: the leaves, stalks, and the remains of the roots are good food for cattle.

A useful paste to stop holes in iron culinary utensils has been lately invented by *Kastelyn.*—To six parts of yellow potter's clay, add one part of steel filings, and a sufficient quantity of linseed oil, and make the paste of the consistence of glazier's putty, with which the holes are to be filled.

It appears that the Madonna *Della Sedia* of Raphael, which ornamented the palace *Pitti* at Florence, has been expedited for France, as well as the famous manuscript of Virgil, which was in the library of *San-Lorenzo.* This manuscript has been deposited in the hands of the central commissary of the maritime Alps, who is about to forward it to Paris.

H. W. TYTLER, M.D. of Scotland, translator of the *Pædotrophia*, or art of raising and nursing children, from the Latin of Scevole St. Marthe, published in 1797, and of the works of *Callimachus*, has also translated the *Punics* of *Silius Italicus*, into English rhyme. This translation was announced sometime since as prepared for the press, in three volumes quarto, with notes, and a dissertation on the life and writings of the Latin poet.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

ODE,

Written by WILLIAM COCHRAN, *A. M. late Profeſſor of the Greek and Latin languages in Columbia College, New-York, now reſiding in Nova-Scotia.*

Ad celſiſſimum PRINCIPEM
EDVARDUM,
AURATÆ PERISCELIDIS, *necnon* STI. PATRICII, *Equitem*, &c. &c. &c.

AVOLET longe Boreas, et omnis
Ventus immitis; fugiatque retro
Nix, et impellens hyemem ſeveram
Horridus imber.

Splendeat Solis ſine nube lumen,
Ut dies clarus redeat nitenſque,
Qui tuum, PRINCEPS deamate, nobis
Edidit ortum.

Quid prius laudem dubito: Timoris
Neſcium pectus: patrias an artes,
Utiles paci; propriosve mores
Principe dignos.

Tu tenax æqui cohibes ſuperbos:
Tu verecundam merito favore
Rite virtutem colis, evehiſque
Semper honore.

Te tremunt GALLI rabie furentes;
Utque commotum ſubito leonem
Territus vitat canis, irruentem
Dente timendo.

Impiæ ſic te fugiunt catervæ,
Tecta vaſtantem madida cruore
Civium; et tandem debito rependunt
Sanguine pœnas.

Gloriam dum tu ſequeris decoram,
Intonet quanquam trepidus TUMULTUS,
Te nihil terret; mediaque morte
Tendis ad hoſtes.

Perge, TUTAMEN ſolii paterni,
Perge quo virtus tua te vocavit:
Floreas noſtrum DECUS et COLUMNA,
Siſque beatus.

Floreas, poſtquam tuus hic poeta
Ultimâ terræ riquiêrit orâ;
Floreas, poſtquam dederit ſilenti
Oſſa ſepulchro.

HIBERNICUS.

PRID. CAL. *Novm.* A. D. 1795.

TRANSLATION.

To his Highneſs PRINCE EDWARD, *Knight of the Garter, and St. Patrick, &c. &c. &c.*

HENCE, far hence, let Boreas fly,
Each piercing wind, and ruder blaſt;
Hence ſnow and rain, impelling nigh
Stern winter faſt.

Let Phœbus ſhine with cloudleſs ray,
Bright and more ſplendid riſe the Morn
That uſhers in, lov'd PRINCE! the day
When thou wa'ſt born.

What theme of praiſe invites me firſt?
Thy manly breaſt to fear unknown,
Or country's arts, thy manners juſt,
Fit for a throne.

Thou, firmly juſt, the proud reſtrain,
And downcaſt merit nobly raiſe,
Bid'ſt modeſt worth thy favour gain
Its higheſt praiſe.

Before thee quake the infuriate GAULS;
As ſhuns the Lion's ſudden wrath,
The timid whelp, whom fear appals
Of inſtant death.

So from thee fly the impious bands,
Their manſions waſte, and ſtained with gore,
Their juſt requital from thy hands,
Receiving ſure.

While thou purſu'ſt fair glory's path,
Though fearful TUMULT thunder near,
Thou ſeek'ſt thy foes through ways of death,
Unmov'd by fear.

Where virtue calls, haſte to her ſide,
GUARDIAN of thy father's throne;
Flouriſh our PILLAR and our PRIDE!
With bliſs thy own.

When here in earth's remoteſt bound,
Thy bard's inglorious aſhes reſt,
And ſilence dwells his grave around,
Live and be bleſt.

J.

The following pieces have merit ſeldom to be found in the fugitive compoſitions of contemporary poets. Simplicity and tenderneſs, in a garb not elaborate or highly finiſhed, are their characteriſtics. We ſhall be highly pleaſed with future communications from the ſame hand. *E.*

COOSOHATCHIE.*

By John Davis.

DEEP in the boſom of a lofty wood,
Near Cooſohatchie's ſlow revolving flood,
Where the lone owl, with melancholy ſound,
Reveals his woes, that from the groves rebound;
Where the grim wolf, at ſilent cloſe of day,
With hunger bold, comes near the houſe for prey;
Where the ſoft fawn, and not leſs tim'rous hind,
Beſet by dogs, outſtrip in ſpeed the wind;
Where the loſt trav'ller croſſes in his way
The ſerpent, gliſt'ning in the ſummer's ray,
Or, at the covert of ſome ſhady brake,
With terror hears his fatal rattles ſhake;
Where the blithe mocking-bird repeats the lay
Of all the tribe that warble from the ſpray;
Where not a hill diverſifies the land,
Which to the eye preſents a waſte of ſand;
Along the road near yonder fields of corn,
Where the ſoft doves reſort at early morn,
There, on the borders of a graſs-grown pool,
Remote from noiſe, I kept my little ſchool:
There would my breaſt with love of nature glow,
And oft my thoughts in tuneful numbers flow;
While friendly George, by ev'ry muſe belov'd,
Smil'd his aſſent, and all my lays approv'd.

ODE TO LUCAS GEORGE.

By the ſame.

STERN winter now reſumes his reign,
The leaves deſert the waving trees,
No more the flow'ret gilds the plain,
Or flings its fragrance to the breeze;
Where'er you caſt the wand'ring eye,
The changeful ſcene exacts a ſigh.

But life has joys: the ſocial fire
Can bid defiance to the blaſt;
Now may'ſt thou ſwell the tuneful wire,
To ſome poor wretch by tempeſt caſt,
Where the loud waves with foaming pride,
His cries amid the rocks deride!

Now, too, with wine thy ſorrows ſooth,
And laugh away revolving time;
For wine the penſive brow could ſmooth,
Of bard, in ev'ry age and clime;
Th' ambroſial bowl rejoic'd the god,
That ſhook Olympus with his nod.

Say! what does now thy theme engage?
For whom do now thy numbers roll?
Doſt thou depict ſome hero's rage,
Or ſpread his fame from pole to pole?
Whatever ſtrain thy muſe employs,
Alike imparts the pureſt joys.

ODE TO ELEANOR.

By the ſame.

MY harp, on which I late eſſay'd
To ſing of troops in arms array'd,
Recoiling with a quick rebound,
Retur'd a harſh, diſcordant ſound.
But when, O Eleanor, thy charms
Inſpir'd my breaſt with ſoft alarms,
The chords, reſponſive to my care,
With gentleſt murmurs fill'd the air.
What though tumultuous oceans roll,
To tear thee from my doating ſoul,
What though unheard I conſtant ſigh,
While the tear trembles in my eye;
Yet hope her conſolation gives,
And calmly whiſpers, "El'nor lives,
"Once more to ſnatch thee to her breaſt,
"And ſweetly ſooth thy cares to reſt."

---

* The village of Cooſohatchie is ſituated about half way on the road from Charleſton to Savannah.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REVIEW.

Vol. II.] FEBRUARY, 1800. [No. 2.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Thoughts on the Probable Termination of Negro Slavery in the United States of America.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

IN the five Atlantic southern States, according to the last enumeration, there were about eleven hundred and sixty thousand free inhabitants, and six hundred and thirty thousand negro slaves. A man of an inquisitive temper can hardly fail of turning often in his mind, a fact of so much importance, and endeavouring to trace the consequences that may hereafter flow from so considerable a distinction in the complexion and privileges of the people of those States.

It may, in the first place, be observed that the *free* are to the *slaves* in a less proportion than *two* to *one:* that of the whole number of people, *more* than *one third* are destitute of any right of property, except in their score or two of cabbages or turnips planted in their lord's ground, and in the few trinkets with which they bedeck themselves and their wives upon holidays; are destitute of the benefits of education; have never been supplied with moral or religious principles, and are bound to the service of masters who buy and sell them like cattle, and on whom they depend for shelter, food, cloathing, and the employment of their time, just as the mules and oxen are dependant.

Those States differ from the least civilized parts of Europe in various respects. The free-born in Livonia and Ingria are not, in general, so well instructed as the free-born of Virginia and the Carolinas: but the *serfs* enjoy higher privileges than the *negroes;* partake the religion of their masters; are connected not with the person, but with the land; have more extensive rights of property; enjoy more exemptions from labour, and are less restrained in chusing, retaining and governing their habitation and their families. The number of serfs, moreover, is proportionably less than that of *negroes.* The comparison, therefore, is somewhat to the disadvantage of this part of our country.

One difference between Europeans and us is particularly remarkable. The serfs are of the same stock with their lords. They sprung originally from the same soil; they vary, in consequence of education, opinion, and acquired habits, but not in form, lineaments, and *hue*, from each other. With us, circumstances are widely different. In that conspicuous property of colour, we and our slaves are not different, but opposite; our badges of distinction are black and white. In shape and lineaments the diversity is very great.

If we look away from the present to the future, and reflect upon the consequences likely to take place in the gradual progress of time, by reason of this difference of rank and privileges of the people, we shall, perhaps, concur in forming the following conjectures:

1. As no more slaves are imported from Africa, their increase, if any increase take place, must be by propagation. Various causes contribute to thwart and limit the influence of propagation. The moral condition of slaves render them sensual, indiscriminate, and capricious; and this temper, added to the license which the laws of those States permit, with regard to their sexual intercourse, is adverse to generation. Their physical condition is no less unfavourable. Their labours, if not disproportionate, are, without doubt, heavy, incessant, and unwholesome. This circumstance has a two-fold tendency; first, to diminish births, and secondly, to cut off the lives of those already born, either directly in the parents, or indirectly by negligence or mistreatment in the offspring.

One argument against prohibiting the importation of slaves into the West-Indies, is well known to have been the supposed impossibility of supporting the stock by propagation. This argument, no doubt, owes some of its force to errors in the treatment of slaves, not necessary to the profitable use of them, and to those mental disquiets and antipathies which haunt the captive and the exile; but much of its force must doubtless be owing to the unwholesomeness of their tasks and their diet.

This deleterious influence of labour is not, perhaps, very great in the cultivation of maize, but is flagrant and excessive in the culture of rice, indigo, and cotton, the great staples of the south. These considerations will dispose us to believe that our stock of slaves is more in danger of diminution than of increase. It is at least to be presumed, that the increase, if any be found, will be slow and inconsiderable.

2. The number of slaves will be lessened by continual manumissions. Supposing no express law or decree to be made lessening or removing the restraints upon manumission, it is the tendency of time to draw closer the ties of affection and confidence between domestic slaves and their lords. Captive slaves are generally hostile, ferocious, and refractory. They are governed by harder, and more watchful and suspicious maxims, and the evils of their condition are at once aggravated and perpetuated. Slaves born and reared in the household, or within the country, are more gentle, tractable, and faithful. They never knew a condition or a country different from the present; habits of intercourse from infancy to manhood create mutual endearment and respect between them and their masters, by making them approach more nearly to each other in language, sentiments, and conduct. Hence not only the government of slaves will become more lenient, but the motives to giving them their liberty will daily multiply.

In America, the current of opinion sits strongly against negro servitude. The maxims and spirit of our religion are generally supposed to discountenance the practice of slavery, and, by one sect of christians, are believed to be wholly incompatible with it. Our moral sentiments and reasonings tend likewise to the same end; but, above all, the fundamental rules of our government have a real or apparent hostility with every species of slavery.

I shall not inquire whether this hostility be real or apparent. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark that there are many who deem negro slavery to be expressly abolished by our constitutions, many who believe that to be the virtual or implied meaning of our laws, and there are few or none who are not convinced that this system is productive of more evil than good; and, however they may decide upon its abstract legality or equity, do not hesitate to condemn it as injurious to individual and national prosperity. These opinions are daily gaining ground, and their tendency undoubtedly is to facilitate manumissions.

The great bar to manumissions, is the imaginary interest of proprietors. This operates, with relation to posterity, but with diminished influence; thus manumissions are more common by the last will of proprietors than by any other means. The frequency of these will increase through the influence of example, as well as of those principles which have been mentioned above.

In what degree the number of slaves may be expected to diminish, in consequence of manumissions, it is impossible to tell. What proportion their decrease, from this cause, will bear to their increase from propagation, admitting the reality of that increase, might be the theme of intricate computations and inquiries.

Domestic slavery was greatly prevalent among the Romans, in the height of their power. Their system, in this respect, was remarkably similar to ours, except in the employment of their slaves, which did not essentially differ from that of servants and peasants in modern Italy and Spain. Their manners, religion, and government, were far less favourable to manumission than ours, and yet a slave, in the third generation, was rarely known. The mass of people in the cities, the knights, and finally the senators and governors of provinces, were chiefly composed of the posterity of slaves.

Hence, when the limits of the empire became stationary, and war no longer supplied the markets with captives, the people insensibly mingled into one mass, with little distinction but those of property or profession. The progress to this state of things, with us, may be reasonably expected to be infinitely more rapid, from the greater prevalence of enlightened opinions, from the inferior proportion of the number of slaves to that of freemen,* and from causes peculiar to our selves, which obstruct their propagation or shorten their lives.

3. But however we determine as to the absolute number of slaves, at any given period, it is evident that their relative or proportionate number will rapidly decline. The southern States are, comparatively, deserts. A few districts on the seaboard are planted with rice, and maize, and tobacco; but the western regions are nearly unoccupied except by panthers and deer. These, however, will quickly be stocked by people who will migrate hither from the east and north. The new comers will bring with them habits, if not opinions, incompatible with slavery. They will till their fields,

---

* Some have computed the ſlaves in the Roman provinces to be half the inhabitants. In our ſouthern States it is but little more than one third of the whole population.

and stock their corn with their own hands. Their numbers have hitherto increased, and will continue to increase with a rapidity unexampled in the history of any former nation. The natural powers of propagation, to which every external circumstance will be propitious, will be aided by the influx of strangers from the north. If the number of slaves be at present only one third of the whole, how speedily will that proportion sink to one fifth, one eighth, and even to one tenth?

As the proportion of freemen increases, it must be expected that every moral cause tending to annihilate servitude, will increase in force. Having no interest to obstruct the operation of their reason or humanity, the manners and opinions of those who hold no slaves, will be likely to gain the ascendant over those of slave-holders. Maxims of justice become popular in proportion as the opposition between those maxims and the interest of individuals is removed. All the objections arising from expediency will lose their force when the disproportion between whites and blacks is carried to an high degree by the rapid progress of the new settlements. Comprehensive schemes of emancipation may possibly be dangerous when the number of laves is *one half* or *one third* of the whole; but this danger is annihilated when it dwindles to a fifteenth or a twentieth.

One may venture, upon pretty sure foundations, to predict the rate of this decrease. Supposing that propagation will do no more than keep up the present stock, which is the most that can be granted, and supposing that the future increase of white population be equal to the past, it will follow that, in sixty years, the slaves will not be more than one twenty-fifth of the whole. It is quite probable, indeed, considering the progressive popularity of manumission, the unfriendly influence of servitude on the multiplication of our species, that slavery will nearly disappear from the United States in a less period than sixty years.

It would extend this paper too much to investigate the grounds of that terror which prevails among us respecting negro insurrections, or to speculate upon the consequences which will follow from this slow, and gradual, but universal freedom of the blacks. With your leave, I shall discuss these points on a future occasion. H. L.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE answer to the arithmetical question, by Adam Workman, published in your Magazine for August, being entirely false and absurd, the following true solution to that question may, perhaps, not be unacceptable to some of your readers. Yours, &c.

GEORGE BARON,
No. 76 Pearl-street, New-York.

SOLUTION.

The reciprocals of numbers are reciprocally as the numbers themselves, and the least numbers which are directly as the reciprocals of 30, 42, and 54, are 63, 45, and 35. Hence, each person's share of the expense will be truly found as follows:

$$\begin{array}{llcll} & & \textit{Dolls.} & \textit{Dolls.} & \textit{Cents.} \\ \text{As } 143 : & \left\{\begin{array}{c}63\\45\\35\end{array}\right\} & :: 40 : & \left\{\begin{array}{r}17\\12\\9\end{array}\right. & \begin{array}{l}62\frac{34}{143}\\58\frac{106}{143}\\79\frac{3}{143}\end{array} \\ \hline & & & 40 & \text{Proof.}\end{array}$$

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

If the following Thoughts on the Powers of Music should appear to contain any thing new, they are much at your service. S.

WHAT is the real source of the pleasure we experience from music? Does it arise immediately from *sensation*; or is it the result of an *association of ideas?* Do the pulses of air that fall on the ear while we are listening to a piece of music by their relative times and forces, excite pleasurable sensations; or are the pleasurable sensations we experience, the result of an association between a certain continuation of sounds and ideas that afford us pleasure? In short, do we derive the pleasure from the music, or is the music a means of exciting a pleasurable train of ideas? I believe both. The mere combination of agreeable tones, is capable of exciting an agreeable action in the organ of hearing; but the greatest pleasures we experience from music, are probably derived from associations of ideas.

We have every reason to believe, that similar vibrations are produced in the organ of hearing, to those of the sounding body—I mean as to their times and relative forces. These vibrations are what constitute in us the idea of sound.

To these vibrations we have a striking analogy in what have been called *sympathetic sounds*. If a string of a musical instrument be struck, and another one be near it in unison, this second string will be thrown into action by the motion produced in the air by the vibrations of the first.* A string, however, not in unison or concord, will not be thrown into action; because the impulses that are given to such a string, would not coincide with its *vibrations;* of consequence, instead of aiding, would destroy each other. If two bells be in unison near together, and one be struck, the other will yield an audible sound.† These facts may serve to throw some light on the functions of the ear; but as yet physiologists have been unable to determine their proper application to the operations of this sense. One fact relative to it, however, is worthy of attention. The portion of the *os temporis* which contains this curious organ, is called *apophysis petrosa*, from its superior hardness; thus has nature formed it so as advantageously to receive and communicate vibrations.

We may then, I think, conclude, with some plausibility at least, that simple sounds are agreeable or disagreeable according as the vibrations they produce in the ear arrive at, or are above or below *the pleasurable point of action*. Dr. Hartley says they "are pleasant in proportion to their loudness, provided this be not excessive." If by not being excessive, he means not to pass the agreeable point, it cannot but be true. Such, in all probability, is the origin of our pleasures from simple sounds. But this pleasure is but trifling in comparison to that we enjoy from concords. Why we derive pleasure from hearing concords is, however, a question much more difficult of solution. Dr. Hartley, to whose writings we cannot too often recur for a clue to guide us through the labyrinth of the mind, gives us the following reasons:

---

* This experiment may be performed in a ſtriking manner, by obſerving the following circumſtances, which accidentally occurred to me. As I was playing on a flute near a cloſed *piano forte*, I obſerved that at intervals a jarring ſound was produced in the *piano;* I found which note on the flute produced it, and could then, at pleaſure, though the *piano* was ſhut up, throw one of its strings into ſo powerful an action, that it could be diſtinctly heard all over the room. This ſtring was in *uniſon* with the note on the flute which ſet it in *motion*, and owing to ſome looſe wire, jarred very much. I could not make any of the other ſtrings be heard by ſounding an uniſon to them.

† From theſe facts Lord Bacon propoſed to form a *double* muſical inſtrument, ſo that by playing one ſet of ſtrings of it, another ſet in concord ſhould be put into action. This propoſal has lately been carried into effect.

"Two musical notes sounded together, suppose upon an organ or violin, afford a greater original pleasure than one, provided the ratios of their vibrations be sufficiently simple. Thus any note sounded with its 8th, 5th, 4th, 3d major or minor, 6th major or minor, affords pleasure, the ratios being here, respectively, those of 1 to 2, 2 to 3, 3 to 4, 4 to 5, 5 to 6, 3 to 5, and 5 to 8, which are all very simple ones. But a note with its flat or sharp, 2d or 7th, or flat 5th, is originally disagreeable. It may be observed, that concords seem to be originally pleasant in proportion to the simplicity of the ratios by which they are expressed, *i. e.* in the order above set down. Hence we may perhaps suspect, that even the concords were originally unpleasant to the ear of the child; from the irregularity of the vibrations which they impress upon the *membrana tympani*,* and consequent solution of continuity, and that they fall at last within the limits of pleasure, as many other pains do by repetition. For thus those concords in which the ratios are simplest, would become pleasant first, and the others would continue to excite pain, or to border upon it. It is agreeable to this, that discords become at last pleasant to the ears of those that are much conversant in music, and that the too frequent recurrency of concords cloys."†

Such are the reasons given by Dr. Hartley. To these may perhaps be added some others deduced from the muscular action of the parts. It has been conjectured, for as yet any theory of the peculiar actions of the organ of hearing can be little better than conjecture, that a great number of small muscles which are found in it, are constantly employed in arranging its vibratory parts in such a manner, that they will vibrate in unison with the sounding body.‡ If this conjecture has any foundation, may not a concord afford us pleasure, because the actions may be carried on at the same time, or without any variation in the length or tension of the vibrating body; and, on the other hand, a discord be disagreeable, because the notes of which it is composed cannot be given together, nor without a new arrangement of the organ of hearing, and thus a jarring of the parts is produced instead of regular vibrations. A string in vibration will not only throw into action another string near it, which is in unison, but also one in concord. We find too that discords are not near so disagreeable to us when they are given in succession, as when struck together. As thus, it is *possible* the ear may be arranged for their reception. These, however, are but conjectures, and should have no other effect on our minds, than to induce us to further investigation.

As MELODY consists in a succession of harmonies, our pleasures from it must arise from a similar cause.

The pleasures arising from AIR are probably derived almost entirely from *association of ideas*. It is impossible to convey, by words, an idea of what *air* or *tune* consists in. To be *understood* it must be *felt*. He who, on hearing a piece of music, has experienced all the vicissitudes of sprightliness and sadness it was intended to convey, may consult his feelings for a correct *definition* of AIR; but he who has not experienced these sensations, can have no idea of it. There is, perhaps, scarce any man in existence, whose feelings are so callous to the influence of musical tones, as to experience the same sensations on hearing a pathetic Scotch ballad and one of their lively dances. But why we feel melancholy on hearing one, and sprightly on hearing the other, is a question that is difficult of solution. Bacon supposes that "tunes and airs have in themselves some affinity with the affections; as merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes, tunes inclining men's minds to pity, warlike tunes; so that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the spirits." Doubtless there are some *tunes* which incline us to mirth, others that depress our spirits, some that incline us to pity, some that give us solemn sensations, and others again fill our minds with ideas of battle, tumult and murder. But is it really the simple combination of sounds of which these airs are composed that produce these effects, or do they serve but as the first movers of a chain of associated ideas of which these are the termination? I believe the latter. What connection can there possibly exist between a certain combination of sounds, and mountains, cottages and streams? Yet who has not heard of the celebrated Swiss air that is forbid even to be played to their troops in foreign service, as it always produces the most unrestrainable desire to return to their native country. I once heard this air played several times, and after the first performance, when my curiosity was satisfied, it produced no other wish in me than that the performer would change it for one more agreeable. With the Swiss, however, it is no doubt associated with all the scenes of pleasure he has enjoyed in his native land. It is the *talisman*, which, when struck, raises to his view the rugged but picturesque landscapes his country presents, his friends, and all regretted, because *half remembered*, pleasures of childhood.*

---

* This does not ſeem to be the ſeat of hearing, or even *neceſſary* to it, as this membrane is ſometimes ruptured without the ſenſe being impaired.

† Hartley on Man, Chap. I. Sect. V. prop. 65.

‡ If this be true, how aſtoniſhingly rapid muſt be the action of thoſe muſcles, to accompany the various gradations of ſound produced by the orator or muſician.

Who has not heard of the wonders produced among the ancient Greeks by the powers of music? Grave historians relate tales of the power of music over them, which at first view appear incredible. Doubtless they are much exaggerated; but when we recollect the manners and early education of the people of whom they are related, we need not be surprized that music should have produced effects which now would be attempted in vain. The exercises of the *gymnasium*, in which the greater part of the youth of this people was spent, were all conducted by music: their war-dances, their wrestlings, their sham-fights were all performed to the sound of musical instruments. These exercises were the representations of the scenes they afterwards engaged in. Need we then be surprized at the strong associations that would thus be produced between certain airs and actions producing, when those airs were executed by a

---

* The intrepid Swiſs who guards a foreign ſhore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain cliffs no more,
If chance he hears the ſong ſo ſweetly wild,
Which on thoſe cliffs his infant hours beguil'd,
Melts at the long loſt ſcenes that round him riſe,
And ſinks a martyr to repentant ſkies.

Rogers' Pleaſ. of Mem.

master, the most extravagant actions?

Almost all savage nations have their songs of war and peace. I once heard thirty chiefs of the Creek nation sing their war song. It consisted, as nearly as I can remember, of three notes.* It was with difficulty I could resist laughing at the sight of thirty grave men producing the most unmusical tones imaginable, by way of concert. To them, however, it doubtless recalled all the horrors and stratagems of war they had ever beheld. To them therefore, it was an awful and warlike air: to us, who could associate none of their ideas with it, it was disagreeable and ridiculous.

Does it then solely depend on the ideas we associate with an air, to constitute it grave or gay, solemn or ridiculous? Is it the circumstances under which we hear it executed, or the words with which we hear it accompanied, that establish altogether what emotions it is to excite in us? Certainly not. There are some *pièces* of music which we may hear under circumstances perfectly indifferent, and unaccompanied by words, and yet they will excite or depress our spirits, dispose us to sadness or joy. How then are these sensations produced? We know not. I will, however, risk a few remarks on them. I mean not to attempt a theory of our musical sensations: all I mean to do is to throw out a few loose conjectures.

Every person who has attended to the modulations of the voices of people under the influence of various passions and emotions, must have observed their variety, and the marked characters of each. In anger, we utter our words with rapidity, and the voice passes from the graver to the more acute, and from thence back to the graver sounds, with the most astonishing celerity. We scarcely utter any two syllables with the same acuteness, and all these changes, too, are performed by *starts*. Under the influence of sorrow or pity, on the contrary, we utter our words slowly, the voice rests for a considerable time on the same note, and when we do change it, it is either for one not far distant, or, if distant, to which we arrive by regularly ascending or descending. Under the influence of anger, too, we generally speak loud; and, under that of sorrow, low.

These characteristics are so strongly marked, that we generally pay almost as much attention to the manner in which a sentence is delivered, as to the words of which it is composed, to determine exactly what the speaker means. Nay, we are even by them enabled to determine when a person is under the influence of these emotions, if we hear him speak in a language which we do not understand, and without our being able to distinguish his countenance or gesticulations. Such a man, however, could convey no other ideas to us than could be conveyed by a musical instrument, that would be capable of affording an infinite variety of tones and notes. The articulate sounds he utters, convey no more meaning than inarticulate ones. If they were therefore noted down and played on such an instrument, we could not distinguish them from the speech of such a man. This instrument would, in fact, yield articulate sounds. But no such instrument exists. All the instruments we possess, are but capable of producing, *with certainty*, a definite number of tones and notes. If all the sounds he uttered were reduced to those, as near as possible, and performed on an instrument, they would be similar enough to commence a chain of associated ideas that would lead to the same ideas the man's speech did.

---

* Rouſſeau, to demonſtrate how far his ideas of the powers of ſimple melody might be carried in practice, compoſed an air, which has been much admired, but which alſo contains only three notes; but how differently are they combined!

When we wish to express solemn ideas, we speak slowly, distinctly, swell our words and make transitions with regularity. If on the other hand our ideas are gay, we speak rapidly, run our words together, and make quick transitions in our modulation. If then the musician adjust his sounds in these two ways, he will, in one case, excite by association solemn ideas, and, in the other, gay ones.

These are a few loose hints on the origin of the association of certain combinations of musical sounds with certain ideas. The limits of an essay will not permit me to enter on the application of them. If they are thought worthy of consideration, this would be easily done. Still, however, I think it *possible* that all *our ideas* from music may originate, in those cases where they do not arise from accompanying words or circumstances, from the similarity of this combination of sounds to some other with which we have *thus* associated a certain train of ideas.

Anecdotes of Napoleone Buonaparte.

THIS extraordinary man, born in the town of Ajaccio, in Corsica, in 1767, is the son of Charles Buonaparte and Lætitia Raniolini. His father, also a native of Ajaccia, was bred to the civil law, at Rome, and took part with the celebrated Paoli, in the memorable struggle, made by a handful of islanders, against Louis XV. and his minister Choiseul.

He not only laid aside the *gown* upon that occasion, but actually carried a musket as a volunteer!

On the conquest of the island, he wished to retire, with the gallant chief who had ineffectually struggled for its independence; but he was prevented by his uncle, a canon, who exercised parental authority over him.

In 1773, a deputation from the three estates was sent to wait on the King of France; and, Charles Buonaparte was elected to represent the nobles. He was soon after promoted to the office of *procuratore reale (Attorney General)*, of Ajaccio; where his ancestors, supposed to have originally come from Tuscany, had been settled near two hundred years.

The elder Buonaparte had seven children; four sons and three daughters. It was his good fortune to be cherished by the French; and both he and his family lived in the greatest intimacy with M. de Marbœuf, the Governor.

On the death of his friend, Charles Buonaparte, M. de Marbœuf continuing to patronize his family, placed his second son, Napoleone, at the *Ecole Militaire*, or Military School, at Paris.

The advantages resulting from this seminary, which has produced more skilful soldiers than any other in Europe, were not lost on young Buonaparte; he there applied himself, with industry and success, to mathematics, and every art connected with that of war.

While yet a boy, he presents himself as a candidate for a commission in the artillery; and his success equalled the expectations of his friends, for he was the twelfth on the list, out of the thirty-six who proved victorious in the contest. In consequence of this event, he became a Lieutenant in the French army, and served as such, during two or three years, in the regiment of *La Fere*, which he joined at Valence, in Dauphiny.

In 1790, General Paoli repaired to France, where he was honoured with a civic crown; and there he embraced the son of his old friend, who had served under him at St. Fiorenze in 1768. They met again, soon after, in Corsica; where Buonaparte, then a Captain, was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of a *corps* of Corsican national guards *in activity*.

On the second expedition fitted out against Sardinia, he embarked with his countrymen, and landed in the little island of Maddalena, of which he took possession, in the name of the French Republic; but finding the troops collected for this expedition, in want of discipline, he returned to the port of Ajaccio, whence he had set out.

Mean time, a scheme was formed for the annexation of Corsica to the crown of England; a plan was adopted, which, while it diminished the wealth, has contributed but little to the honour of Great Britain.

Buonaparte had a difficult part to act on that occasion: he was personally attached to Pasquale Paoli; he resented the treatment he had experienced during the reign of the *Terrorists*; and had actually drawn up, with his own hand, the remonstrance transmitted by the Municipality of Ajaccio against the decree declaring the General an enemy to the Commonwealth.

Indeed, he was supposed to be so intimately connected with him, that a warrant was issued by Lacombe de St. Michel, and the other Commissioners of the Convention, to arrest young Buonaparte! Notwithstanding this, he was determined to adhere to his engagements; and, learning that the English fleet in the Mediterranean had sailed for the purpose of seizing his native island, he embarked with his family, for the continent, and settled within Toulon.

That town, the second sea-port in France, was then in possession of the English, having been just seized upon by Admiral Hood, who had substituted the British Cross in place of the three-coloured flag. The military talents of the young Corsican were well known to Salicetti, who introduced him to Barras, since one of the Directory, to whom he afforded indubitable proof of the sincerity of his professions, at a period when suspicion was justified by frequent defections. He was accordingly advanced from the rank of *Chef de Brigade*, to that of General of Artillery; and directed, under General Dugommier, the attacks of the various redoubts that surrounded and strengthened this important port. The energy of the French troops, added to the scientific arrangements of the engineers, overcame the zeal and resistance of a motley garrison, and restored the key of the Mediterranean to France.

Buonaparte, in 1793, took an active part against General Paoli and the English; for, in the course of that year, he appeared with a small armament before Ajaccio, the town and citadel of which he summoned in the name of the Republic; but he met with a formidable enemy in his own cousin, the brave Captain Messeria, who commanded a *corps* of Corsicans during the siege of Gibraltar, and had learned the management of red-hot shot under Lord Heathfield.

The conquest of Toulon contributed not a little to raise the credit of Buonaparte; and it proved equally advantageous to his friend Barras. That deputy had been also bred a military man, and was employed by his colleagues on all great emergencies. One of these soon occurred: this was the disturbance among the sections of Paris, known by the name of the *Insurrection of Vendemaire*.

On this occasion he took care to be surrounded by able men, among whom was General Buonaparte, whom he had invested with the command of the artillery at the siege of Toulon. It was to another Corsican, however, that he confided the superintendance of the army: this was Gentili, who had just acquired great reputation by his defence of Bastia.

On trial, however, it was immediately discovered, that the *deafness* of Gentili was an invincible obstacle to success, as he could neither hear nor attend to the multiplied and complicated reports of the *Aides du Camp*, who were continually bringing him messages, or addressing him relative to the situation of the enemy. Luckily for the Convention, Napoleone Buonaparte was, at this critical moment, appointed his successor; and it is to the masterly dispositions made by him, that the triumph of the Representative Body is principally ascribed.

A wider field now opened for the exertions of Buonaparte; for he was soon after invested with the chief command of the French army in Italy, which, under his direction, prepared to open the campaign of 1796.

In the spring of that year, we find the Austro-Sardinian troops defeated within forty miles of Turin; fourteen thousand were either killed or taken, and the cannon and camp equipage seized by the victors. The army of Lombardy was also doomed to experience a most humiliating disaster, although led on by a cautious veteran, Beaulieu, in person: this was attributed solely to the skilful manœuvres of the commander in chief, seconded by the exertions of Laharpe, Massena, and Servona.

The Austrian General Provera was made a prisoner in a third engagement; in consequence of which, forty field-pieces, with the horses, mules, and artillery waggons, &c. were captured by the French; and two thousand five hundred of the allies killed, and eight thousand made prisoners. The battles of Millesimo, Dego, Mondovi, Monte Lerino, and Montenotte, determined the fate of Sardinia; for the aged monarch then seated on the throne, found himself reduced to the necessity of relinquishing Savoy and Nice, and subscribing to such terms as were granted by the victor, who could have driven him from his throne, and obliged him to spend the short remainder of a wretched life in exile, and perhaps in poverty!

The battle of Lodi, fought May 10th, nearly completed the overthrow of the Austrian power in Italy, and added greatly to the reputation of the French arms. On this occasion, a battalion of granadies bore down all before them, and reached the bridge of Lodi, shouting—"Long live the Republic!" but the dreadful fire kept up by the enemy having stopped their progress, Berthier, Massena, Cervoni, and others, rushed forward; even their presence would have proved ineffectual, had it not been for the intrepidity of Buonaparte, who, snatching a standard from the hand of a subaltern, like Cæsar, on a similar occasion, placed himself in front, and animating his soldiers by his actions and gesticulations—for his voice was drowned in the noise of the cannon and musquetry—Victory once more crowned his efforts.

In consequence of this series of victories, Beaulieu was obliged to yield the palm to a younger rival; for he felt himself reduced to the necessity of retreating among the mountains of Tyrol, on which the French took possession of the greater part of Lombardy, and acquired immense magazines.

After crossing the Mincio, in the face of the Austrians, the army entered Verona, which so lately had afforded an asylum to a *titular* King of France, and seized on Pavia.

At length Mantua alone remained in possession of the Austrians, and this also was soon invested by the victors, who, at the same time, made inroads into the Tyrol; and, by the battle of Roveredo, and the possession of Trent, became masters of the passes that lead to Vienna.

Mean while, the veteran Wurmser determined to shut himself up, with the remainder of his troops, in Mantua; and the Austrians made one more effort, by means of Alvinzy, to rescue his besieged army, and regain their ancient dominion in Italy. But the battle of Arcola completely frustrated their expectations, and the capture of Mantua at once concluded the campaign, and their humiliation.

In the winter of 1796, Buonaparte was married to Madame Beauharnois, a beautiful French woman, who had experienced many persecutions in the time of Robespierre. Her former* husband attained the rank of General in the service of the Republic, and always conducted himself as a friend of liberty.

On that memorable day, when Louis XVI. and his family repaired to Paris, M. de Beauharnois sat as President of the National Assembly, and exhibited great dignity of demeanour: notwithstanding this, he fell a victim to the Terrorists, who, joining the narrow zeal of Sectarists to the ferocious character peculiar to themselves, persecuted all whose opinions were not exactly conformable to their own standard. Barras, at length, luckily for her, extended his protection to the widow, who is now the wife of his friend.

The campaign of 1797,† opened under circumstances highly favourable to France; Spain was now in alliance with her; Sardinia acted under her control; Tuscany obeyed her requisitions; Naples had concluded a separate peace, and Rome was at her mercy. In this situation, the eyes of all Europe were turned towards the Archduke Charles, who was said to inherit the military talents of the house of Lorraine.

It was accordingly determined, that this young prince should be appointed commander in chief, and that the hero of Kehl should oppose the hero of Italy. The contest, however, was not long between birth and genius; between a young man of illustrious extraction, surrounded by flatterers, and educated in the circle of a court, and a hardy Corsican, brought up amidst perils, acquainted with all the machinery of modern warfare, and directing every thing under his own eye.

At length, in April, 1797, the House of Austria deemed it prudent to sue for an armistice, and accept of terms of accommodation.‡

---

* Before the Revolution he was known by the appellation of Count Alexander Beauharnois, and poſſeſſed great influence at court. He was one of the many Nobles who fell during the tyranny of Robeſpierre.

† One of the moſt diſaſtrous circumſtances that occurred during this memorable campaign, was the military execution inflicted on the towns of Macegarra, Fermo, Porto di Fermo, Grotto di Mari, and Jeſi, on the 8th of March, 1797, by order of Buonaparte.

The indiſcriminate butchery of the many, on account of the ſuppoſed crimes of a few, reflects infinite diſhonour on this ſoldier.

‡ The preliminaries were ſigned at Leoben, April 18, 1797, on the following baſis:

1. His Imperial Majeſty renounced Belgium;
2. He recognized the new limits of the French Republic; and
3. He acknowledged the eſtabliſhment and independence of the Lombard Republic.

A few weeks after this,* Buonaparte granted peace to Venice, or rather acquired possession of every thing belonging to that ancient aristocracy. In consequence of this, he took advantage of the absence of the English fleet from the Mediterranean, embarked a body of French troops on board his lately acquired navy, and took possession of the isles of Corfu, St. Maur, Zephalonia, and Zante.

All these were confirmed to France, by the treaty of Campo Formio, signed Oct. 17th; and no sooner had the victorious chief received the ratification of the Emperor, than he returned to Paris. The peace with Austria was celebrated at the Luxemburgh, by a festival, at which Buonaparte assisted. On this occasion, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, after presenting him to the Directory, made a speech, in which, by pointing to a different object, he dexterously concealed the future designs of the French Cabinet.

The reply is curious, when the tenor of it is compared with subsequent transactions, and is as follows:

"Citizens Directors,

"The French people, in order to be free, had kings to combat. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, they had to overcome the prejudices of eighteen hundred years. Religion, absolute monarchy, and the feudal system, governed Europe during the last twenty centuries; *but with the peace which you have concluded begins the era of Representative Governments.*

"You have succeeded in organizing the great nation, whose vast territory is now circumscribed by those limits alone which Nature herself has traced.

"You have done more. The two first countries of Europe, once celebrated for the arts, sciences, and great men they produced, behold the genius of Liberty arising from the tombs of their ancestors. They are two pedestals on which Fate is about to place two powerful nations.

"I have now the honour to present you with the treaty of Campo Formio, signed and ratified by his Majesty the Emperor. This peace secures the liberty, prosperity, and glory of the Republic.

"When the happiness of the French people shall be settled on the basis of the best and wisest laws, all Europe will be free."

In order to deceive the enemy, relative to an expedition equally singular and important, which was now become a favourite object with the French, Buonaparte published an address to the "army of England." He then set off from the capital, and at Calais beheld, for the first time, the hostile shores of Britain. Both there, and at Dunkirk, he reviewed the troops, and as his time would not permit him to examine the army in Flanders in person, he dispatched thither a general in his *suite.*

After this, he returned once more to Paris, and set out privately for the southern provinces.

In the mean time, a large fleet, and an immense number of transports, were collecting in several of the seaports of the Mediterranean. Great bodies of the best troops marched from different points, and embarked on board vessels prepared for them. If we believe report, the army collected on this occasion amounted to 35,000 chosen men. The ships of war consisted of fifteen sail of the line, fourteen frigates, and several corvettes. The transports under their convoy were 293 sail.

The ports of Marseilles, Toulon, Genoa, and Cevita Vecchia, were appointed for the embarkation of the stores, provisions, &c. A number of learned men went on board at the same time, with the *apparatus* pertaining to the arts and sciences in which they excelled.

---

* May 14, 1797.

This * grand armament, the greatest that had ever appeared in the Mediterranean, set sail on the 19th of May, with a favourable gale, and formed a line of several leagues in extent.

While every one was contemplating this great event, and wondering to what point this tempest was directed, intelligence was received of the attack and surrender of Malta; a rock, which nature and art had rendered impregnable: and it seems still doubtful whether it fell by stratagem or treachery.

Immediately after, the fleet steered its course towards the Nile, took possession of Alexandria by storm, beat Murad Bey in two actions, drove Ibrahim Bey into Upper Egypt, and seized on Cairo, Rosetta, Damietta, and Suez.

Sir Horatio Nelson almost annihilated the French squadron, under Admiral Bruix, which had been injudiciously moored in the road of Bequires.

Disappointed in his wish to penetrate into India, in consequence of the lateness of the season, the opposition of the Mamalukes, and the resistance of the Bedouin Arabs, the General determined to extend his power in Egypt. With this view, he is said to have availed himself of the religious prejudices of the people to gain their esteem; he has also employed means, that speak to the hearts of all men, for he has rescued the Cophts from slavery, and divided the paternal inheritance among the surviving children, instead of permitting it, as heretofore, to be claimed by the Grand Signor, and devoured by his officers.

On the 1st Ventose, he celebrated the seventh anniversary of the Republic with uncommon magnificence. At Alexandria, the garrison assembled at the "pillar of Pompey," on that occasion decorated with the *tri-coloured flag*, and in the evening "Cleopatra's needle" was illuminated.

At Cairo, a pyramid was erected in the public square, the seven faces of which contained the names of such of the seven divisions as had fallen in battle, while the troops in Upper Egypt celebrated the event on "the ruins of Thebes!"

We are not sufficiently acquainted with the movements and councils of the French in Egypt, to state with certainty, the motives which induced their general to undertake an expedition into Syria. From their local as well as political condition, it has been often remarked that among the Turkish provinces, Egypt was the easiest to conquer, and the hardest to retain, while Syria, on the contrary, was the hardest to get, and the easiest to keep.

Former experience has countenanced the last assertion. The Crusaders overran Asia Minor with ease, but struggled hard to attain a footing in Syria. Yet when their power was established there, a handful of fighting Monks and quarrelsome Barons kept possession for a century.

Buonaparte, however, seems to have experienced but few obstacles till he arrived at Acre, and there he would have found no formidable opposition, had it not been for the indefatigable exertions of the English. France and England seem destined to eternal competition. The schemes of the French, whether carried on in Flanders, or Germany, on the Missisippi, or Ganges, or Nile, are sure to be detected, and counteracted by their vigilant foes. The same power that destroyed their navy in the port of Alexandria, repelled their assaults on the walls of Acre; and after many vigorous attempts to gain possession, Buonaparte fled, with his shattered troops, through the desert, and once more sheltered himself in Egypt. His steps were pursued by a large army of Mahometan enthusiasts, but his usual skill and good fortune enabled him to triumph over this enemy, and Egypt seemed more thoroughly subdued after this disastrous excursion than before.

---

* Of the fifteen ſail of the line, employed upon this occaſion, eleven were taken and deſtroyed by Lord Nelſon, two made their eſcape to Corfu and Malta, and two continued in the old port of Alexandria. Of the fourteen frigates, two were deſtroyed in the engagement, one was taken by the Turks, one by Britiſh cruizers, and nine or ten were lately in the port of Alexandria.

The real adventures of this Corsican are more romantic than any thing to be met with in books of fiction. The quality which chiefly excites our wonder in surveying his actions, is his good fortune, by which he has baffled all ordinary rules of computation. His passage to Egypt was a bare possibility, but the capture of Malta so far from being expected, did not even occur to the most luxuriant imagination. The possession of the Nile, in spite of Turks, Arabs and the plague; in spite of Syrian defeats, and the impossibility of supplies from France, is next to incredible; but the closing scene has been worthy of the rest of the drama.—While he was supposed to be languishing in Egypt, powerless, despised and forgotten, he suddenly alights upon the coast of Provence, hastens to Paris, and overthrows the constitution. The whole military force of the Gallic Empire centers in his person; and he is now deliberating whether he will invest himself with supreme authority during his life, or only for a term of years; whether he will engross all power, or divide it with councils and committees; whether he will grant peace to the world, or endeavour the re-conquest of Italy, Swisserland, and Swabia. Whatever we conclude as to the issue of his deliberations, we must at least acknowledge that he is acting a great part.

Buonaparte is of a small stature, but admirably proportioned. He is of a spare habit, yet robust, and fitted to undergo the greatest fatigues. His complexion, like that of all the males of southern climates, is olive; his eyes large and black, his chin prominent, the lower part of his face thin, and his forehead square and projecting. The large whole length Italian print, published in London by *Testolini*, exhibits a good likeness; but the best portrait of him was painted at Verona, in consequence of the solicitations of an English artist, who applied to him for this purpose, by means of a letter from a relation in London.

He possesses uncommon attainments. He converses freely, and without pedantry, and writes and speaks with fluencey and eloquence. Above all things, he has attempted, and in a great measure obtained, the mastery over his passions. He is abstemious, and was never seen, in the slightest degree, intoxicated; he possesses many friends, but has no minions; and preserves an inviolable secrecy, by means of a rigorous silence, far better than other men do by a loquacious hypocrisy.

His mother, the beautiful Lætitia Buonaparte, is still alive, as are also two of his sisters, one of whom is married to a distinguished Frenchman.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

The other day I overheard the following conversation, respecting your Magazine. What use ought to be made of it, is submitted to your judgment. I am a constant reader of your valuable Miscellany, and, in general, approve it. I have no doubt, however, that you will candidly hear the remarks of all, and feel disposed to profit by any hints for its improvement, from whatever quarter they may come.

I am, Sir,
With much respect, yours,
PHILOMUTHOS.

New-York, Feb. 19, 1800.

DIALOGUES *of the* LIVING.

Dialogue II.

Edward. GOOD morning. Always poring over your books! You have a most insatiable thirst for reading. What new pamphlet is that?

William. The New-York Monthly Magazine.

Edw. O, that's right. Iv'e been lately reading the numbers of that work. What do you think of it? I see it is beginning to creep into notice more than formerly.

Wil. Why, it will do tolerably well. It's far from being what I could wish; but perhaps it will improve. Our American periodical publications somehow or another fall far below those from Europe. Let them be undertaken by whom they may, and under circumstances however advantageous, they are small at first, and always dwindle in a little while to nothing. But, as I feel myself bound to encourage the attempts of my own countrymen, however humble, I sent my name to Messrs. Swords, yesterday morning, as a subscriber to the Magazine, and received, about two hours ago, the numbers which have been published. What do you think of the work?

Edw. Why, on the whole, my opinion is rather more favourable than yours. I think it is, taking all things into consideration, well conducted. There is a large proportion of original matter in it. The most of the pieces relate to important and interesting subjects; and are exhibited in a pretty decent dress. 'Tis true, I sometimes find things in it which I do not like. I occasionally meet with a paper which either fatigues or offends me. But such things we must expect to meet with in all books. I have read many American and European Magazines; but I confess they have seldom appeared to me to rise above this; and in very few instances to equal it.

Wil. Perfect stuff! You might as well compare the garbage which lies in the street, to pure, wholesome, and delicious viands, prepared with the most delicate skill and care. This equal to the London or Edinburgh Magazines! Sure you are not serious?

Edw. I am really serious. What fault do you find with it? What are its principal defects?

Wil. Why, several. In the first place, the pieces are for the most part so confoundedly *grave* that it gives me the *blues* to go through a number. Now, I read such things chiefly for amusement, when I am tired of the toils of business, or of systematic reading. But you can hardly squeeze out one good fit of laughter, or one joke of tolerable relish, from all these numbers. Scarcely an anecdote—or a biographical sketch—or a pleasant turn of wit in the whole. Look into the London Magazines on that shelf, and you will see that they are dishes chiefly composed of these nice and savoury bits. When I take up one of those volumes, I scarcely know how to lay it down.

I could sit up half the night with such entertainment. But as for this *thing* of Messrs. Swords's, it is so intolerably sober, and deals so much in reasoning and science, that I have been near falling to sleep twice since I took it in my hand.—But, as I was saying, Americans will learn the true art of doing things bye and bye; and in the mean time they must be assisted and encouraged. What say you? Am not I right?

Edw. Scarcely, in my opinion. Perhaps a few pieces of humour might be advantageously introduced into this American production. If I were acquainted with the Editor I would give him a hint on this subject. They tell me he is a candid man, and willing to receive all suggestions for improving his work. But really, after all, who would be gratified by this light and frivolous stuff? It would please women and children; and perhaps now and then serve to relax the muscles of a student, like yourself. For my part, I think instruction of more importance than amusement. I am a grave man, and grave things suit me best. I read with far greater relish, a critique on Robertson or Hume, an essay on the culture of the potatoe—or an account of some valuable discovery, than nine-tenths of the anecdotes, humorous compositions, or *jeu d'esprits* which I meet with. But as I wish every body to be satisfied, it would not displease me to see some of the more serious pieces omitted, to make room for a larger portion of wit and merriment.

Wil. I tell you, Sir, there must be more of those things. I would take the work, as I said, if every line in it were as solemn and didactic as a charge from the bench. But you know mankind. They must be amused and diverted, or they will never attend to you. What are all their remarks on *Walstein's School of History*—on *Astringency*—and on *American Population*, worth? I don't read these things; —and not one in fifty reads them.

Edw. I am astonished at you! Not read papers of a scientific and œconomical kind? Is it of no consequence to understand things which enter into the business and enjoyment of every day? But is this your only charge? Do you dislike the Magazine solely because it is too *solid* and *instructive?* I should have expected this objection from the giddy *girls*, and the *old women* of my acquaintance, both *in* and *out* of *petticoats*; but I should not have looked for it from you. What else have you to say?

Wil. There's a *Review* in it too! What miserable bungling! Did you ever see such stuff pass for *reviewing* before?

Edw. You are a most unmerciful critic. I really expected that that part of the work would have meet with your approbation.

Wil. Approbation! Sir, they are any thing but reviews. They are feeble, indecisive, worthless things. No man can tell what to think of an Author, after their account of him. Why do they not tell us that a book is good or bad, at once, without more ado, and then we should know how to understand them. For my part I have frequently found these reviewers to praise one part of a work so highly, and to censure another part so severely, that I have scarcely known what opinion to form on the whole.

Edw. Are not all human productions of a mixed kind? Does not the most excellent work which you read contain some faults and errors? And is it not the business of the reviewers to discriminate and display both? To dwell much on the mistakes of a very excellent book, or to criticise them with great severity, would be as ungenerous as to be continually harping on the imperfections of a very great and good man. But we sometimes meet with productions whose faults so nearly balance their excellencies, that a faithful account of them must of necessity be of that equivocal and indecisive kind of which you complain.

Wil. But I see that these literary anatomists, while their dissections are carried on, for the most part, with a cautious and even timid hand, can sometimes cut and hack, when it suits them, with a most indiscreet audacity. Sir, let me tell you, a few more such impudent reviews as they lately gave of a certain volume of Sermons, will *do their business for them.* It is a dangerous thing to attack the Clergy, above all other men. And to deal harshly with authors of any description in a young country, is, in every respect, impolitic.

Edw. Oh, I thought, just now, the reviewers only erred on the side of lenity and indecision. I am glad to find that they have your example for this conduct. I respect the Clergy as much as any man; but I cannot see why their literary defects and errors should be more sacredly shielded from criticism than those of their neighbours. This is not the way to make them respectable. I observed the review to which you refer. It gave, I understood, some offence. How justly I know not, for I never read the Sermons of which it treats. But if they have suffered injustice, let some of the Author's friends point it out. This will tend to bring out the truth—to keep up the fervour of literary zeal—to promote an amicable collision of talents—and in a variety of respects to do good. I rather conjecture that those who conduct the review would be pleased with it themselves.

Wil. Poh! they are a set of poor creatures, not worth pleasing. By the way, can you tell me who these literary *raggamuffins* and *assassins* are? They are scarcely worthy of attention; and yet I have sometimes wished to know them.

Edw. I have the same curiosity; but have always considered such inquiries unjustifiable and impertinent. It is necessary that the names of reviewers should, in most cases, be concealed. No one has a right to guess at them. The value and efficacy of remarks often depend upon our ignorance of their source. Besides, what is the utility of knowing the author of a review? If his account of a book be well founded, does it become better upon our being told by whom it was composed? or, if false and unjust, why not suffer it to refute and destroy itself?—But have you any farther objections to make?

Wil. Yes. There is too little attention paid to *poetry*. And as to *politics*, which would give a pleasant seasoning to the work, they are wholly excluded.

Edw. As to poetry, I believe it would be well to introduce a larger portion. But there is some difficulty in this. Writers who could compose a short essay in prose are to be found every hour; but those who are able to make a tolerable figure in *poetics* are few: and in this department of literature you know mediocrity is intolerable. How, then, shall a sufficient quantity of poetry to satisfy the wishes of readers be provided?—With respect to *politics*, I should be glad, myself, to see a part of the work devoted to this subject. But here, also, there is a difficulty, still more formidable. What can the Editor do? If he should open his mouth to utter a political sentiment, however moderately and discreetly it might be delivered, he would not fail to offend one half his readers. Nay, some of them have been already offended, at his taking notice of different political characters and writers, with respect, in a literary view. I know several who were angry at his inserting *Clery*'s account of the imprisonment and death of the King of France among his selections, which they considered as a proof that he regretted the fate of that unfortunate monarch, and was therefore a royalist in his heart. Others, and a still greater number, were vexed at the account of a *singular clawed animal* introduced into the last number, because it came from the pen of Mr. *Jefferson*, who they said had better be employed in writing letters to *Mazzei*. "The Editor," added they, "must certainly be an admirer of his, or he would not have done him the honour to reprint his little snivelling production."—These things being considered, I cannot help thinking that the Magazine had better be entirely free from theological and political polemics. I am willing to give up my share of them from this prudential consideration.

Wil. But what do you say to another defect of this Magazine—its containing no account of *marriages*, *deaths*, &c.? You know I was married a few weeks ago. When I sent for the Magazine, (having never seen it) I had no doubt of seeing this event announced among others. But no—not a word about it. You don't see the European Magazines guilty of such omissions. I should not wonder if all the young men and girls of the city should drop it, as not worthy of their attention.

Edw. Perhaps there is a deficiency in this respect; but not, in my opinion, so great as you intimate. What instruction or amusement would it afford you to have, every month, a list of forty or fifty marriages between persons of whom you knew nothing? I think, however, that when persons who are distinguished for their talents, virtues, or office, get married, or die, there should be a part of this work devoted to giving us some account of them. Biography is always interesting; and to do honour to men after their death, by preserving a record of their lives and characters, furnishes a strong incentive to virtue.

Remarks upon the RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

RUSSIA, by the part she has lately taken in the contests and negociations of the western nations of Europe, has become an object of importance. The progress and condition, political and geographical, of that Empire, are subjects of curious speculation; but these speculations seem hitherto to have led to many erroneous conclusions. It is common to allow our minds to be overwhelmed by the magnitude of this object, and not to discriminate between the real and apparent sources of power and wealth.

The most obvious considerations respecting Russia, are suggested by the view of a map of the Eastern Hemisphere. The eye begins its course at the shore of the Atlantic, speedily traverses the British Islands, steps with ease across the peninsulas of Spain, Italy, and Greece; and turning northward, reaches, in a few glances, the banks of the Baltic sea and the Dnieper. This space, scollopped, intersected, and checqured by gulphs, bays and lakes, appears a minute off-set or branch of the vast extent of ground stretching to the east of it; and yet, inconsiderable as it is, broken up into some scores of independent sovereignties and petty principalities.

Having rested a while on the shores of the Don or Dnieper, we may look abroad to the east, north-east, and south-east. Over what immense tracts must we range, before we descry the icy capes of the north, or the iselets, scattered at the western limits of America, or those lofty ridges which form the southern rampart of Siberia, and divide it from the ancient seats of the Mongals and the hereditary domains of the Chinese princes! Yet, until these are surveyed, we have not reached the limits of the Russian empire.

From surveys like these we are apt to obtain awful conceptions of the greatness of Russia. When we compare it with the western parts of Europe, and observe that England and Wales, multiplied eighty-fold, would be no more than equal in extent to Russia; that France, Spain, or Germany is to this empire as one is to twenty-five; the former kingdoms are likely to fall into contempt, to dwindle into insignificance.

These lofty images, however, will, perhaps, be somewhat lowered when we come to reflect, that ground, not inhabited or cultivated, and not capable of cultivation, is in reality of no more value, in an estimate of national greatness, than so much water. A million of acres of sand, or bog, or *glaciers*, is, indeed, inferior to a million of acres of ocean: since the water abounds with life and motion, and supplies an inexhaustible store of subsistence to those who seek it; but the snows and fogs of Kamtchatka, the dreary sands of Orenburg and Tobolsk, and the mountainous rocks of Yakutska, afford no scope for the plough—no nutrition to the wholesome plants on which civilized man must live, and no air fit to be inhaled by human lungs.

In estimating national power, one consideration is the number of subjects. Three-fourths of this empire are comprised in Siberia; but Siberia is a realm of torpor, solitude and dreariness. One-fifth of it lies within the Arctic circle, and is wandered over by a few thousands of human creatures, whose animal and mental powers are withered and shrunk up by the horrors of the climate.

The rest of Siberia is included between the Arctic circle and the fiftieth degree of north latitude. The state of these provinces, as to fertility and population, may be known by examining the condition of one of them. Kamtchatka, which stretches from one of these parallels to the other, and may therefore lay claim to as lenient an air and pregnant a soil as any of them, will afford a suitable example.

Kamtchatka is larger than Great-Britain, but will produce little corn, and contains *five thousand* people,* which is one person to every twenty square miles. If the rest of Siberia be allowed to be twenty times more fertile and populous than this province, which is a very liberal allowance, the whole number will perhaps amount to four millions.

These millions consist partly of a great number of Tartarian tribes, whose wealth consists in their felt-tents, their wooden buckets, and their herds of mares, oxen and sheep, and partly of a drowsy and amphibious race who live upon the flesh and oil of fish, and are examples of the utmost degradation of which our species is susceptible. They have little on which the rights of sovereignty can be exercised. They render a kind of nominal homage, and pay, as tribute, one of every ten skins which they tare from the foxes and otters of their forests and lakes.

This homage and tribute are occasionally withheld, and must be exacted by bands of Cossacks, whose maintenance costs more than the tribute received. Such is the real state of four-fifths of the boasted empire of the Russians!

---

* See Coxe's Ruſſian Diſcoveries

National power generally depends not only on the number of the people governed, but, 1st. On the absoluteness of the sway. 2d. On the civilization and wealth of the people. And, 3d. On the compactness and proximity of their dwellings. The last circumstance, indeed, naturally flows from the preceding one, trade and tillage being the causes and tests of national improvement, and these always tending to collect men into cities and villages.

What is pompously called the Russian empire in Asia, is a nominal and unsettled superiority over savage tribes and barren deserts. Its subjects are poor and barbarous, and dispersed, in small bands, hundreds of miles from each other; and, with few exceptions, vagabonds and rovers without a fixed dwelling or a tilled acre.

Should we compare Russia with the dominions of the German princes, we shall be surprised at the total difference between them. Four millions of impoverished, unlettered, and almost independent savages, are dispersed through Siberia; but the same number of farmers, artizans, villagers, and townsmen, are collected together in the Archdukedom of Austria alone; that is, into a space one hundred and forty times smaller than Asiatic Russia. Hence, in subordination, compactness, civilization, and wealth, Austria infinitely surpasses Siberia, while it is not inferior in the number of inhabitants.

European Russia is a country of immense extent, stretching from the forty-fifth degree N. latitude to the neighbourhood of the pole. Its extent is equal to all the western kingdoms, Britain and Ireland, Spain, Portugal, France, Netherlands, Germany, Italy, Turkey, Hungary, and Poland, taken together. The middle and southern parts have a mild temperature and fertile soil, but one-third of it lies beyond the sixtieth degree, and can therefore differ but little from Siberia. The best portion of the southern provinces is possessed by the Zoporavian, Nogay and Cossack tribes, whose population is extremely scanty, and who are turbulent, fickle, and unprofitable subjects. The best cultivated space is that bordering on the Baltic, and which has been conquered from the Swedes.

If the whole were peopled in the same proportion as Livonia, the population would be thirty millions, but this can by no means be granted, since, on the north, so large a portion as one-third is known to be too moist and too cold for culture, and since so much of its most fertile southern ground is occupied by Tartar hordes.

If the whole were equal in population to the Ukraine and the new kingdom of Tauria, it would amount only to two millions, but this computation can be admitted as little as the other. It will be nearer, and certainly will not fall below the truth, to fix the number of European Russian subjects at *seven millions*, but this does not exceed the population of England, and is only one-fourth of that of France, or Germany; and how immeasurable is the interval between the ignorance and poverty of Russia, and the arts and opulence of England or Saxony!

The Emperor's provinces of Bohemia and Hungary, though far from being the richest and best cultivated of his states, and though only one-tenth of the magnitude of Russia, is equally or more populous. In no country in the world are the false conceptions of magnificence and empire more prevalent than in Russia; no where have the efforts to enlarge dominion been more uniform and strenuous; no where has the art of transforming men into soldiers been practised to a greater extent. Yet the utmost military force which these vast territories can furnish, including the licentious bands of Tartar cavalry, has never exceeded the regular force of France or Austria.

The half of this force (about one hundred and fifty thousand) is scattered over an extent of six thousand miles, from the fortresses on the Baltic, to those in Kamtchatka; in order to acquire or maintain the superiority of the Muscovites over barbarians, of a thousand tribes, languages, and superstitions, who are compelled to give one-tenth of their substance to enable their oppressors to lounge in their barracks and keep their muskets bright.

The rest are occasionally employed in the field against the Turks, or stationed in the towns of Poland, Finland, and Moldavia, to enforce submission to the Ukaze of *the Emperor of all the Russias*, and to rob the peasants of their black bread. That wretched bread which a churlish soil and domestic tyrants have made too small for wholesome subsistence, must be shared with the slaves of his Imperial majesty; and the morsals wrung from ten thousand hands, come in time to be consolidated and transmuted into a shining pebble, or an hundred square yards of painted canvass. This pebble is destined, perhaps, by imperial munificence, to dangle from the button-hole of a field-marshal, and this canvass will be spread upon the wall of a Saloon, and thus secure to the tenant of the building, the glory of a patron of the arts.

By much the larger part of this tribute is exchanged for fire-arms, and gun-powder, and military uniforms. To what end? To stretch the limits of ideal dominion over more mountains and deserts, and to wrest their hard earnings from the fishers of the Baichal, and the herdsmen of Podoli.

Finally, the whole empire of Russia, including the recent usurpations in Poland and Turkey, contains about fifteen millions of subjects. In mere numbers, therefore, it is far inferior to Austria and France. In every other respect, the inferiority is still more evident. In estimating national power, the importance of numbers is lessened in proportion as they are scattered over a wider space, as they are poor, ignorant, disunited, and imperfectly subjected. In all these respects, Russia may be quoted as a perfect specimen of political debility. There is no region of the globe, in which numbers have a less proportion to extent of ground, whose soil is more sterile, and climate more unfriendly to man, whose inhabitants are more ferocious, and stupid, and forlorn, and more remote from each other in language, habits, and religion; and where the rights of sovereignty are less perfectly established, less profitable to the rulers, and less beneficial to the subjects.

H. X.

Hints for a Funeral Oration.

EVERY event has some good effects mingled with its evil ones. This is eminetly true with respect to the death of Washington. I condole with my fellow citizens in general, on the loss which they have sustained in the death of one, who, in every political exigence, would have exerted himself for the common safety, with more likelihood of success, with greater purity of motives, with more foresight and caution, and with a larger portion of the general confidence, than any other man living.

But while I condole with the few

who know how to estimate his loss, I heartily congratulate the many on the pleasure which this event will afford them, in gazing at, and sharing in the spectacles and processions, which will, no doubt, follow. I particularly felicitate you, and the rest of you, dealers in rhetoric and poesy, on the occasion which will now be furnished you, of exhibiting your talents.

I do not pretend to be either poet or rhetorician myself; but the judge is sometimes found where we should vainly search for the performer; and he that cannot benefit others by example, may yet do them some service in the way of precept. Permit me, then, to offer you a little advice as to the best mode of conducting yourself in case you should be called upon to honour the memory of this great man with a funeral oration.

In the first place, you must be careful to remember that the peculiar province of the orator and bard, is to give voice to *passion;* and that the only passion worthy of this great occasion, is *grief.* If you have tolerable flexibility of muscles, and any power over your lachrymal secretions, I would counsel you not to be sparing of rueful looks and flowing tears. These mute signs are more eloquent than any words, and are altogether worthy of the ineffable anguish which it becomes every good man to feel on this occasion.

This, however, may be impossible or difficult; and as, at any rate, it is desirable to shew your power over the pathetic in words as well as gestures, it will be proper to make a judicious selection of images and topics. Be careful, then, to paint the universal affliction which the mournful tidings of this death produced throughout the land. Let all business and pleasure be said to be suspended by it; let all the houses of amusement or indolence, and every place of social and convivial meeting, be shut up; let merchants forget the coffee-house, attornies their plea-roll, physicians their patients, and politicians their newspapers; let taylors lay aside their shears, and cobblers their awls; in short, you must describe men and maids, whites and blacks, grey-beards and striplings, as joining in one universal out-cry of sorrow, for the death of their friend, parent, guide, champion, protecting angel, and tutelary divinity.

If your speech be designed to crown and close the solemnities of a funeral procession, you must by no means forget to remind your hearers of the doleful murmurs and grievous aspirations which waited on the pageant as it passed; of the stillness, aping death, and the sympathy of all hearts, with the measured pace, sable emblems, the sad array and dirges lamentable, which dignified the sorrowful day. Fail not to notice the grief of your auditors, the tears which flood the floor of the hall in which they sit, and the sighs fetched from the bottom of the breast, and which form a chorus of praise to the memory of Washington.

Having done this by way of exordium, you may then proceed to pourtray the *character* of Washington; but as, in this case, the mere truth will constitute the highest eulogy, and as this theme is of a kind which scorns all embellishment, and is, "when unadorned, adorned the most," you must rein in your fancy with great force, and confine yourself to a list of his exploits.

In the first place, be sure you tell your hearers that this great man was born in Virginia, somewhere about the year 1730. If you can hit upon the very year, month, and day on which he first saw the light, it will be still better. Inform them, in the next place, that he waged war at an early age against the Indians, and that he actually escaped being killed in every battle which he fought with them.

Having sufficiently discussed his juvenile history, you may leap over the large interval between Braddock's defeat and the opening of the revolutionary war. You must then rouse yourself to a mighty effort, and make a powerful appeal to the curiosity and attention of the audience. Having affected this, and chained every eye to your face, and every ear to your lips, you must proceed to relate that your hero was invited by the Congress to take the chief command of their forces. As this is the great scene of Washington's glory, you must not fail to mention that he accepted the commission.

You may then follow him through the various scenes of his eight years warfare. It is not for you to point out the caution he displayed in his attacks, the valour he shewed in his retreats, and the wisdom manifested in his stratagems. Let not the warmth of your emotion betray you into tedious speculations on the requisites of an accomplished general, and be not zealous to display the peculiarities attending the generalship of Washington. Waste no words in scrutinizing the minute links of that chain which connects the fate of armies and nations with the forethought and exertion of a single mind, and in tracing the scarcely visible, but well adjusted series of effects by which the issue of a war is made to depend upon the seasonable vigilance, magnanimity, and penetration of him who *rules the fray*.

I need not caution you against indulging in any subtleties of reasoning by which the freedom and existence of your country, the triumph of her armies, and the confusion of her adversaries, may seem to flow from more causes than one. As in the universal system, the true sublime consists in regarding all things as parts of one plan; as an endlessly subdivided and protracted chain pendant from one link; as fashioned like a cone, whose sides necessarily ascend into one point, of whatever extent the area of its base happens to be, so you must recognize, in our subordinate world, but one creating, modelling, and governing principle; one angel must rule in your storm, and that angel must be Washington.

But this exclusive homage must be denoted by silence rather than by words. You must so conduct yourself that it shall not appear that any one beside Washington possessed an intelligent or moral existence during and since the revolution. You must hang not only the success of the war, but the safety of our present political system, upon his single life. Without him, nothing could have happened that has happened; and, with his departure, the energies that kept us together as one nation, have taken their flight.

Remember that yourself, and your country, and the whole rational creation, are nothing in comparison with your hero, and you must therefore keep yourself and the world out of sight. Your business is to set before us his image, unobscured and undebased by associates, parallels, or contrasts. You must point out, with the naked beauty of truth, the eras of his several exploits. You must tell us the month and day when he arrived at the camp near Boston, when he captured the Hessians at Princeton, when he fought at Brandywine, and when he received the sword of his prisoner Cornwallis. All these were indispensible steps in his glorious and beneficent career. To pass them over unmentioned would, therefore, be unpardonable.

Having finished the military catalogue, you will then proceed to tell us how he resigned his commission, how he retired to Mount Vernon, how he obeyed a second call, and, after aiding in the formation of a constitution, contributed to effectuate its benefits by accepting the chair of president.

You may now hasten to a close; and a peroration being the test of oratorical genius, I would advise you to be very cautious in your steps. Call all your tropes and metaphors together; muster up all the sages, and soldiers, and statesmen of history; bring them all to the fane of Washington, and make them, with one voice, acknowledge his pre-eminence. Fabius, and Newton, and Hannibal, and Socrates, and Cincinatus, and Cicero, must be called, by the magic wand of your Hermes, from their long sleep, and be made to cast their garlands at the feet of his statue.

As the occasion of your speech is the *death* of your hero, it will, I think, be safest not to deny that he was mortal; but you may dexterously insinuate that our wishes, joined to the inference naturally flowing from his great age, made us believe, or *almost* believe, that he was immortal; an opinion which, to our inexpressible astonishment and grief, was confuted by his sudden and untimely death.

If it were possible to conjecture the cause of his death, I think your oration would be much embellished by adding your conjecture to the tail of it. They tell us much about a ride in the rain, an affection of the trachea, blood-letting, difficulty of respiration, and the like; but these are circumstances incident to common men. In all cases, they are, perhaps, merely the last links in a long chain, which begins in the counsels of divinity. There must have been some splendid and extraordinary motive in the overruling mind, for permitting the death of *such* a man. What could it be?

From the transports of grief which have seized his countrymen on account of his decease, by the *badge of woe* which hangs from every arm, the tears and laments that flow from all eyes, and burst from all lips, we may estimate the veneration in which he was held while living. This veneration, though no more than adequate to his virtues, was, perhaps, somewhat excessive, considering that Washington was, after all, a finite and perishable being. This reverence was daily gaining strength, and might, in time, have degenerated into flat idolatry. It was worthy, therefore, of our Maker to prevent the commission of so great a sin, by snatching him away from our sight, and shewing us, by this signal interference, that he would not share our worship with a mortal, however wise and brave that mortal might be.

I know not how your speech can end with more dignity than with a display of this magnificent idea. I therefore commend it to your notice, unless, in the promptings of your better genius, some other thought, still more august and suitable, should occur to you. It behoves you to exert yourself to gain this inspiration, and I wish you all possible success.

Yours,

MONENDUS.

The following Picture of the Emotions of a Youth of fifteen, described by himself, in a Foreign Language, may please some of our Readers on account of its simplicity. E.

SOUVENIR D'UN SEJOUR A BOMBAY.

By JOHN DAVIS.

Et hæc olim meminisse juvabit.
VIRG.

CE fut sur la fin du mois de Septembre, l'an 1790, que le vaisseau sur lequel j'étois, arriva à Bombay, lieu de notre destination; & ce fut avec une joie inexprimable, que je mis pied à terre: mon cœur étoit ouvert aux plus douces espérances.

Tandis que je jouissois par avance des plaisirs qu'on y prend, j'entendis du bruit, & ensuite j'apperçus à mes trousses, quantité de petits drôles, qui s'assemblerènt autour me moi, & me demandèrent d'un ton doucereux, & sans ménager les révérences, si j'avois besoin d'un Valet.

Je leur répondis qu'oui, & sans perdre de tems, je choisis un petit nègre, dont la physiognomie me plut. Mon laquais, il faut que j'en fasse le portrait, étoit un joli garçon, vif & fort éveillé, sans souci sur l'avenir, & aussi noir qu'il soit possible de l'être. Il se nommoit Restamgie, & il portoit à la main un parasol pour me mettre à l'abri du soleil. Voilà mon Valet.

Nous commençâmes à nous entretenir, chemin faisant. Mon ami, lui dis-je, allons au cabaret: quoique le jour soit avancé, je n'ai pas encore dejeuné, & à vous dire vrai, j'ai grand faim.

Il me repondit avec bien de la naïveté, & ses réponses, loin de me déplaire, me divertissoient. En peu de tems, nous arrivâmes à la porte d'une auberge, dont le maître d'hôtel vint me recevoir tres-gracieusement, & me conduisit à une chambre fort richement meublée, où je demandai à déjeûner d'un ton de voix élevé. Ensuite je conseillai à Restamgie de faire bonne chère dans la cuisine, et en attendant qu'on m'apportât le dejeûner, je me mis à la fénêtre pour voir passer le monde.

L'appetit ne me manque que trés rarement, & en déjeûnant je m'occupai heureusement à la lecture d'une livre François que j'avois dans ma poche; car lire en mangeant fut toujours a mon gré.

Mais je quittai bientôt la lecture pour agaçer une fille noire, que j'observai du coin de l'oeil entrer avec le memoire.

Elle avoit de beaux yeux noirs à l'orientale, un nez bien formé, la bouche mignonne, la taille à la main, & de grands cheveux, couleur d'ebene, qui lui tomboient au jarret.

Je lui payai la dépense & elle s'en alla, en me faisant mille remerciments.

Ma foi! me dis-je, il fait cher vivre ici! A ce compte je dépenserai bientôt mon argent, quoique ma bourse, grâce au ciel, soit à présent honnêtement garnie. Il me vient une pensée. J'ai ouï dire qu'il y a une jolie auberge, a une demi-lieue de Bombay, appellée la Taverne de Campagne, où l'on peut vivre à bon marché: par conséquent la meilleure chose que je puisse faire, c'est d'y aller sur le champ. J'aime bien la Campagne, & quand je demeure à la ville, c'est toujours malgré moi. Mais bon gré, malgré, il faut partir d'ici. Ou est mon laquais? Restamgie! Me voici, mon Maitre! Voilà qui est bien. Déployez votre parasol. Suivez moi. Allons nous en.

Au sortir de la ville, on trouvoit la Campagne bien riante, et on ne découvroit pas un nuage dans tout l'horison. Il faisoit très-beau pour la promenade.

Si je contemplois avec plaisir le paysage immense qui s'offroit de tous côtés à mes yeux, je ne fus pas moins frappé du coup d'oeil d'une maison de campagne, peu eloignée, dont l'aspect m'inspiroit les pensées les plus ravissantes. Je m'en approchai avec joie.

Il y avoit devant cette maison des cocotiers en fleurs, qui formoient un ombrage très-agrèable, & repandoient un odeur extrèmement delicieuse: derrière, un jardin bien entretenu, & orné d'orangers, au bas duquel couloit avec un doux murmure une petite rivière. Bref, c'étoit une retraite charmante, & je me livrai avec intérêt aux objets champêtres dont j'étois entouré.

Il y avoit trois enfans assis sur le gazon qui s'amusoient alternativement à cueillir des fleurs, pour en faire des bouquets, & à badiner avec un petit chien.

Ils temoignèrent leur surprise à mon arrivée imprevue, & le chien qui se mit à aboyer de toute ſa force, en avertit leurs parents, c'est à dire, l'hôte & l'hôtesse.

L'hôte, car c'est la Taverne de Campagne dont je parle, étoit un homme de cinquante ans à peu prés, dont le maintien me frappa. Son souris, sa maniere d'être, tout annoncoit la candeur de son ame.

Il étoit dans le balcon occupé a fumer sa pipe, & hôtesse étoit assise auprés de lui s'amusant à jouer de la harpe. La belle chose que la musique! C'étoit une femme d'un accueil plein de bonté, avec une physiognomie douce. & un sourire gracieux. Dès que j'approchai de la maison, ils se levèrent, & me saluèrent très poliment. En un mot, nous fumes connoissance en peu de tems, & je demeurai chez eux environ six jours.

Que c'est un spectacle doux, que celui d'une maison où regnent l'innocence & le bonheur. Je voudrois sçavoir d'où vient le charme attirant que mon cœur trouvoit à l'image de cette famille, peu brillante, mais où presidoit je ne sais quel delicieux mèlange de paix, de familiarité, d'union!

Qui décrira les agrémens de nos repas?

Je me souviendrai toujours de la Salle à manger, où nous mîmes à table sur le trois heures apres midi. L'ameublement en étoit blanc. Je vois Restamgie auprès de ma chaise, attentif à mes paroles, & cherchant dans mes yeux ce que j'allois démander. J'entends encore le bruit des tambours des *Siapois*, en marche, proche de la maison! —Ces circonstances toutes simples qu'elles paroissent, je me les rapelle avec plaisir!

On ne manquoit guère chez M. Loudwich, de faire bonne chère, & de boire d'excellent vin. Quand la chaleur augmentoit, quelle joie de m'asseoir auprès de Madame Loudwich, dans le balcon, & d'y fumer, presque en l'air, un espece de pipe, qu'on appelle un *Houcca*, en causant avec elle tantôt de ceci, tantôt de cela. C'etoit effectivement une aimable femme; douce de cœur, caressante, qui ne manquoit pas d'esprit, & qui me prit en amitié.

Les jours se passoient de cette sorte, & enfin lorsque minuit approchoit, je me rendois dans ma chambre, où je me couchois dans un petit lit qui valoit celui d'un Chanoine.

Souvenir plein de charmes!

Après un doux sommeil, je me levois aux premiers rayons de l'Aurore, pour aller passer quelques heures le matin, dans le jardin de mon hôte; y respirer le parfum des Orangers, dont j'etois environné, ravi du chant des oiseaux, & du gazouillement des ruisseaux.

Souvenir doux & agréable!

Quelquefois, enfermé dans ma chambre, je m'amusois à lire des livres que j'avois empruntés de mon hôtesse, en mangeant, en meme tems, un coco, où quelque autre fruit délicieux.

Moments heureux & delectables!

Deux ou trois fois la semaine, je louois un chariot traîné par des vaches, voiture bien connue aux Indes Orientales, & je prenois la route de *Dungarée*, petite ville peu éloigneé, où l'on peut gouter toutes les douceurs de la vie dans un commerce agréable avec les habitants, gens aimables par leur accueil aisé, & leur esprit liant.

Souvenir plein d'aménite!

Quelquefois, sur le soir, M. Loudwich, sa femme, & moi, nous allions tous ensemble faire un tour de jardin, par un beau clair de lune, pour y prêter l'oreille au chant du rossignol, dont le ramage nous faisoit tressaillir!

> Odi quello Usignuolo,
> Che va di ramo in ramo,
> Cantando, Io amo, Io amo!
>
> L'Aminte du Tasse.

Ecoutez ce Rosignol, qui voltige de rameau, en rameau, en chantant J'aime, J'aime!

Ainsi couloient mes heures à Bombay, & tel y étoit mon train de vie!

Ces plaisirs dont je jouissois avec ardeur, n'étoient troublés que par la crainte de les perdre.

Je n'envisageois qu'avec tristesse le Navire auquel j'appartenois, les travaux que j'allois entreprendre, les persécutions insupportables des officiers, les manieres brusques des matelots.

Adieu mon hôte, adieu mon hôtesse! Il faut quitter votre solitude, il faut monter à bord: Je vais retourner dans ma patrie. De grace, pensez quelque fois à votre etranger. Pour moi, je vous rapellerai sans cesse à ma memoire. Estime, souvenir, amitié, tout vous est dû.

American Review.

Art. VII.

A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them; and Observations deduced from the Facts stated. In two vols. 8vo. By Noah Webster. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *pp.* 700.

[Continued from p. 36.]

WE cannot pass over the subsequent part of this catalogue of plagues, flood, &c. without remarking that the incidents and quotations are not arranged with the utmost accuracy of method. They are interspersed with observations which, for the most part, are imperfect anticipations of what is afterwards to be proved, or repetitions of each other.

There is nothing with regard to which the truth is more difficult to ascertain, on which men are more prone to exaggerate, and on which, therefore, common historical evidence is more delusive, than the havock which plagues, famines, and convulsions of the elements produce. If Mr. W. aimed at the removal of this evil, he might imagine some utility in presenting it to us in the strongest light, and admitting, without much scruple, the pictures which historians have left us. When he finds occasion to speak in his own person, he might naturally be tempted to make the largest guesses and inferences as to the extent of the ruin to which our own infatuation, ignorance, and vices expose us. In proportion as our compassion for others, and fears for our own safety were excited, it might be expected that we would bestir ourselves in searching for and employing the means of prevention and cure.

It happens, however, somewhat unfortunately, that the chief design of our author is to shew that epidemics are effects of general and irremediable causes; that they are connected with revolutions of earth and air, which cannot be foreseen, and when they take place, cannot be disarmed of their malignant influence. That horrid series of calamities depicted by him, has little tendency, therefore, but to dishearten and affright us. We turn away from the shocking spectacle with sickening and loathing, and are prompted to exclaim against the equity of that contriver who entailed such various, incessant, and exquisite misery on his creatures.

With these views, we feel less disposed to forgive any appearance of exaggeration in the painter. Where the genuine evil is of such magnitude, it seems superfluous to enhance it by groundless and fallacious suppositions, or by implicit acquiescence in doubtful testimony. We may indure to see things as they really are, however disastrous and deplorable they may be, but may reasonably object to fanciful additions or extravagant deductions. We are sorry, therefore, to observe in our author, somewhat of this melancholy temper; a faith in annalists and chroniclers somewhat too obsequious, and a mind needlessly prone to decorate and amplify their tales of horror.

The following quotations will evince the lugubrious spirit of our author, and exhibit the use which he makes of his materials. He is describing the plague which prevailed in the middle of the fourteenth century. These are some of the particulars:

"Preceding and during the prevalence of the disease, *the whole earth* was shaken by most tremendous earthquakes. *All* Germany was shaken in 1346. In 1349, on the ninth of September, Sicily was shaken *to its foundation*, together with *all* Italy. In Greece, many cities were overthrown; and, in many places, towns and castles were demolished. Thousands of people were swallowed up, and the courses of rivers were obstructed.

"The pestilential state of air, in that period, is strongly marked by the appearance of *myriads* of unusual and loathsome insects, not only in *China*, but in Europe. They are described as young serpents, or as venomous insects, or as large vermin with tails and eight short legs—in which description, probably, a frightened imagination had some share of influence. But of their existence, there can be no doubt.

"This plague was so deadly that at least *half* or *two thirds* of the human race perished in about *eight years*. It was most fatal in cities, but in *no place* died less than *a third* of the inhabitants. In many cities, perished *nine out of ten* of the people, and many places were wholly depopulated. In London, 50,000 dead bodies were buried in one grave-yard. In Norwich died about the same number. In Venice, died 100,000. In Lubec, 90,000. In Florence, the same number. In the east, perished *twenty millions in one year*. In Spain, the disease raged three years, and carried off *two thirds* of the people. Alphonso II. died with it while besieging Gibraltar.

"In this fatal period, the apprehension of death destroyed the value of property. In England, cattle were neglected, and they ran at large over the country. The corn perished in the fields for want of reapers; whole villages were depopulated; and after the malady ceased, multitudes of houses and buildings of all kinds were seen mouldering to ruin. A horse which before had been worth forty shillings, after the sickness, sold for half a mark.

"Although in the year preceding there had been a plenty of provisions, yet, the neglect of agriculture during the general distress, produced a famine. Such was the loss of labourers, that the few survivors afterwards demanded exorbitant wages, and the parliament of England was obliged to interfere, and limit their wages, and even compel men to labour.—See 23d Edward III. A. D. 1350. The preamble states, that a great part of the people, especially workmen and servants, had died of the late pestilence; and those who survived, seeing the necessity of men, demanded excessive wages.

"This disease was particularly fatal in Denmark: all business was at a stand, towns were deserted, and all was terror and despair. It reached the highest northern latitudes; it broke out in Iceland, and was so fatal, that the settlements there are supposed not to have since recovered their population. It was called the *sorte diod*, black death.

"In some places, people attempted to escape infection by taking their families on board of vessels, and putting to sea; but it was in vain; they were seized in every place, without regard to age or sex.

"A phenomenon attending this plague, was the *death of fish*. This circumstance, with the bad state of the weather, which is often affected by the pestilential state of the elements, and was greatly affected in this period, gave rise to a report that the Jews had poisoned the wells and springs. The prejudices against the Jews, which have marked and scandalized all christian countries, except America, were at their height in the reign of Edward III, of England, the period under consideration. These prejudices drove legislators and princes to exercise every species of cruelty upon the Israelites, on account of their usury; and, when the report of their poisoning the water circulated, the populace, in some places, and especially in Germany, rose and assassinated multitudes of these unfortunate men.

"The death of animals, particularly of sheep, marked the same period. In England, 5000 died *in one pasture*. The state of the air and water was so pestilential, that it is averred by historians the fowls and fishes had bloches on them."

Nothing is more common in this history, than accounts of earthquakes which shook the whole earth, floods that swept away thousands, and plagues that destroyed two thirds of the human race. These facts are not naturally impossible, but surely we may demand stronger evidence of their truth than the chroniclers of the middle ages, and the physicians of Italy and France. Our author's theory does not require all this geographical and arithmetical precision; and will stand or fall whether we adopt or reject many of these evidences; but their tendency is hurtful, by reflecting discredit on the penetration, or the candour of the author, and the value of his "facts" is lessened by being associated with improbabilities or fictions. Before sentence was pronounced upon the veracity of compilers, Mr. Webster should have recollected how much his situation compelled him to rely upon their evidence, and how much of his narrative is derived from no other source.

The following extract will serve as an example of the mode in which our author reasons on the controverted point of imported and specific contagion, in relation to the pestilence of the last century in Europe:

"English authors all agree that the disease was imported into England from Holland, in some bales of cotton! 'O fatal bales of cotton!' says Short. This tale has been recorded and repeated by every writer on the subject, without a single document in evidence to prove that any cotton was imported, or that the first persons seized had ever seen such cotton. The whole tale rests on assertion. That the seeds of the distemper were *not* imported is evident from the acknowledged facts relative to its origin; and is demonstrated by the history of the preceding diseases found in the works of Sydenham.

"The origin of the pestilence, which arrived to its crisis in 1665, is to be traced back to the year 1661, when malignant diseases began to appear in different and distant parts of the world. 'In London, the intermitting tertian fever,' says Sydenham, 'became epidemic, and differed from the same disease in other years, by new and unusual symptoms, which, in short, amounted to this, that they were *all more violent*. In winter, the disease yielded, as usual, to cold; but continued fevers prevailed every winter.' These fevers, with some variations, continued until the spring of 1665, and the bills show how much they augmented the mortality in London. This increased malignity in usual diseases, with an increase of the number and mortality of epidemics, is the constant precursor of the plague or other pestilential fevers.

"Notwithstanding the clear evidence of these facts, authors have conjured up a tale of importation which would *disgrace a school-boy by its inconsistency*. The account states, 'That a violent plague raged in Holland in 1663, on which account, the importation of merchandize from that country was prohibited by the British Legislature in 1664. Notwithstanding this prohibition, *it seems the plague had actually been imported;* for in the close of 1664, two or three persons died suddenly in Westminster, *with marks of the plague on their bodies.*—Some of their neighbours, terrified at the thoughts of their danger, removed into the city; but too late; for they soon died of the plague, and communicated the infection to others. It was confined, however, through a hard, frosty winter, till the middle of February, when it again appeared in the Parish of St. Giles, to which it had been originally brought; and after another long rest, till April, showed its malignant force afresh, as soon as the warmth of spring gave it opportunity. *At first, it took off one here and there, without any certain proof of their having infected each other.*

Encyclopedia, art. London. 21.

"In the substance of the foregoing statement, all authors are agreed, and I want no other proof that the report of the importation of the disease is *all a vulgar, childish tale;* the propagation of which is a disgrace to philosophy, and to the faculty of that age.

"In the first place we have no authentic evidence in any author, that any bales of cotton were brought from Holland to London, at that time. The whole assertion rests on vulgar report, and is wholly unsupported by proof. Had the report been well founded, the fact might have been ascertained, and in an affair of such magnitude, probably would have been. The importation of goods from Holland was prohibited by act of parliament.

"In the second place, the disease first appeared in Westminster, not in the commercial city of London, but in a place where bales of cotton would be the least likely to be deposited and opened; Westminster being the residence of the nobility and gentry, rather than a place of commerce.

"In the third place, no proof is stated, that the persons first seized had any connection with bales of cotton.

"In the fourth place, the death of two or three persons, with the plague-marks on their bodies, in December, 1664, is no evidence of any imported infection at that time; for the bills of mortality show, and the reader is desired to turn to them, to be satisfied, that a smaller number died that year of the plague than had died of it in any of the six preceding years. In the year 1659 died of that disease 36—in 1661 died 20, and every year more or less. In 1664 died but 6 of the plague, and yet this number, small as it was, must be proof of the importation of infection, *that year*, when *greater numbers*, in preceding years, are passed over in silence! In such accounts, there must be want of knowledge, or *want of honesty*. The plague imported from Holland! when the city of London had not been free from it for twenty-eight years preceding! See the bills of mortality.

"Besides, why in the name of common sense, should 'two or three' infected persons, in 1664, spread the plague over London, and desolate the city, when twelve, fourteen, twenty, and thirty-six infected persons, who died in preceding years, produced no ill effects? To account for such effects on the principle of *infection*, is not possible; and men of science *ought to be ashamed of such absurdities.*

"In the fifth place, the suspension of the disease, during six weeks, is evidence that infection had no agency in spreading the disease. It is a fact known and acknowledged, that *infection* cannot be preserved for a tenth part of that time in the open air. Air dissolves the poison of any disease in a very short time. Infection can only be preserved in confinement, as in close vessels or packages of goods. The walls of an infected house will be cleansed by the action of air in a very few days, so as to be perfectly harmless. During the six weeks suspension of the plague in London, where was the infection concealed to preserve it from air and frost?

"Was the fomes shut up by design for a few weeks, and then set at liberty? Had the persons who were first seized in February, any access to the infected houses or clothes of those who died in December? Is this probable? There is no suggestion of this sort.

"Then, again, another interval of several weeks elapsed from the death of those in February, before others were seized. It is not solely improbable; but I aver, that the fomes or infecting principle of no disease whatever, can be suspended in a state of inaction, in the open air, and afterwards give rise to disease. Unless, therefore, it can be proved that the persons who died in April had access to infection, which had been closely confined from the air, they could never have received the disease from the virus generated in February or December. Now it appears from the statement, that the persons seized in February lived in a different part of the city from those who died in December, and no suggestion that they had an intercourse with any infected object.

"But the last sentence of the statement disproves fully all assertions and suspicions respecting infection. It seems that when the disease showed itself in spring, it seized one here, and another there, in scattered situations, 'without any certain proof of their having infected each other.' This is usually the case in the plague, and in the yellow fever, in the ulcerous sore throat, the dysentery, and other contagious, epidemic diseases. The whole mystery is, that any disease will *first* seize the constitutions least capable of resisting that state of air from which the disease proceeds. One person will sustain a vitiated air for one day only, another for two days, and a third for a week, before his constitution yields to the destructive principle. It is precisely with the access of the plague, in a city, as with a company of men going from a healthy situation into a marshy place: one man will be seized very speedily with the ague and fever, another will sustain his health for a week or two, and some, perhaps, escape unaffected. This example explains the phenomena which attend the invasion of pestilence, as related by Evagrius, Diemerbroeck, and others, and which will be more fully discussed in a subsequent section.

"The account, therefore, of the origin of the plague in London in 1665, not only does not prove the disease to have proceeded from imported fomes, but actually demonstrates the impossibility of the fact.

"But we have better evidence than the popular accounts afford us, that the disease was generated in the city of London. Sydenham has left facts on record which place this point beyond controversy.

"After describing the multiplied diseases of increased malignity which prevailed in London from 1661 to 1665, and which swelled greatly the bills of mortality in that city, he informs us that in May, 1665, he was called to assist a woman of a sanguine habit, who was seized with violent fever and frequent vomitings. He was surprised at the singularity of the symptoms, and puzzled to know how to treat the disease. The woman died the 14th day. He observed her face, during the fever, to be red; and that, a little before her death, a few drops of blood issued from her nose. These, and other circumstances, suggested to him the use of bleeding, and his next patient recovered.

"This species of malignant fever soon spread, and towards the close of May and beginning of June, became epidemic. Soon after appeared the true plague, with its characteristic symptoms. After stating these facts, Sydenham says, 'Whether the fever under consideration deserves to be entitled a plague, I dare not positively affirm; but this I know by experience, that all who were then seized with the true plague, attended with all its peculiar concomitants, and for some time afterwards, in my neighbourhood, had the same train of symptoms, both in the beginning and through the course of the disease.'

"He then observes that he attended some persons with the true plague, and afterwards he saw several cases of a similar fever.

See chap. ii. sect. 2.

"Had not the faculty been blinded to truth by their theory of *specific contagion*, it would not have been possible so long to overlook the *progressiveness* of the plague, which not only Sydenham, but many physicians of the 16th and 17th centuries observed and recorded.

"The malignant diseases which prevailed from 1661 to 1664, marked a *pestilential state of air* in London. We now know what Sydenham could not know, that this unhealthy state of air extended not only over Europe, but over Persia and America. But the malignant fever which appeared in May, as described by Sydenham, was the *first stage of the plague*, or mild form of the disease, which *always* precedes that state of it which is characterized by bubos.

This form of the disease appears before the season or state of the atmosphere is advanced sufficiently to give the destructive principle its full force.

"The same species of fever preceded the terrible plague in Venice and in Naples, as before related; and this is always the cause of uncertainty and controversy, respecting the nature of the disease, at its commencement. And it is remarkable that this milder form of the plague often rages for many months before the disease arrives to its crisis. Thus, in London, the pestilential principle produced a few cases of real plague, in the winter of 1664-5. The cases must have occurred in constitutions more irritable, or susceptible of the cause, than bodies in general; or the persons must have been exposed to the action of powerful local causes, or to extreme debility. The severe frost doubtless suspended the operation of the pestilential principle—but on the opening of spring, the operation began, and proceeded, from the malignant epidemic of May, to produce the most deadly effects.

"It has been alleged, and generally admitted, that the plague was introduced into Amsterdam, in 1663, by a vessel from the Mediterranean. It is probable that if this question could be fully canvassed, the popular belief would appear to have had no better foundation than many opinions in America, in regard to the importation of the yellow fever, which are proved to rest merely on conjectures, suppositions, and vague reports. But in regard to the origin of the pestilence in Holland, in this instance, it is wholly immaterial whether popular opinion was well founded or not; for we have the express authority of Diemerbroeck, that anterior to the arrival of the ship, with the supposed infection, the plague broke out in Heusden, a town on a branch of the Meuse, surrounded by a morass, not a maritime place. Besides, the spotted fever, which precedes the plague, and turns into it, had been prevailing in all parts of Holland in the preceding year. The pestilence, therefore, originated in Holland, *before the infection arrived;* and the tales of importation vanish in smoke.

"According to the bills of mortality, London lost upwards of 68,000 inhabitants by the plague in 1665, and more than 28,000 by other diseases. As the 28,000 deaths by common diseases must have occurred mostly in the six first months of the year, before the plague raged, this circumstance shows what a great increase of mortality preceded the plague. With such evidence before their eyes, how can discerning men look abroad for the sources of the malady!

"It should also be remarked that this calamity among the human race, was preceded by a great mortality among cattle in 1664.

"It must not pass unobserved, that the summer of 1665, in England, was very temperate, the weather fine and the fruits good. All the writers of that day agree, that no cause of pestilence could be observed in the visible qualities of the season.

"This was the last plague that has appeared in London, or in Great-Britain. The disappearance of the plague in that and other countries, is a most consoling fact, and one that has not a little engaged the minds of philosophic men, to discover the cause. The causes usually assigned are, the destruction of the city by fire in 1666, the more airy, convenient construction of the modern city, the introduction of fresh water, with more cleanliness, and improved habits of living.

"These reasons would have more weight in my mind, if the other large cities in England, in France, Spain, Holland, and Germany, which have neither been burnt nor improved in their general structure, had not also escaped the ravages of pestilence. But as the plague has not visited Paris and Amsterdam, which retain their ancient construction, no more than London, which has been improved, we must resort to other circumstances for the causes of this exemption."

Close attention to an abstruse subject, and to the arguments on one side of a controversy, is apt to generate strong convictions, and to make us suspect the candour, penetration and knowledge of our adversaries. We are in danger of changing compassion for the errors of others, into contempt of their understanding, or abhorrence of their motives; and, instead of concentering all our energies in argument, or disarming prejudice and opposition by the mildness of our treatment, by conciliation and gentleness of manners, we are likely to deal too much in sarcasm and invective. Instead of weakening the prepossessions that fight against us, and gaining at least a candid audience to our reasonings, we are merely heightening these hostile prepossessions, and irritating the pride of our antagonists. He that is railed at and despised for his opinions, will be sure to hold them faster than ever; and whatever be the benefits of truth, its advocates are in reality counteracting and frustrating their own efforts, and increase the number and obstinacy of their foes, infinitely more by their invectives than they lessen it by their raticionation.

These errors in controversy are to be deplored in proportion to the benefits flowing from agreement in opinion. The bickerings and animosities of disputants, respecting the origin of epidemics, is a subject of particular regret; and we are sincerely sorry to observe, in the work before us, so many proofs of a contemptuous spirit. We are not qualified to say whether the advocates for importation and contagion are right or wrong in their belief, but we may venture to affirm, that the imputations of puerile inconsistency, vulgar credulity, and childish folly, can only tend to render their belief more strong, and their opposition more strenuous.

(To be continued.)

ART. VIII.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

[Continued from p. 53.]

THIS collection is enriched by several valuable papers on the natural history and antiquities of America. These are chiefly the productions of Dr. B. S. Barton, whose eminence, in these instructive branches of inquiry, is generally acknowledged.

The most important of these, is *a memoir on the fascinating faculty ascribed to the rattle-snake, and other serpents of America, by B. S. Barton.* This performance has been long before the world, and will not, therefore, demand a very copious analysis. Some of our snakes have been generally supposed to attack other animals within their reach, by steadfastly gazing at them. The eye is a powerful organ, and its influence is well known; but whether that influence be of a moral, or physical, or mixed kind, is not easily determined. Whether it darts forth a subtile fluid, which enters and operates in a mechanical manner on the frame, or whether it weakens the frame, by first taking away courage and forethought, is a subject of curious speculation. The power of the eye, in general, is signally great; but serpents have been supposed to be endued with a larger share of this power, or, at least, to exercise it more extensively than any other animal.

Our author affirms this faculty in serpents to be no more than a vulgar error, and alleges a variety of considerations to shew the probability, that their food is, in all cases, procured in the ordinary modes. He finds that the food of snakes, consisting of frogs, and the callow young of birds is, for the most part, such as can be gained without the fascinating power. Hence he infers, that such power, being unnecessary, is not possessed. As to the tales of fascination current among rustics and travellers, he thinks the true meaning of appearances has been mistaken, and that the flutterings, cries, and rash approaches of squirrels and birds, noticed upon these occasions, proceed only from the anxiety of parents for their young.

This conclusion is adopted from noting that the birds most commonly observed to experience this influence, are such as build their nests upon the ground, or on low bushes, which only are accessible to the rattle-snake; that the stomach of snakes is generally found to contain the *young* of birds; that instances of supposed fascination generally occur at seasons when these birds lay their eggs and rear their young; that snakes are often driven away, and sometimes killed, by the exertions of the parent; and that the black-snake, particularly, has been seen to exert much ingenuity to gain access to nests, which exertions would be superseded by the fascinating faculty, if that were possessed.

On an American Species of Dipus, or Jerboa. By the same.

This animal, hitherto a non-descript, is here copiously described. It is accompanied with a suitable figure.

Observations on certain Articles taken from an Indian Grave, in the North-Western Territory. By the same.

The very curious subject of this essay will be best explained by the author himself.

"In the following inquiry, I shall offer some of my reasons for believing that there formerly existed, in many parts of North-America, a race of people, who, whilst they were more numerous, had made much greater advances in the arts, and in improvement, than the present races of Indians, *or than their ancestors since our actual acquaintance with them.*

"The Aztecas, or Mexicans, in the progress of their migration from the northern country of Aztlan, to the vale in which they afterwards founded the capital of their empire, discovered many and extensive ruins. These ruins were supposed, by the Mexicans, to be vestiges of the Toltecas, a numerous and powerful people, who had made greater advances in the arts of life, and in one of the sublimest of sciences,* than any of the other nations of the new world. The Toltecas are said to have begun their emigration towards the close of the sixth, or the beginning of the seventh century of the christian æra.† The Mexicans began their departure about the middle of the twelfth century.‡ If these accounts, therefore, can be depended upon, it would appear that the works discovered by the Mexicans had been constructed sometime between the beginning of the seventh, and the middle of the twelfth century.

---

* Aſtronomy.

† About the year 596, according to Clavigero.

‡ According to Clavigero, in the year 1160. Dr. Robertſon ſays, it was "towards the commencement of the thirteenth century." The hiſtory of America, vol. iii. p. 156. London. 1796.

"Whatever credit may be due to this traditional account concerning the Toltecas, whether they were the ancestors of the Peruvians, as I have sometimes been induced to believe,* whether they were an aboriginal or foreign colony, whose progeny exists no more, or whether the whole is a tale that has no foundation in truth, I shall not pause to inquire. Whatever may be the fate of these speculations concerning the Toltecas, I think no person that has minutely attended to the numerous vestiges which are daily discovered in various parts of North-America, will hesitate to believe that there has been a period when a great part of this continent was inhabited by nations who were more numerous than the present races of Indians, and who had attained to a considerable degree of improvement in the arts."

These vestiges of ancient nations are said to be,

1. Artificial mounds of earth, designed to be fortresses in time of war, the bases of temples, or the graves of men.

2. Traditions, at this time current among the Indian tribes, and by which they uniformly describe their ancestors as more numerous and powerful than themselves, and ascribe their decay and dispersion to wars and pestilence.

Little stress should be laid upon traditions, and the mere tradition of greater numbers, and consequently greater power, proves nothing as to the greater refinement of the ancients.

3. Decline of the numbers and improvements of the Indians within our own historical observation.

Pestilence and war have nearly extirpated the aborigines between the Great River and the Ocean; but is not the remnant on a level, morally and intellectually considered, with their forefathers?

The superstitions of unlettered hunters and fishers cannot be stable; but it does not appear that the Indian dreams were more coherent or beneficent formerly than at present. Our author speaks of the loss of the sublime principles of their religion, the belief of divine superintendance and a future state. We are afraid that it would be hard to shew that these principles have been, at any time, less distorted by ignorance, and polluted by ferocious habits, than at present. Is there any historical proof, that the arts, connected with subsistence or convenience, have degenerated among our Indians? Some of their primæval arts and instruments, it is true, they have abandoned, but merely to adopt those of the European colonists, and this is a species of improvement. The extinction of the Natchez and their sacred fire, are proofs of change, but not of degeneracy. The only circumstance of declension *known to us*, is that of their numbers; but the causes of *this* declension began to operate at the arrival of Columbus. Wars may exterminate a tribe, and plagues may depopulate a continent, but the influence of these causes, prior to the colonization from Europe, is merely conjectural.

---

* The empire of the Toltecas is ſaid to have terminated about the year 1052. The Spaniards firſt arrived in Peru in the year 1526, at which time Huana Capac was the reigning monarch of the country. According to the Peruvian ſtory, Huana was the twelfth monarch, in ſucceſſion, from Manco Capac, who is ſaid to have founded the empire about four hundred years before. This period will carry us back to within leſs than one hundred years of the end of the Toltecan empire. My account of the Toltecas is taken from the Abbé Saverio Clavigero's Hiſtory of Mexico, one of the moſt valuable works that has ever been publiſhed on the ſubject of America. The Hiſtory of Mexico, collected from Spaniſh and Mexican hiſtorians, &c. tranſlated from the original Italian by Charles Cullen, Eſq. vol. i. p. 83, 84, 85, 88, and 89. London. 1787. It is rather remarkable that Acoſta makes no mention of the Toltecas.

4. Similarity between Indian and Asiatic mythology.

This may throw some light upon the origin of American or Asiatic population, but not upon the state of ancient manners. Indeed these facts would rather lead to an opposite conclusion, and prove, if any thing be proved, not that Americans were once as wise as Asiatics are now, but, on the contrary, that Asiatics were rude and ignorant at the time of the migration to America, as the Americans at present are.

5. Monuments and fragments have been found in the northern regions of America, evincing as great improvement in astronomy as was attained by the Mexicans.

What are these monuments and fragments? They may go far to point out the ancient limits, dwellings, and migrations of the Mexicans.

6. The structure of some American languages is more artificial and refined, and their fertility greater than was to be expected from people in their uncivilized state.

This is delicate and dubious ground whereon to build hypothesis. To settle the analogy between the *structure* of language, including derivation, inflection, and syntax, and the state of the other arts in a nation, must be an arduous province. We are unacquainted with any incontestable principles, by the application of which this opinion of our author is enforced. Monboddo, and other speculators on the history of language, take things as they are found, and paint the dialect of Hurons and Oneidas as consistent with their savage condition.

We may mistake the author's meaning when he speaks of the fertility of language. It commonly denotes two things: first, many words for the same object; and, secondly, words for a great number of objects. In the first sense, fertility of language proves nothing; in the second sense, it reflects light upon the present only, and not upon the past condition of the speakers.

The Indian tongues are not written. Hence, words formerly in use cannot be compared with those in use at present. We must not suppose that the Indians employ words without meaning. If they did, it might be permitted to inquire whether sounds were once significant which now signify nothing.

There are but two causes of permanence in language; the use of writing, and the permanence of the moral, social, and intellectual condition of the speakers. If the Indians be remarkably *retentive* of their language, which is, itself, a somewhat dubious proposition, what inference can thence be drawn respecting their former condition? That it was the same as their present. Permanence and change will, indeed, be somewhat influenced by the fertility or poverty of the language; but the fertile, contrary to our author's opinion, is surely more liable to change, because changes may be made with more facility and less inconvenience, than the poor.

By Indian *retentiveness*, in this respect, perhaps, was meant their reluctance to adopt the words of their European neighbours. From this, if it be true, no inference relative to former times, or the riches of their native dialect, can be deduced.

Besides, how should it appear that they are *remarkably* retentive? What nation can be found with whom to compare them in this respect?

7. The Natchez were distinguished, like the Mexicans, by a ceremonious and ordinary style of speaking. Some other North-American tribes had a similar distinction between the language of political debate and that of conversation.

From this circumstance, nothing more than affinity or intercourse with Mexico can be inferred. No light is hence derived, with respect to ancient times; at least, no argument of degeneracy can be built upon this fact.

8. Radical languages, in America, are few, and dialects slightly, differing from each other, are extremely numerous. Hence we may infer a time when the nations were more closely united, and numerous societies cannot subsist without considerable progress in refinement.

From similitude of language among tribes dispersed over a wide space, what shall we infer? That they once lived closer to each other, and too closely to permit them to subsist in their present state of fishers and hunters? This inference is far less plausible than that they are derived from a common and recent origin. Population is proportioned to the means of subsistence; and a hunting country will usually be stocked with as many people as mere hunting will enable to live. Their numbers may occasionally be thinned by pestilence and war, but will soon rise to one point, beyond which they cannot go. Tribes recently branching out from common ancestors, will preserve various resemblances to each other, and especially in language. This community of origin may, therefore, be inferred from resemblance in language; but it is difficult to conceive how those have come to be scattered over half the world, whose ancestors, *as numerous as themselves*, lived close together.

9. Hieroglyphical characters were formerly known in North-America, as appears from very ancient inscriptions of that kind, to be found in Virginia, and apparently engraven with metalic instruments.

Inscriptions on a rock prove, no doubt, the existence of an agent and an instrument; but whether the inscribers were many or few; whether they were sojourners or residents; whether they were members of a foreign nation, who left behind them these lasting memorials of their journies, or were priests and guides of a nation settled around the rocks where these inscriptions appear, are uncertainties that are not likely to be ever removed.

The Mexicans were acquainted with hieroglyphics. It is possible, therefore, that wanderers from Mexico accidentally visited this spot, and presently forsook it for some other abode. It is likewise possible that these were the former seats of the Mexican nation, during their continuance in which, they arrived, at least, at the knowledge of hieroglyphic characters. The former supposition is most plausible.

On the whole, a cautious reasoner will be disposed to lay small stress upon any of these clues to the knowledge of antiquity, except the first. The mounds and eminences, whose regularity evinces them to be produced by man, and the fragments of metal or stone, found below or on the surface of the earth, and whose mathematical shapes also prove them to be artificial, constitute the only basis hitherto discovered for speculations on the ancient state of America.

The remains which are here described consist of pieces of stone, wrought and smoothed with great exactness, some into mathematical figures, and one of them into the shape of a bird's bill, and a small piece of copper. Similar figures are not to be found among the present Indians. The grave appears to have been dug and occupied many centuries ago.

In search of some plausible conjecture as to the nature and uses of these remains, Dr. B. quotes various particulars respecting the manners, and religion, and arts of the Mexicans. From these inquiries, he is led to infer, that these were superstitious and ornamental appendages of the person of some chief; and that these remains testify the ancient existence of a race of men about the conflux of the Mississippi and Ohio, not inferior in civilization to the Mexicans.

Future discoveries will add new force to this conjecture, or will weaken it. Much will depend upon the number of these sculptured ornaments. If graves of this kind be very numerous, and widely scattered, they will afford stronger proof of the existence of a *nation*. A single rock covered with inscriptions, or a *single* grave, will afford a slender harvest to the sickle of an antiquarian.

(To be continued.)

ART. IX.

An ORATION *on the* DEATH *of* GENERAL WASHINGTON. *By* Governeur Morris. *Delivered at the Request of the Corporation of the City of New-York, Dec.* 31, 1799, *and published by their Request.* Furman. 1800. *pp.* 24.

IT may be said, without derogation to the numerous rhetoricians who have devoted their genius to the same theme, that popular esteem was more ardent and unanimous with respect to *this* orator, than to any of his compeers. His personal acquaintance with that great scene in which the late President performed so memorable a part; the maturity of his age; the ample limits of his observation, and the long exercise of his intelligence on political topics, were justly imagined to place him far above all other competitors for this office, and carried to a very lofty pitch the expectations of the public. This eulogy, stripped of all the fascinations of looks and gesture, and all the magic of tones, is now submitted to our sober and dispassionate inspection, and the delicate and arduous function is assigned to us of weighing its topics, and scrutinizing its style.

As to the strain of reasoning and description contained in this oration, two or three examples will afford a more accurate conception of it, than any general criticism. A certain domestic privation allotted to Washington, would not readily occur to ordinary eulogists, and certainly would not suggest to men of ordinary genius, reflections like the following:—

"Bound by the sacred ties of wedded love, his high example strengthened the tone of public manners. Beloved, almost adored by the amiable partner of his toils and dangers, who shared with him the anxieties of public life, and sweetened the shade of retirement, no fruit was granted to their union. No child to catch with pious tenderness the falling tear, and soothe the anguish of connubial affliction. No living image remains to her of his virtues, and she must seek them sorrowing in the grave. Who shall arraign, oh God! thy high decree? Was it in displeasure, that to the father of his country thou hadst denied a son? Was it in mercy, lest the paternal virtues should have triumphed (during some frail moment) in the patriot bosom? Americans! he had no child—*but you*—and *he was all your own*."

It cannot be expected that the

eyes of the poet or orator should look at objects in the same point of view with physiologists or metaphysicians. It is the business of the latter to trace the greatest events to the smallest causes, whereas it is the orator's province to take care that the cause shall not fall short of the effect in dignity and grandeur. Short-sighted observers, reflecting on the merits of their chief, would be naturally disposed to wonder why the blessing of posterity was denied to him. The ways of Providence, however, may always be justified. In this case, Heaven had surely done enough in making him the *father of a nation*. Having bestowed so splendid a gift, it could not reasonably be censured for *withholding a son.*

The fears and discontents manifested by the army at the close of the war, are generally known. The *cause* of those discontents, and the motives of the leader are placed by Mr. M. in a *new* light. Not small would be the value of this performance, were it merely on account of this discovery. Thus he speaks:

"Connected by the endearing ties of soldierly brotherhood, these gallant sons of freedom anticipated with horror the moment when they might be called on to unsheathe their swords *against each other*; and pour, in impious libation, the purest of their blood upon the altars of civil war. Some of the more ardent spirits, smarting from the past, and *fearing for the future*, had formed a wish, that the army might be kept together, and (by its appearance) accelerate *the adoption of an efficient government*. The *sentiment was patriotic*—the plan of doubtful complexion—the success uncertain—but the prospect was fair if the *chief* could be engaged.

"*He knew their wrongs!* He knew their worth! He felt *their apprehensions!*—They had strong claims *upon him*, and those claims were strongly urged. Supreme power, with meretricious charms, courted his embrace; and was clothed, to seduce him, in the robes of justice. If, therefore, ambition had possessed a single corner of his heart, he might have deliberated. But he was ever *loyal*. He bid a last adieu to the companions of his glory, and laid all his laurels at the feet of his country!"

If these passages be classed with rhetoric rather than with history, their value will rather be enhanced than diminished. A sublime fancy delights in ennobling the origin of kings, and states, and *constitutions*, by tracing their existence to an earlier date, and an higher parentage. The prince of poets wrote for no other end than to illustrate the pedigree of Cæsar, and place farther back the origin of enmity between Carthage and Rome. It was, perhaps, with this laudable spirit, that the orator has assigned motives to the discontented officers, widely different from the mercenary and selfish ends, vulgarly imputed to them. Instead of retaining their arms in order to ensure the payment of their wages, they are, with great felicity, described as foreseeing all the evils and distractions of disunited government, and designing to procure a more compact and efficient confederacy.

It would not be proper to inquire how their continuing armed was to be made subservient to this end. Their motive was good, "their sentiment was patriotic;" but the non-concurrence of the leader totally defeated it.

After enlarging on the majesty of port, the self-command, and the unrivalled and unblemished excellence of Washington, the author proceeds to recapitulate his glorious deeds in war and peace. The sketch is rapid and succinct, and is endeavoured to be made more vivid by tearseness of style, brilliant epithets, and glowing figures. The language indeed, in some cases, verges upon numbers. Slight variations would reduce it to verse, sometimes to the loose iambic of tragedy and ode, and sometimes to the looser *dactylic* of M'Pherson. The phrasealogy has a cast no less poetical.

In proof of the metrical as well as poetical structure of this performance, the following sentences are offered. To make the measures more conspicuous, we shall place some of them in blank verse, and lyric order.

"His ſpirit ſoared beyond ambition's reach,
He ſaw a crown (high) above all human grandeur,
He ſought, he gained, and wore that crown.

The quick bolts fly, wing'd with death,
And pierce his garments;
But, obedient to the Sovereign will,
They dare not ſhed his blood.

He accompanies, to weſtern wilds,
Braddock! who, bred in camps
Of European war, deſpiſed the ſavage;
But ſoon entrapped in the cloſe ambuſh,
Military ſkill becomes of no avail. The leaders,
Selected by unerring aim, firſt fall.
The troops lie thick in ſlaughtered heaps, &c.

And ſun-ſhine friends,
Turning their halcyon beaks to fairer ſkies,
Sought ſhelter from the ſtorm.

In vain the raging Delaware,
Vexed with the wintry blaſt, forbids their march!
In vain he rolls along his rocky bed,
A *frozen torrent*, whoſe ponderous maſs
Threatens to ſweep the ſoldier from his uncertain footſtep,
And bear him down the flood.
In vain the beating ſnow
Adds to the dangerous ford a darkening horror! &c.

Already from his brazen throat
The cannon gives loud ſummons to the field.
From this *black* night of *gloomy* apprehenſion
Broke forth the ſun of golden, glorious hope!—
And ſee! freſh in renewed vigour,
He decks his hoary head with nodding plumes
Of war, and mounts the barbed ſteed
With countenance erect and firm,
His eagle-eye meaſures the lengthen'd file," &c.

They are nice partitions that divide rhetoric from poetry. In these quotations, the bounds seem to be overstepped, and perhaps the reader will regret that the whole had not been thrown into Miltonic, or Pindaric measures; we shall be happy to see this accomplished by some skilful hand. These pages are full of the "*membra disjecta*" and "*miracula speciosa*" of the poet, and it were pity that they should not be collected into luminous order, and modeled into musical proportions. From a tribute of mere eloquence, it might thus be changed into homage of poetry, and might convince the sceptical world, that, as America produces heroes that engross all possible virtue and all conceivable wisdom, she likewise nourishes poets that possess all the treasures of the muse.

ART. X.

A FUNERAL ORATION, *in honour of the memory of* GEORGE WASHINGTON, *late General of the Armies of the United States. Prepared and delivered at the request of Congress, at the German Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, on Thursday the 26th of December. By Major-General* Henry Lee, *one of the Representatives from the State of Virginia. 8vo. pp. 16. Brooklyn.* Kirk. 1800.

THE fire that pervades this composition is, by no means, of so sparkling a kind as that by which the former is animated and brightened. There is nothing which, in any degree, rises above the humility of prose. If there be no strains of uncommon eloquence, there is, at least, no tincture of affectation, no painful efforts to attain sublimity and grandeur. There is none of that glittering imagery and elaborate conciseness which prove the writer to be more engaged in displaying and contemplating his own perfections than those of the deceased. There is earnestness, if not pathos; and, if he depicts in exaggerated colours the national grief, he is led into this error, less by the precepts of a fulsome and phantastic rhetoric, than by the mournful suggestions of his own mind.

In pourtraying the characters of men, it is difficult to avoid an enumeration of their actions. This speech, accordingly, details the chief events of the life of Washington, from the defeat of Braddock to the acceptance of his last military commission. The rectitude of his motives, and the wisdom of his conduct on each occasion, are fervently applauded. Indiscriminate praise is seldom just, and seldom acceptable to an upright mind; but, in truth, it would require a very dispassionate scrutiny to discover the defects of Washington: these defects are obscured and concealed by the lustre of his virtues, and to bestow pains in detecting or unfolding them, would argue, at any time, an envious and malignant temper, but would be particularly unsuitable to the occasion on which this eulogy was pronounced.

The mode in which the conduct of the deceased is described by the orator, will appear from the following specimen, in relation to the late Indian war, and the proclamation of neutrality.

"War, long menaced by the Indian tribes, now broke out: and the terrible conflict deluging Europe with blood, began to shed its baneful influences over our happy land. To the first, outstretching his invincible arm, under the orders of the gallant Wayne, the American Eagle soared triumphant through distant forests. Peace followed victory, and the melioration of the condition of the enemy followed peace. Godlike virtue, which uplifts even the subdued savage!

"To the second he opposed himself. New and delicate was the conjuncture, and great was the stake. Soon did his penetrating mind discern and seize the only course, continuing to us all the blessings enjoyed. He issued his proclamation of neutrality. This index to him whose subsequent conduct was sanctioned by the approbation of both houses of Congress, and by the approving voice of the people.

"To this sublime policy he inviolably adhered, unmoved by foreign intrusion, unshaken by domestic turbulence.

'Juſtum et tenacem propoſiti virum
'Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
'Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
'Mente quatit ſolida.'

"Maintaining his pacific system at the expense of no duty, America, faithful to herself, and unstained in her honour, continued to enjoy the delights of peace, while afflicted Europe mourns in every quarter under the accumulated miseries of an unexampled war; miseries in which our happy country must have shared, had not our pre-eminent Washington been as firm in council as he was brave in the field.

"Pursuing steadfastly his course, he held safe the public happiness, preventing foreign war, and quelling internal disorder, till the revolving period of a third election approached, when he executed his interrupted but inextinguishable desire of returning to the humble walks of private life."

There are few readers who will

be offended at the strain of this oration. It contains little that is new to ordinary inquirers. Such combinations and allusions only as are suggested to most minds while contemplating the character of the illustrious chief, and such as ordinary education would supply, are to be found in it. He carries us not beyond the beaten track of panegyric, objects receive from his pencil no new colouring. He tells us what most would tell us from the same stage. He clothes, in their customary dress, our own habitual ideas. His Washington is ours, gifted as a military leader, with every military virtue, and as a civil magistrate, all-wise. If, therefore, he fail to delight or instruct us by the novelty of his images, and the profoundness of his views, or the charms of his style, he will not, at least, offend us. We go away satisfied from his recital, and regret, not that so few encomiasts rise above, but that so many fall below the mediocrity which he has displayed.

Art. XI.

An Oration *on the apparent and the real political situation of the United States; pronounced before the Connecticut Society of Cincinnati, assembled at New-Haven for the celebration of American Independence, July* 4, 1799. *By* Zechariah Lewis, *a tutor of Yale College. 8vo. pp.* 27. *New-Haven.* Green *and* Son. 1799.

FOR several years past the orators on the anniversary of American independence have been freed from the trammels which formerly beset them, in undertaking their holy-day task. The awful convulsions of Europe, and the conflicts of party animosity in our own country, have furnished ample substitutes for the old and thread-bare topics of British oppression, the value of independence, the blessings of civil liberty, and the rising glory of our new world. Of this opportunity to depart from the beaten path, Mr. L. has availed himself, Instead of dwelling on themes formerly considered appropriate to the occasion, he prefers the more popular subjects of domestic broils, the French revolution, and the horrors produced by political licentiousness and false philosophy, in every country in which French power and principles have gained the ascendancy.

The title of this oration sufficiently indicates the outline of its contents. "The apparent situation of our country," Mr. L. believes to be rather more favourable than it was a short time since. He thinks there is an increasing union of sentiment among our citizens; that new approbation and support have been given to the administration of our government; that wise and spirited measures of national defence have been adopted; that the intrigues and deceitful arts of France are becoming better understood and more generally acknowledged; and that some individual States, lately warm and violent in the opposition, are apparently growing more friendly to the measures of the general government.

But these favourable appearances, Mr. L. apprehends, will prove fallacious and imaginary. He thinks that, however flattering the *apparent* situation of our country may be, its *real* situation is still imminently critical and dangerous. This danger arises, in his estimation, from foreign attachments and foreign influence; from the introduction and spread of demoralizing principles; from the prejudices and passions of many of our own citizens; from the opposition of open and professed enemies of our government; and from the blind zeal of men who are sincere friends of their country, but who disapprove of the measures adopted for its security. Mr. L. then concludes by taking up and examining some of the prejudices and false opinions into which many of the latter class have fallen; and delivering a solemn exhortation to guard against the evils which he has pointed out.

We do not discover much originality of thought or expression in this oration. Mr. L. delivers common and popular sentiments, in a common and popular dress. His style is simple, manly, and perspicuous; and, if he should be thought sometimes to dispense his censure and his praise in terms rather too decided and imposing for a youthful orator, it will be at the same time recollected, that a display of ardent and benevolent zeal for human happiness is, at all times, a pleasing and promising character of juvenile compositions.

ART. XII.

A PRAYER *and* SERMON, *delivered at Charlestown, Dec.* 31, 1799, *on the death of* GEORGE WASHINGTON, *late President, and Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, &c. with an additional sketch of his life. By* Jedediah Morse, *D. D. Pastor of the Church in Charlestown. To which is prefixed, an account of the proceedings of the town on the melancholy occasion; written by* Josiah Bartlett, *Esq.* 8*vo. pp.* 82. *Charlestown.* Etheridge. 1800.

THE death of General Washington has produced sensations in the public mind, and called forth expressions of sorrow for his loss, and of respect to his memory, which are, probably, without a parallel in the history of man. Over his tomb the spell of party is dissolved; the conflicts of opposing politicians are suspended, and the American people, with one heart, and with all the ardour of filial affection and gratitude, crowd around, to do honour to his ashes. Seldom have those who contend that Republics *can* be grateful, been furnished with a more remarkable instance in support of their opinion than the manner in which the citizens of the United States have treated the memory of their political father.

Of the numberless discourses, orations, eulogies, poems, &c. which have been laid before the public on this occasion, we shall be able to notice only a small portion. From those which come to our knowledge we shall endeavour to make such a selection as will gratify and amuse our readers.

The pamphlet before us exhibits a full view of the "proceedings of the town of Charlestown, in respectful testimony of the distinguished talents, and pre-eminent virtues of the late George Washington." The first article in the collection is an historical account of these "proceedings," drawn up by Mr. Bartlett. In this we notice nothing very remarkable. Mr. B. has presented a plain narrative, without that pomp and extravagance of diction which have been too often adopted on similar occasions. The use which he makes of one word, however, is rather new to us. He informs us that, at a meeting of the Selectmen, &c. committees were *raised* for this and the other purpose. We have no recollection of any authority for such a use of the word *raise*. Unless we exceedingly mistake, this mode of expression will not find support either in custom or propriety.

Next follow the prayer and sermon by Dr. Morse. We know not how the advocates for extemporary prayer will relish the avowed pre-composition, and publication of an address to the throne of grace. Still less can we decide how that part of the prayer which is addressed to the departed spirit of General Washington, will impress the mind of the serious and attentive reader; for we can absolutely view in no other light the following sentences, introduced in the midst of very pertinent and judicious petitions to the Deity.—"Oh, our Father, our Father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof. Our chiefest of earthly friends; Columbia's greatest earthly defence! we mourn that we are to see thy face no more!" Had this apostrophe burst from the lips, amidst the unguarded fervors of extemporaneous discourse, it might have passed without remark; but considering it as introduced into a devotional exercise, previously and deliberately composed, we doubt whether it will stand the test of rigid theological criticism.

We proceed to the sermon. This is founded on Deuteronomy xxxiv. 5, 7, 8. *So Moses the servant of the Lord died. His eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated. And the children of Israel wept for Moses, in the plains of Moab, thirty days.* From this text Dr. M. undertakes to delineate the character, and to give a detail of the principal atchievements of Moses, as a military leader and legislator. Having done this, he draws a comparison between the talents, virtues, and deeds of the illustrious Chief of the Hebrews, and those of the great American hero. Some practical reflections and inferences succeed, and close the discourse. We think Dr. M. has pressed the comparison between the two distinguished men, who form the principal objects of his attention, quite as far as propriety would permit. Many of the points of coincidence, which he notices, however, are remarkable, and are judiciously selected and stated. The style is plain and unaffected; and the discourse, on the whole, will be read with pleasure; and will not, it is presumed, in the estimation of any reader, diminish the well known portion of literary fame which its author has, for some time, enjoyed.

To the sermon is annexed a farther "Biographical sketch of General Washington." The substance of this "sketch" was given to the public some time since, in Dr. M.'s *American Geography*. He here presents it in a revised and enlarged form. The citizens of America, and indeed of the civilized world, will, no doubt, look forward with high expectation to the appearance of that larger account of this wonderful man, to which Dr. M. refers, as probably preparing by another hand. In the mean time, we think he has judged rightly in supposing that this brief "sketch" would be an acceptable present to his countrymen. Every fact which respects Washington will be sought after with avidity, and contemplated with pleasure.

This pamphlet is closed by a small body of notes, given by way of appendix, and designed more fully to illustrate some parts of the sermon, and subsequent "sketch." These notes, though chiefly relating to facts familiarly known, are yet all appropriate, and abundantly worthy of the place which they occupy, if we except the first, which presents us with an intercepted letter, written in the year 1753, by Mons. La Roche, to Mons. Le Maine, a French officer, containing a particular account of the designs and plans of the French for subjugating the British colonies at that period. We were, at first, utterly at a loss to account for the insertion of this long letter, which takes up nearly half the appendix, and in which we found no allusion to the character or actions of Washington. A reference to the passage which the letter is designed to illustrate, afforded no means of removing our doubts. But upon recollecting how deeply Dr. M. has lately embarked in the business of detecting conspiracies, publishing intercepted dispatches, and exposing French villainy, we concluded, at length, that he was unwilling to let an opportunity escape of adding another exertion to the very zealous and laudable services which he has already, in this way, rendered his countrymen.

Art. XIII.

A Sermon, *on the Duty of Civil Obedience, as required in Scripture. Delivered in Christ's Church, and St. Peter's, April 25th,* 1799, *being a day of General Humiliation, appointed by the President of the United States. By* William White, *D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. 8vo. pp.* 26. *Philadelphia.* Ormrod. 1799.

THIS Sermon, we are informed by the Right Rev. Author, has been delivered, in substance, and a great part of it in the very words in which it now appears, at three different and distant periods of his life. Having made some small addition to it, appropriate to the occasion on which it was last delivered, he was requested to print it by many whom he esteems. He acceded to this proposal with great reluctance; but his reluctance, he adds, was lessened by the consideration that he was delivering to the press, a standard of what are and have been his sentiments on a subject on which he has sometimes, from a sense of duty, addressed his hearers.

The sentiments inculcated in this discourse are the following: that the old doctrine of "the indefeasible right of princes to the obedience of their subjects," is false and unfavourable to civil happiness; that the doctrine which has been sometimes believed, that we are bound to submit to the civil authority, in whatever hands it may be lodged, to whatever extremes it may be abused, and whatever laws it may contradict, is a still more extravagant and untenable error; that we are directed in scripture to render obedience to the civil magistrate, in general, without any nice discussions concerning the origin, the extent, or the discontinuance of his power. Still, however, that this injunction of holy writ is, by no means, to be construed as if the duty of obedience had no limitation or exceptions; that where power is wantonly abused, or prostrates the constitution and the laws, it may be resisted; but that revelation does not expressly recognize any case in which such resistance would be lawful, nor prescribe the points at which it should begin or end; and, finally, that although civil magistrates are by no means above law, yet all opposition to the just and lawful exercise of the authority vested in them, is highly criminal.

The bishop delivers his sentiments with that modest, unaffected dignity which becomes a gentleman and a minister of the gospel. Toward the conclusion of the discourse, he speaks with pointed disapprobation and severity of some instances of opposition to regular government which have taken place in this country, and in Europe; but it is the severity of meekness and moderation. Harsh censures, and inquisitorial fury against those who differ from him in opinion, are carefully avoided.

The style of this sermon has considerable faults. It is remarkably deficient in precision and perspicuity; the meaning is not only often obscured, but sometimes placed nearly out of sight, amidst a cloud of words. We frequently regretted, in the course of the perusal, that sentiments so worthy of being understood and remembered, should be exhibited in a dress so ill adapted to the perceptions and memories of ordinary readers.

ART. XIV.

An ADDRESS *to the Citizens of New-York, who assembled in the Brick Presbyterian Church, to celebrate the twenty-third Anniversary of American Independence. By* Samuel L. Mitchill. 8*vo. pp.* 27. *New-York.* 1800. George F. Hopkins.

ON perusing this Address, we could not forbear to remark a strain of sentiment very different from that of other performances, on the like occasion, which have come before us. The subject is the same, but the topics of argument and illustration, as well as the manner in which they are treated, are greatly dissimilar. Dr. M. tells his hearers that he came not to deliver the language of flattery and declamation, to "tickle their ears" or to amuse their fancy with the flowers of rhetoric. His purpose is to talk with plainness and candour about independence, and the nature and characteristics of a republican government. He does not, therefore, seek to gain their favour by flattering their prejudices, or to awaken their feelings by depicting the splendid attributes of national sovereignty.

He wishes them to take a sober and dispassionate survey of the nature and importance of that political independence which they have acquired; and while he points out the true foundation of human happiness to be in that social state which results from the wants and weaknesses of our nature, and that rational dependence on a free government, and submission to its laws, the choice and will of a free people, he seeks to draw their attention from the delusions of speculative philosophers, who dwell on the visions of a future reign of virtue and justice, innocence and peace, to those real and unavoidable evils which grow out of the nature and constitution of man, and which it is the end of *practical* wisdom, while it strives to ameliorate our constitution, to teach us to endure with enlightened patience and good temper.

Having thus endeavoured to moderate the passions, to rectify the errors of mistaken self-love, to subdue the pretensions of false pride, and dissipate the illusions of national vanity, Dr. M. proceeds to remark on the republican form of our government, and to designate some of the *peculiar* traits of the republican characteristic; and where the folly and evil of our opinions and conduct are manifest, to suggest a suitable remedy.

The first characteristic of republicans noticed by Dr. M. is *proneness to pride.* This naturally arises from the enjoyment of liberty, and the exercise of the rights of sovereignty. Its excess should be counteracted "by inculcating habits of moderation and respect to others, in the education of youth."

The next trait is a fondness for *perversion* and *misrepresentation.* A love of satire and invective, a disposition to falsehood and scandal, which seeks indulgence in the destruction of public and private characters, is very apt to grow out of unbounded liberty of speech and of the press. "This propensity should be opposed, by training up young persons to the practice of candour and honesty, to the utter rejection of cunning and duplicity."

Another propensity of the republican, is to engage "in the strife of parties." The disappointed, the envious, and the querulous, will always be prompted to complain of the conduct of those who are in office. In the contentions for places of honour and profit, there will be much injustice, rancour and bitterness in the opposing parties, who are actuated less by any regard for what is morally and politically good, than by a restless desire to obtain the possession and exercise of power themselves. For this great and inherent vice of republics, Dr. M. despairs of finding an adequate remedy.

Republicans delight also "to meddle in the affairs of others." This restless, busy, inquisitive, and officious disposition, is forcibly exemplified in the character of the people of Athens, as delineated by Demosthenes and St. Paul. Modern republics are not destitute of it. The conduct of the French affords a remarkable instance. Even America has manifested some slight symptoms of such a propensity.—How to make republicans stay at home and mind their own business, is a political problem which Dr. M. thinks is yet to be solved.

Lastly, republics are remarkable for *ingratitude* to those who devote their lives and fortunes to their service. This has been urged against them from the days of SOCRATES and ARISTIDES to our own times.

This view of his subject is thus concluded by Dr. M.

"It appears, then, that, besides the above mentioned *dependence* upon *your neighbours*, the physical *constitution of nature*, and *your God*, that you depend further for your enjoyment and security upon the state governments under which you respectively live, and the *government paramount of the nation*, extending its influence over and beyond them all. And your independence of Great-Britain is qualified by a dependence upon this double object of your allegiance. Under these several provisos, or with these modifications and restrictions, is imparted to the American people whatever of Independence they possess: and, in all conscience, this is *enough*, if it could be preserved from further limitation and curtailing.

"If that Independence should ever fail, which God of his infinite grace and mercy avert! the failure will arise from *their own misconduct*. And there appear but *two* sources whence such an evil may be dreaded; these are the *inordinate appetite for wealth*, and what naturally flows from it, *the gradual incroachments on the rights of persons*."

The dangers to our natural Independence, he supposes to exist in the growing passion for riches, expensive living, and an almost exclusive love of trade and commerce; and "from gradual incroachments on the rights of persons." Against the debasing consequences of a boundless love of gain, he warns his countrymen by the examples of Tyre, the United Netherlands, and Venice.

"Of the violation of the rights of persons" Dr. M. thus speaks:

"The ancient doctrine of common law was, that the person of the subject should be considered sacred, except on the commission of crimes. And, in no instance before the granting of Magna Charta, was the arresting of the person permitted for non-performance of a civil contract. Such is the venerable law of the land; and that great bulwark of our liberties declares, among other things, that no freeman shall be *imprisoned* but by the law of the land. Yet, notwithstanding the practice of the English nation for ages, and the declaration of the Magna Charta to the contrary, Parliaments, yielding to the prevailing mercantile notions, agreed that the taking of the goods or other property of a debtor, was not a full satisfaction to the creditor; and after a variety of expedients, the voice of a commercial nation grew too strong and loud to be resisted, that the creditor might *arrest the person of the man* who owed him money, and *deprive him of his liberty*, until he gave securities for answering, or for liquidating the demand. Thus was the *freedom of the subject* considered of less importance than a small sum of money, and a regard to the *rights of kings* preferred to the solemn and inviolable reverence *formerly* shewn to the *rights of persons*. From England, whose statute laws were once the laws of *this land*, the Americans borrowed the practice of depriving a fellow creature of his freedom for failing to discharge a civil obligation, even when not charged with any design to deceive. And although the stable doctrine of the common law leans as strongly against the practice here as in England, still *our* legislatures have as little hesitation as *their* parliaments, to innovate upon the ancient practice by statute, and to consider it lawful, that a freeman, a citizen of a free and republican government, one of the sovereign people, might be deprived of his franchise, obstructed in the exercise of his civil and social duties, and reduced to a state of imprisonment, which is a species of slavery; and *all this* without the commission of any crime or suspicion of having disturbed the peace of society, because, having been indebted to his neighbour in a sum of money, he had not been punctual in the payment of it! The manly and independent spirit of our Saxon ancestors would never have endured this! They loved money less, and liberty more, than their descendants.

" If the citizens of free governments treat their fellow citizens in the manner just described, there can be no wonder that they should reduce to their entire subjection the persons and wills of others, when they conveniently could. The ancient republicans were remarkable for the number of slaves they kept, and many of the citizens no less remarkable for the severity and cruelty with which they treated them. Even the moderate and benevolent Cicero, who has written so many fine things concerning the rights, duties, and privileges of man, composed these very pieces amidst a household of slaves: and, after his example, we need not be surprised to find so many sturdy republicans, and fierce supporters of liberty and equality, thinking themselves perfectly justifiable in subjecting the natives of Africa and their descendants, to uncontrouled dominion, and in buying and selling them like the beasts of the field. They who are apprehensive of overgrown and wide-spreading tyranny in governments, would act consistently if they would extirpate the roots and scyons of it which sprout up in their own families. It would better become the dignity of a free and enlightened people, to act otherwise than is frequently done among us, towards imprisoned debtors and other slaves."

Much as these incroachments on rights of persons are to be deplored, it requires great foresight and wisdom to restrain, or prevent them. That the call for the exertion of this wisdom, is urgent and loud, no man who feels the spirit of justice and benevolence can doubt. It is with pleasure too, that he will remark an increasing attention in the legislators of our country to find such remedies for these evils, as may conduce to the equal preservation of the just claims of all. That these remedies may multiply and be successful, is most devoutly to be wished.

This Address abounds with a large portion of good sense, just discrimination, and sound remark; delivered in a style plain, forcible, and perspicuous.

ART. XV.

An ORATION *on the death of* General WASHINGTON, *pronounced before the Citizens of Albany, on Thursday, January* 9, 1800. *By* William P. Beers, *Esq. pp.* 17. 4*to. Albany.* C. R. & G. Webster.

PERFORMANCES like the present, which are of a temporary and fugitive nature, are not always expected to be elaborately wrought, or exquisitely finished. Indeed, on the present occasion, there is danger, lest the imagination of the orator, so powerfully impressed with the magnitude and grandeur of his subject, should lead him astray from the path of a just and manly eloquence. Too many of those who have attempted to eulogize the father of our country, have indulged an undisciplined and lawless fancy, which has produced nothing but extravagant bombast, outrageous metaphor, and splendid conceit. Pleased with the creations or distortions of their own imaginations, they have wholly lost sight of the noble simplicity, and true dignity of that great man whom they wish to honour and immortalize by their matchless strains. His productions would have furnished them with models of a pure and correct style, replete with the lessons of wisdom and truth, the result of a keen penetration and just discrimination, long exercised on the characters and conduct of men.

Why should ancient and modern history be ransacked for parallels of heroes, warriors, or statesmen, in which scarce a general resemblance can be traced? The state of society and manners, and peculiar circumstances of time and place, must modify the characters of men. Every man is different from every other man. This difference is greater in proportion to the extent of their genius and talents. This remark is more particularly applicable to General Washington than almost any other person of equal fame, in the annals of history. Perhaps no one can be found whose character a biographer or eulogist would find equally difficult to depict in just and true colours. Thousands may be selected as possessed of more genius, learning, or science, as more highly endowed with those splendid qualities which strike and dazzle the eye of the beholder. But in the great, solid, and lasting virtues which constitue the genuine worth of man, as an active and social being, as a citizen of a free state, as the guardian, defender, or ruler of his country, and which are the growth of true wisdom, few, if any, can be found his equal. But we must remember that it is not for us to usurp the office of the orator or poet, and that it is an easier task to detect the errors of others, than to escape censure ourselves; to point out the manner of performance, than to succeed in the execution.

In this oration, Mr. B. takes a very rapid and brief view of the conduct and character of General Washington, and of some of the events which distinguished his long and illustrious life. The full-drawn and finished portrait which should reflect the very body and image of the great original, he leaves to the pencil of the historian. He justly conceived that it is only from the study of the actions of the man, that a true estimate can be formed of his worth, or an accurate delineation of his virtues be made. He therefore contents himself with the unaffected and artless expression of his own grief and the public sorrow, and with a faint outline of the character of him whose death is so loudly lamented, and whom his country will never cease to love, to venerate, and to regret.

The following sketch discovers a sound and discriminating mind, and will serve as a specimen of the present performance:

" Citizens! it was not the military chief, the champion of his country's battles, who was summoned to this high station. It was the citizen, the sage, who, by long converse with nature and with man, by long habits of observation and research, and by long practice in command, was happily calculated " to rule the wilderness of free-born minds," to temper the raging passions, and to hold in equipoise the nice balance of public and party interests. With what purity, with what fidelity and ability, he discharged the duties of his high office, the whole tenor of his administration testifies. You all feel and know that your welfare, dignity, and peace, were incessantly the objects of his paternal care. You all can witness, that, at a period the most critical, and in a state of things the most hazardous and perplexing, he succeeded, with admirable dexterity and address, to parry the assault, and defeat the machination of foreign hostility, to stifle the voice of insurrection, to hush the cry of clamour, and to refute and put down the pretensions of illegitimate ambition. Though pliant as the osier to the impressions of justice and true policy, and accessible as humility herself to the approaches of virtuous influence, you well remember, with what dignity he even reproved the errors of the people; with what firmness, on a late and great occasion, he withstood the claims of a popular branch of the government, and asserted, not for himself, but for his country, the constitutional rights of his department.

" If any thing now remains, among the great and leading virtues of this exalted man, which I have failed to notice, I would attempt it here. The most just and satisfactory view of his great mind, is gained, by considering the composition and contexture, rather than the single aspect of his qualities: and by regarding the whole in relation to the public interests and the affairs of his country. In him, qualities of a different class were most happily combined. In him, moderation was always supported by firmness, and a natural ardency of mind forever chastised by discretion. Quick to discern, and yet patient to hear; forming his best judgments from his own views, and yet, ever inviting the opinions of others, and courting contributions of knowledge from all around him, he neglected no internal or foreign resource to perfect his plans. In this fine and noble compound, his virtues, well assorted and well adjusted, derived their highest lustre from mutual reflection. But if in the whole composition of his character, any feature stands eminently distinguished, it is that consummate *prudence*, the essence and result of other virtues, which entered into all his measures and guarded their execution: It is that matchless *dignity of mind*, which never forsook him, in public or private life, in all affairs, momentous or familiar."

This oration will not suffer by a comparison with any of the publications which the same occasion has called forth. Its characteristics are ease, simplicity, and correctness. We do not remark any effort to reach a new and lofty strain of oratory. Mr. B. speaks like one possessed of sensibility and taste, and who wished to sympathise in the real grief of his hearers, rather than to attempt to awaken sensations unfelt before. "Some men," says Ganganelli, "put themselves into an *alembic* to be eloquent, when, if they would give themselves up to the energy of their own hearts, they would have golden tongues."

ART. XVI.

The COUNT *of* BURGUNDY: *A Comedy of* Kotzebue. *In four Acts. Translated by* Charles Smith. *New-York. Printed for* C. Smith *and* S. Stephens, *by* M. M'Farlane. 8*vo. pp.* 69. 1800.

The COUNT *of* BURGUNDY: *A Play in four Acts, by* Augustus von Kotzebue, *translated by* Ann Plumptre. *New-York. Printed by* T. *and* J. Swords, *for* P. A. Mesier. 12*mo. pp.* 84. 1800.

WE have placed these two articles together, that our readers may be induced to compare the *American* and *English* translations; but our remarks will be almost wholly confined to the former.

Among the various characteristics of the present literary age, may be noted the rage for translation.—We are not only threatened with an inundation of books in our own language, but are in danger of being overwhelmed with a flood of foreign productions. Scholars ransack libraries, and drag to light, from the dust and obscurity of ages, works which have been deservedly neglected for similar productions of a more modern date, and superior merit. And, according to the different promptings of vanity or avarice, are the various literary products of Europe transplanted from one region to another.

This rapid transmission and diffusion of books, for which we are, in some degree, indebted to the commercial spirit of the age, is undoubtedly favourable to literature and science: but, like every other good, it has its attendant evil, which will, probably, be neither checked nor diminished by our censures or complaints. There is one point, however, for which we may be allowed to express some concern. The purity of our language has certainly been impaired by the numerous translations which have appeared in it during the last fifty years; but the progress of this corruption has been more visible and alarming since the commencement of the French revolution than at any former period. If Dr. Johnson, twenty years ago, had serious apprehensions lest Englishmen should babble a dialect of France, he would, at this time, have had greater reason to dread such an event. The views of translators and book-makers are now directed to Germany, where the literary manufacture and trade is carried to a surprising extent. Of the writers of that country, none seems to have engaged more the attention of Englishmen than Kotzebue. His popularity has increased with wonderful rapidity, if we may judge from the number of rival translations which contend for the public favour. Among the different translators, Miss Plumptre has not been the least successful. Her versions, tho' unequal, and bearing marks of carelessness and haste, are, in general, entitled to considerable praise. Mr. Neuman and Mr. Render have also gained equal, if not superior fame, in the same path.

If the merit of Kotzebue, as a dramatic writer, were to be estimated by his "*Count of Burgundy*," he would not rank high in the scale; and if his fame rested on no other basis, we should pronounce the fabric perishable and fleeting.

The scene is laid in the early part of the fifteenth century. Albert, Count of Burgundy, with many of his family, was murdered by his brother Ulric, who usurped the government. Henry, the infant son of Albert, is saved from death by *brother Peter*, alias John von Bonstetten, who escapes with him into Swisserland, and lives with his wife, and the young Henry, in a hermit's hut, at the foot of the mountains; while Matilda, the Countess Dowager, escapes to a convent. During near twenty years that Peter remains in this retreat, Henry grows up to manhood, and under the belief that he is the son of his protector. At this period the play begins. Henry, weary of rustic employments, ardently longs to signalize himself by feats of war worthy a Swiss. He becomes enamoured of Elizabeth, the only daughter of Cuno von Hallwyl, an exiled noble, who resides in a castle in the neighbourhood. In proportion as their mutual passion is unfolded to each other, the ardour of the young Henry for warlike atchievements abates. At this time arrives Bruno, a faithful servant of Peter, by whom he is informed of the death of Ulric, the usurper, and they resolve instantly to return to *Arles* with Henry, and to restore him to the throne of his father. Peter, Bruno, and Henry, are discovered, on their way, by Martin, who, observing their armour, and a seal-ring and cup, engraven with the arms of Burgundy, concealed under a cloak, thinks he has discovered the assassins of the former Count. The honest *grazier* spreads the alarm, and Peter and Henry are dragged, by the populace, before the Governor, and accused as the murderers of Albert. The clamours of the people for revenge are at length appeased, and Peter makes himself known to the Governor, his former friend and companion, as John von Bonstetten. Henry is joyfully received as the heir of the Count of Burgundy, and proclaimed as such by the people. Matilda is brought from the convent, and her long-lost son is restored to her arms. Henry, in the midst of his prosperity, forgets not his loved Elizabeth, and resolves, in spite of the prejudices of birth and rank, to marry her; but, to try her fidelity, he determines to have her demanded of her father by the Count of Burgundy. A nobleman is dispatched on this embassy, in whose train the new Count of Burgundy conceals himself, in the disguise of a page, that he may, unknown, witness the effect of the proposed honour on his mistress. She, during his absence, had, by the urgent solicitations of her father, consented to espouse an old Chevalier, Walter von Blonay, but still retains an hopeless passion for Henry. She rejects the Count of Burgundy, and offers her hand to Walter, according to the promise extorted by her father. Henry speaks, is discovered, and the object of his affection is resigned to him by the gallant Chevalier.

In the contrivance of this plot there is not much art or ingenuity to admire. It is romantic, though, when we consider the *time*, not improbable.

In the *first* and *second* acts, the reader is sometimes amused, but not interested; often pleased, but oftener wearied. The dialogue, in many parts, is lively, descriptive and characteristic: in others, it is flat, insipid and tedious. We meet with one or two of those delicate touches of nature for which this author is distinguished.

The third act far surpasses the rest, and, alone, will save the piece from condemnation. It cannot be read without lively interest and approbation. When exhibited on the stage, its effect must be far more powerful than in the closet: for the reader's imagination does not always, like that of the author, present a theatrical representation. Much depends upon the action; and the writer is minute in his directions to that purpose. Several of the scenes are excellent, and equal to any that can be found in the best of his productions. Had the piece terminated with the third act, the impression would have been strong in favour of the whole play. But, by the addition of a *fourth* act, the feelings excited in the third are dissipated, and the conclusion becomes comparatively feeble. Curiosity would naturally impel us to wish to be informed of the issue of the loves of Elizabeth and Henry; but the manner in which it has been gratified is not judicious or skilful. The *second* transformation of Henry is puerile and unimpressive. The old Chevalier Walter, however, is introduced to our acquaintance, and we are not displeased with his character.

This author often attempts to produce an effect by little things, and trifling incidents, but is not always successful. An instance may be found in the last scene of the third act. Notwithstanding what he has said in his preface, we must confess our surprise to observe so much dignity, and propriety of behaviour, in the young rustic Henry; and to hear sentiments so appropriate and generous fall from his lips.

We wondered that the love-sick boy, whom, a few days before, we saw cutting wood, or throwing apples at his mistress, should so easily and suddenly assume the air, and the just and pointed language of a wise and considerate prince.

The moral of this drama, though not of that elevated and striking kind which makes a deep and lasting impression on the heart and understanding, is pleasing, and unexceptionable.

Having given an account of the play itself, we shall proceed to notice Mr. Smith's translation.—This being the first American translation from the works of this dramatist, that has been published, we shall bestow on it a more particular attention.* To tranfuse the ideas of a writer from his own into a foreign language, so as to preserve his spirit and style, and, at the same time, to maintain the characteristic ease and dress of an original performance, is no mean or trivial task; and, in the execution of which more information and talents are necessary, than are often thought requisite by those who assume the office of translators.

Too many of them imagine, that a knowledge of the language and meaning of a foreign writer is sufficient to enable them to convey that meaning to a mere English reader, who is wholly ignorant of the original: but the abortive labours of such *doers* into English prove the fallacy of this opinion, and the necessity of higher qualifications. An accurate and critical knowledge of the language of the writer, a competent information concerning the subject matter of his performance, and a perfect and familiar acquaintance with his native tongue, appear indispensible requisites in a translator. He should not only possess a good style, and be able to write with correctness, precision and elegance, but should be master of all those terms, words, phrases, or peculiar turns of expression which belong to the subject of which his author treats, otherwise his version must be awkward, unmeaning, and spiritless. He should exhibit his author in the dress, and teach him to speak the language, of an Englishman, and not with the garb, idiom, and accent of a foreigner; lest he expose him to the ridicule of the vulgar, and the contempt of the learned. Many figures, images, and idiomatic expressions which are common in other languages, cannot be introduced into our own, without doing violence to its genius and temper. The skill and talents of the translator will be exerted in finding correspondent images and phrases, suitable to the peculiar character of his own language. It too often happens, however, that translators are better acquainted with the original than their own tongue; and to this defect are we indebted for the numerous bad and disgusting versions which pass under the name of literal and faithful translations, but in which the luckless author is made to speak a jargon which belongs not to the people of either country.

---

* Mr. DUNLAP, the manager of the New-York Theatre, has tranſlated ſeveral of Kotzebue's plays, which have been performed with very great ſucceſs.

A lawyer who is familiarized with the writings of Roman jurists, may be able to translate the institutes of Justinian, but the *naturalist* alone can do justice to the works of Pliny, or the *physician* to those of Hippocrates or Galen. This remark is less applicable to a translator of a history, a poem, or play, which are equally intelligible to persons of all professions; still he should be familiar with the language and rules of the English drama; and, if his performance be intended for a theatrical exhibition, with the peculiarities of the English stage. In short, a translator ought to possess some portion of the genius and talents of the author, to be animated with the same spirit, and to view objects in the same light, to be master of both languages, and of their respective peculiarities, delicacies, and beauties of expression, else his copy will never present the image of the original.

Mr. Smith, in his preface, after admitting the difficulty of translating from so copious a language as the German, and the necessity of being well acquainted with its genius and spirit, states his chief design to be, "to represent the meaning of Kotzebue precisely as he intended it." This may be regarded either as a confident undertaking, grounded on a belief of his own ability to execute it, or as intending a mere *literal* translation. Of the extent of this ability the reader will be able to form some opinion from the following passages in the translation of the author's introduction.

"Some have objected to the Count of Burgundy, as appearing in the third act as *suddenly too accomplished.*" "If the young Count brings *it forth* as a declamation what he has to say to the people," &c. "If he raises his *sentiments into sentences by ostentation in his expression*; if he does not speak it carelessly, just *so as his feeling lays it upon his tongue,*" &c.

"*False Shame* is a subject which, I believe, has for the first time been brought on the stage; and this fault being the source of so many evils in this world, I hope to have acquired some merit, by *inspiring many a good heart with confidence to confidence.*"

"As to the *Wild Youth* [Der Wild Fang], it is but *a Christmas amusement, and it is not to represent any thing else.*"*

The *precise meaning* of these passages, we believe, must be nearly unintelligible to any English reader. So many errors, obscurities and inelegancies, in two pages of plain prose, did not serve to heighten our expectations of pleasure from the perusal of the play itself; yet, with hopes so diminished, we confess our disappointment, when, with that painful perseverance to which a poor reviewer is sometimes condemned, we reached the termination of the fourth act, and gladly saw the curtain drop.

---

* "——IST BLOS EINE FASTNACHTS-POSSE, UND SOLL AUCH DURCHAUS WEITER NICHTS VORSTELLEN."

If the German dramatist were to be judged by Mr. Smith's version of the *Count of Burgundy*, he would sink into instant neglect and obscurity. There is scarce a page which does not abound with violations of grammar, vulgarities of expression, disgusting images, and unmeaning passages.

Whatever may be the propriety of certain phrases and allusions in the original, the *literal translation* cannot be tolerated in English. If a translator intends his performance should be read a second time, and maintain a lasting place among similar productions of his country, it must possess the qualities of English composition, and be read with pleasure as such.—That our censure may not be thought hasty or unjust, we shall select a single scene, which will enable the reader to decide for himself. Let us take the first which offers.

"SCENE—*A woody country at the foot of the Swiss mountains. In the back ground an Hermitage; opposite an open Chapel; between both, a garden fence. In the fore-ground a grass bench underneath an apple-tree.*

"SCENE I.—PETER *sitting upon the bench making a basket of willow branches.* HENRY *on the opposite side splits wood, singing,*

> "*Behold in lofty air,*
> The *waving* banners fly;
> And *daſhing ſteel* is heard,
> And *trumpets rend the ſky*.*

"*Peter.* This song pleases you?

"*Henry.* Yes, father.

"*Peter.* You like it better than *the singing of the matins.*†

"*Henry.* Much better.

"*Peter. (smiling) And are not afraid of such a sin.*

"*Henry. Father? Can't be a sin. This song seems to be as pleasing to you as to me.*‡

"*Peter.* What do you mean *by this?*

"*Henry.* When you sing *Hora*,§ *you are cast down.* But when you sing the battle song of Murgarten, or the *victory song* of Sempach, then your cheeks glow, and your eyes burn *like the wax candle* before the holy virgin.

"*Peter.* Have you discovered that?

"*Henry.* Still more: *you have a song of the sword of justice, and the shield of faith;* you love to sing that best, because it speaks of swords and shields.

"*Peter. (smiling)* Boy?

"*Henry.* A sword is a *fine thing.* As to the shield, one may do without.

"*Peter.* Think you so, my brave boy?

"*Henry.* Had that valiant knight Erlach a shield, when he fought at Donnerbuhel? *(swinging the hatchet over his head)* ha! it is to me as if I heard the *trumpet's* sound.‖

"*Peter.* Who tells you that you are a Swiss?

"*Henry.* My heart—my *thirst for actions!*

"*Peter.* Have patience, my son! your hour will arrive.

---

* Und die Banner flattern
Hoch in der Luft!
Und die Schwerdter klirren
Wenn das hartſhorn ruft.

† You ſing it with more pleaſure than your matins.

‡ No, father, I do not think it ſinful.

§ An hourly exerciſe of devotion in convents.

‖ Here a *page and an half* of the original is omitted by the tranſlator, in which Peter and Henry talk of the battles of the Swiſs with enthuſiaſm, ſo that the queſtion of Peter, "Who tells you that you are a Swiſs?" has no connection with the preceding words; and the moſt ſpirited part of the ſcene is loſt.

"*Henry.* A *creeping* hour, slow, like old mother *Gertraud.** I *long to meet it.*

"*Peter.* Behold the apples on the tree; are they ripe?

"*Henry. Not yet, but soon.*

"*Peter.* Sweet fruits, for those *who can wait.*

"*Henry.* Why have you kindled within me a flame that finds no nourishment in these forests, and consumes me? Why *telling* me so much of battles and *fights*,† that *man* and *horse* day and night *parade* before my eyes? As *often as our old stallion* neighs in the stable, I look for a lance and *touch a rosary.* As often as the guard on the castle's *steeple* sounds the horn, I run for a sword and *lay hold of an axe.* Each great action makes the blood flow to my heart, and brings water in my eyes. Every valiant knight I would press to my heart, and split the head of every scoundrel with the battle-axe.

"*Peter. Such I wanted you to be.*

"*Henry.* For what? for whom? Have you taught me so many *sciences*‡ *to sing them* before our shepherds at their festivals? Whoever *brings up* a falcon for the chase, must not confine him in a cage.

"*Peter.* As long as *he wears a cap* he is too young.

"*Henry. Let us hear*, how old?

"*Peter.* Eighteen years and upwards.

"*Henry.* See here, father! *(he* splits a log *with one stroke)* how old was the boy who made this stroke? do you think that an enemy's head is harder than this trunk?

"*Peter.* Strength belongs to youth. Even in this willow branch is *juice* and *strength*, *but* it is pliable. *Obedience ornaments* the boy.

"*Henry.* Is *the bow to become slack*, *wet it;* give me herbs to cool my blood.

"*Peter.* Go, try your courage with bears and wolves.

"*Henry.* They are but trifling robbers as long as men exist. Let me go to the castle. *Knight* Cuno *long since wished* me to become his *armour bearer.*

"*Peter.* Will you leave your old father alone in this wilderness.

"*Henry.* You are a *pious* man; the whole vicinity reveres the pious brother Peter; who would hurt you?

"*Peter.* Enough, Henry it is not becoming you to be Cuno's armour bearer.

"*Henry.* Is not the race of Hallwyll noble and renowned? and who am I, then, that I should be ashamed to learn of Cuno to bear arms?

"*Peter. Dive not into matters* which time only unfolds. A youth may bear arms, *but not keep* a secret.

"*Henry.* Father, why humble me? Is a noble name my inheritance, why will you withhold *the* treasure from me?

"*Peter.* To deliver it now into your hands, would be depriving you of it.

"*Henry. A problem! always problems!* why has the father so little confidence in his son? Have you fled from the field of honour into a desert? Have you converted your armour into a hermit's habit? And why? has power forced you to it?

"*Peter.* And suppose you have *hit the point?*

"*Henry.* Then give me a sword, I will avenge you!

"*Peter.* No, son, *revenge slowly follows vice*, *and has wings only to attain virtue.* The wished for hour is *not yet come.*

---

* Mr. S. is ſomewhat capricious in his tranſlation of names. That of the author is *Auguſt of Kotzebue*, and *Henrich* is Henry, but *Elizabeth*, *Gertrude*, and *John*, good Engliſh names, are diſcarded for their originals, *Elsbeth*, *Gertraud*, and *Hans.*

† Tournaments *(Turnieren.)*

‡ *Wiſſenchaft.*

"*Henry*. Allow me, *at least*, to travel into foreign countries, to prepare myself by *actions* for *your revenge*.

"*Peter*. *Would'st* soon forget, in the *tumult* of the world, your old father and his *wilderness*.

"*Henry*. *You are not in earnest*. I love you and the wilderness where I *grew* up; I love the apple-tree which you *have planted* on my second birth-day; and the grave *upon which* you *used* to weep; I love the *wood* stream, *our summer bath*, and the little garden, where the plants grow under my hands. Above all, I love *Miss Elsbeth*, who was *shooting* at my side like a young *cedar*, and whose *cheeks glow* like the castle windows when the evening sun gilds them. *Also do* I *love* old *Cuno*, because Elsbeth calls him father. Not to forget mother Gertraud! often have I *plagued* her in return for her *nice cakes*. Yes, I love all, all. The road into the world is the road to honour; *that into the mountains*, *the small path to tranquillity*. Suffer only one *twig of laurels* to bloom round my head. *After that I am with you*, *and lay myself to Elsbeth's feet*.

"*Peter*. Water your *plants*, and if you grow too warm, cool yourself in the *wood* stream, till the *timepiece calls* you to *higher actions*—who *knows how soon?* a short while yet—perhaps fortune *favours you* before the leaves fall off these trees. My basket is finished. You forgot, *by your prattling*, your day's work. There, in the garden, is work enough. Split your wood, *and then come* to assist me. *Exit*."

Mr. S. has not even the merit which is claimed by a *literal* translator, that of being *faithful* to the original. His deviations and mistakes are numerous.

To particularize all the faults which are crowded into this short scene, exceeds our patience, and would carry us beyond the limits of this review. Those who are acquainted with the original will see them, and some opinion may be formed of their number from a comparison with the *English* translation. A few of our readers might, perhaps, be diverted by an exhibition of the awkward mistakes of Mr. S. but, in most, it would produce weariness and disgust.

What will they say to such passages as these? "Time will make *an armour* moulder—It is to me as if your charming cheerfulness had remained *sticking in your children's shoes*." What a speech from the old Chevalier Walter to the *maid Elsbeth*, in their love-scene!

What a *bear* old *Cuno* must be to "*growl*" so much at his daughter. Old *Gertraud* is made "to *lay* piously upon her *knees*," and to complain that "her *bones* will not *carry* her."

Henry is so reluctant to quit the place of his beloved, that he requests Bruno to "give him a push in the back, and make him tumble forwards." But we should fill a volume, were we to point out, and dwell upon, all the *beauties* of this translation.

Account of American Editions of Foreign Publications.

Art. III.

Essays, *Political*, *Economical*, *and Philosophical*. *By* Benjamin Count Rumford. *The first American*, *from the third London Edition*.

[Continued from p. 64, and concluded.]

THE sequel of this essay treats of various subjects, some curious and philosophical, and some of practical importance. We shall dismiss this publication with the following particulars.

To facilitate an important change in the mode of feeding the numerous objects of charity who were shut up in the House of Industry, in Dublin, our author constructed a *perpetual oven.*

In the centre of a cylindrical mass of brick-work, about eight feet in diameter, which occupies the middle of a large room on the ground floor, he constructed a small circular closed fire-place for burning either wood, peat, turf, or coals. The diameter of the fire-place is about eleven inches, the grate being placed about ten inches above the floor, and the top of the fire-place is contracted to about four inches. Immediately above this narrow throat, six separate canals (each furnished with a damper, by means of which its opening can be contracted more or less, or entirely closed) go off horizontally, by which the flame is conducted into six separate sets of flues, under six large plates of cast iron, which form the bottoms of six ovens on the same level, and joining each other by their sides, which are concealed in the cylindrical mass of the brick-work. Each of these plates of cast iron being in the form of an equilateral triangle, they all unite in the centre of the cylindrical mass of brick-work, consequently, the two sides of each unite in a point at the bottom of it, forming an angle of sixty degrees.

The flame, after circulating under the bottoms of these ovens, rises up in two canals concealed in the front wall of each oven, and situated on the right and left of its mouth, and after circulating again in similar flues on the upper flat surface of another triangular plate of cast iron, which forms the top of the oven, goes off upwards by a canal furnished with a damper into a hollow place, situated on the top of the cylindrical mass of the brick-work, from which it passes off in a horizontal iron tube, about seven inches in diameter, suspended near the ceiling of the room, into a chimney situated on one side of the room.

These six ovens, which are contiguous to each other in this mass of brick-work, are united by their sides by thin walls made of tiles about one and an half inches thick, and ten inches square, placed edgewise; and each oven having its separate canal furnished with a register, communicating with the fire-place, any one or more of them may be heated without heating the others, or the heat may be turned off from one of them to the other in continual succession; and, by managing matters properly, the process of baking may be *uninterrupted.* As soon as the bread is drawn out of one of the ovens, the fire may immediately be turned under it, to heat it again, while that from under which the fire is taken is filled with unbaked loaves, and closed up.

A principal object which he had in view in constructing this oven, was to prevent the great loss of heat which is occasioned in large ovens, by keeping the mouth of the oven open for so considerable a length of time as is necessary for putting in, and drawing out the bread. As one of these small ovens contains only five large loaves, or cakes, it may be charged, or the bread, when baked, may be drawn, in a moment; and during this time, the other five ovens are kept closed, and consequently are not losing heat; *one* of them is heating, while the other *four* are filled with bread in different stages of the process of baking.

"When constructed," continues the author, "this oven, though I had no doubt of its being perfectly well calculated for the use for which it was principally designed, —baking oaten cakes, which are commonly baked on heated iron plates,—yet I was by no means sure it would answer for baking common bread in large thick loaves. I had not made the experiment. And though I could not conceive that any thing more could be necessary in the process of baking than *heat*,—and here I was absolutely master of every degree of it that could possibly be wanted, and could even regulate the succession of different degrees of it at pleasure,—I thought it probable that some particular management might be required in baking bread in these metalic ovens, a knowledge of which could only be acquired by experience.

What served to strengthen these suspicions, was a discovery which had accidentally been made by the cook of the Military Academy. In the course of *his* experiments, he found that my roaster is admirably well calculated for baking pies, puddings, and pastry of all kinds; provided, however, that the fire be managed *in a certain way;* for, when the fire is managed in the same manner in which it ought to be managed in roasting meat, pies and pastry will absolutely be spoiled. After repeated failures and disappointments, and after having lost all hopes of ever being able to succeed in his attempts, the cook, by mere accident, as he assured me, discovered the important secret; and important he certainly considers it to be, and feels no small degree of satisfaction, not to say pride, in having been so fortunate as to make the discovery. He must pardon me if I take the liberty, even without his permission, to publish it to the world for the good of mankind.

" *The roaster must be well heated before the pies or pastry are put into it, and the blowers must never be quite closed during the process.*

" I have lately found that by using similar precautions, bread may be perfectly well baked in metalic ovens, similar to that in the House of Industry in Dublin.

" Thinking it more than probable that means might be devised for managing the heat in such a manner as to perform that process in ovens constructed on these principles, and heated *from without;* and conceiving that not only a great saving of fuel, but also several other very important advantages, could not fail to be derived from that discovery, on my return to Munich from England, in August last, I immediately set about making experiments, with a view to the investigation of that subject; and I have so far succeeded in them, that for these last four months my table has been supplied entirely with bread baked in my own house, by my cook, in an oven constructed of thin sheet-iron, which is heated (like my roasters) from without;—and I will venture to add, that I never tasted better bread. All those who have eaten of it have unanimously expressed the same opinion of it. It is very light, most thoroughly baked without being too much dried, and I think remarkably well tasted. The loaves, which ware made small in order that they may have a greater proportion of crust (which, when the bread is baked in this way, is singularly delicate), are placed in the oven on circular plates of thin sheet-iron, raised about an inch on slender iron feet. Were the loaf placed on the bottom of the oven, the under crust would presently be burnt to a coal, and the bread spoiled. A precaution absolutely necessary in baking bread in the manner here recommended, is to leave a passage for the steam generated in the process of baking to escape. This may be done either by constructing a steam-chimney for that purpose, furnished with a damper; or simply by making a register in the door of the oven.

" I cannot help expressing a wish that what I have here advanced, may induce others, especially bakers, who may find their own advantage in the prosecution of these interesting and important investigations, to turn their attention to them.

"How exceedingly useful would my roasters be, and ovens constructed on the principles here recommended, on shipboard! I have had frequent opportunities of seeing how difficult it is, in bad weather, to cook at sea; and it is easy to imagine how much it would contribute to the comfort of seafaring people, especially at times when they are exposed to the greatest fatigues and hardships, to enable them to have their tables well supplied with warm victuals.

"In order that the motion of the vessel might not derange any part of the apparatus used in the process of cooking at sea in my roasters, the form of the roaster should be that of a perfect cylinder, and the dripping-pan in which the meat is placed, should be a longitudinal section of another cylinder, less in diameter than the roaster by about an inch, and suspended on two pivots in the axis of the roaster, in such a manner that the dripping-pan may swing freely in the roaster, without touching its sides. The roaster should be placed in the brick-work, with its axis in the direction of the length of the ship; and, to prevent the gravy from being thrown out of the dripping-pan when the vessel pitches, its hollow cavity should be divided into a number of compartments, by partitions running across it from side to side.

"The cottage fire-place which I fitted up as a model, in the court-yard of the house of the Dublin society, was not quite finished when I left Ireland; but an idea may be formed, from what was done, of the general principles on which such fire-places may be constructed. On each side of the open chimney fire-place, (which being small, was built in the middle of one much larger, which was constructed to represent a large open fire-place, such as are now general in cottages) I fitted up an iron pot on a peculiar construction, and designed for the use of a poor family in cooking their victuals. This pot is nearly of a cylindrical form, about sixteen inches in diameter, and eight inches deep: and under its bottom, which is quite flat, there is a thin spiral projection, which was cast with the pot, and serves instead of feet to it; the turns of which, when the pot is set down on a flat surface, form a spiral flue, in which the flame circulates under the bottom of the pot. This projection, which is near half an inch thick where it is united with the bottom of the pot, and less than a quarter of an inch below where its lower edge rests on the ground, is about four inches wide, or rather deep. This projection was made tapering, in order to its being more easily cast. To defend the outside of this pot from the cold air, the pot is inclosed in a cylinder of thin sheet-iron, equal in diameter to the extreme width of the pot at its brim, just as high as the depth of the pot and of its spiral flues taken together. The pot is fastened to this cylindrical case by being driven into it with force, a rim in the form of a flat hoop, about an inch and an half deep, and a little tapering, being cast on the outside of the pot at its brim, the external surface of which was fitted exactly into the top of this cylinder. This projection is useful, not only in uniting the pot to its cylindrical case, but also to keep this cylindrical case at some small distance from the sides of the pot, by which means the heat is more effectually confined.

"To be able to move about this pot from place to place, it has two handles which are riveted to the outside of its cylindrical case; and it is provided with a wooden cover."

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

1799. *Nov.* 18th. THE Theatre of New-York was opened with the Heir at Law (by G. Colman the younger), and the Old Maid.

20th. The Carmelite and Poor Soldier. Authors Cumberland and O'Keefe.

22d. Lovers' Vows and Highland Reel. The first from "Das kind der Liebe" of A. von Kotzebue, as translated by Miss Plumbtree; the second by O'Keefe.

23d. Heir at Law, and No Song no Supper.

25th. School for Soldiers, and Temple of Independence; both by W. Dunlap.

27th. Macbeth and Romp. Shakespeare and Bickerstaff.

29th. Self-Immolation, as translated from "Der Opfer Todt" of A. von Kotzebue, by Neuman; and the Double Disguise.—This play is well translated. It is formed powerfully to interest the feelings and awaken our sensibility. The incidents are of a domestic kind, and of that high wrought distress which excites the deepest sympathy. From some cause or other, it did not gain that popularity on the stage, which was to be expected from its perusal in the closet. It certainly is entitled to much more applause than it received.

30th. Young Quaker and Agreeable Surprise; both by O'Keefe.

Dec. 2d. Self-Immolation and Shipwreck.

4th. Hamlet (Shakespeare), and No Song no Supper.

6th. Cure for a Heart-Ache and Highland Reel. Reynolds and O'Keefe.

9th. Romeo and Juliet (Shakespeare), and Children in the Wood.

11th. False Shame, or the American Orphan in Germany, as translated from A. von Kotzebue, by W. Dunlap; and the Farmer, by O'Keefe.—If it is permitted to rely on our ears alone, the translation of False Shame is the best of any that have appeared of the plays of this favourite dramatist. Mr. Dunlap will acquire not less esteem and public approbation as a judicious and elegant translator, than as an able and discreet manager. Of his judgment and taste in the selection of plays, this register will be the best evidence. In FALSE SHAME, the vice of many amiable and excellent minds, is depicted by Kotzebue, in vivid and glowing colours. Its pernicious influence on domestic and social happiness, is exhibited in a manner that cannot fail to make a deep and lasting impression on the hearer. No play ever deserved or received more unalloyed approbation. The characters were well supported, and the frequency of its exhibition is the best proof of the opinion of the public, both of the play and the performance.

13th. False Shame and Smugglers.

14th. Siege of Belgrade and Jew and Doctor.

16th. King John (Shakespeare), and Smugglers.—King John, tho' abounding with some of the purest scenes and sentiments of our great dramatist, did not attract an audience sufficiently numerous to induce a second representation.

18th. False Shame, and Tom Thumb, by Fielding.

20th. The Minister, as translated from Schiller by Lewis, and the Purse, altered from the German.—The plays of Schiller deeply interest in the closet; but their very great length (and they do not well bear being curtailed) renders them unfit for representation on our stage. The passions, too, pourtrayed by this author, are so lofty, eccentric, daring, and extravagant, so nearly bordering on the marvellous and absurd; that they suit not the temper and taste of the greatest portion of our countrymen.

30th. After being closed for a week, from respect to the memory of Lieut. Gen. George Washington, the Theatre opened again this evening, with a Monody on the death of Gen. Washington; a play never before performed, called the Robbery; translated from the Clementine and Desormes of M. Monvel, by W. Dunlap, and the Shipwreck. —The Robbery appears to be well translated. Its moral is good. Its performance was injured by the deficient memory of one of the principal performers; but, on the whole, it received considerable applause. The play itself deserves to be placed among those exotics which have been transplanted with so much success into our soil, and to be exhibited with them in its turn.

1800. *Jan.* 1st. Mountaineers, by G. Colman the younger, and the Tempest, altered from Dryden's alteration of Shakespeare.

2d. Macbeth and Highland Reel.

3d. Robbery and Children in the Wood.

6th. False Shame and Prize.

8th. Gustavus Vasa, by Brooke, and an Ode to the memory of Washington, by Mr. Low, accompanied with music.

10th. Gustavus Vasa and Ode.—Gustavus Vasa abounds with excellent sentiments, which have rendered it popular as a dramatic composition; but it is not calculated to maintain a place on the stage.

11th. Hamlet and Ode.

13th. Lovers' Vows and Tom Thumb.

15th. Stranger, as altered from Kotzebue by W. Dunlap, and Adopted Child.

17th. False Shame, and Maid of the Oaks, by General Burgoyne.

18th. Venice Preserved (Otway) and Lock and Key.

20th. Romeo and Juliet and Lock and Key.

22d. Count Benyowsky, as translated and adapted to the stage by W. Dunlap, from the German of A. von Kotzebue, and Two Strings to your Bow.—Count Benyowsky, though not the first of the plays of Kotzebue, is a very pleasing dramatic performance. The last scene is finely wrought up and highly impassioned. Few scenes in any play are equal to it for genuine pathos and feeling.

24th. Wild-Goose-Chase, a comic opera, in four acts, as translated from Der Wild Fang of A. von Kotzebue, by W. Dunlap; songs added by the translator; music by J. Hewit; and the Spoiled Child.—This farce of Kotzebue, the translator, by the addition of songs and music, has converted into a comic opera. He has also divided the piece into four acts. It abounds with comic scenes and humorous incidents. The characters are diversified, strongly marked, and very amusing. The dialogue is lively, spirited, and entertaining. It is a valuable addition to the stock of humorous comedies, and greatly superior to any of the productions of the same kind from the pens of English dramatists. It will be a standing source of innocent amusement for a winter's evening, as well as for a "Christmas holiday." The version of Mr. D. appears to be judicious and correct. All the characters of the piece are well filled and supported by the several performers; and no piece, in this respect, ever gave more entire satisfaction.

25th. A Cure for the Heart-Ache and Lock and Key.

27th. Wild-Goose-Chase; and Midnight Hour, from the French, by Mrs. Inchbald.

29th. Wild-Goose-Chase; and Rosina, by Mrs. Brooke.

31st. Road to Ruin, by Holcroft, and Two Strings to your Bow.

The lovers of the drama cannot fail to be highly gratified by the industry and attention of the manager in getting up new and celebrated plays, and by that enlightened choice and just discrimination which seeks to convert the Theatre into a powerful instrument of public instruction; or, at least, to render it a place of harmless amusement.

T.

(To be continued.)

SELECTIONS.

Sketch of the Character of the late Rev. Dr. John B. Smith, *Pastor of the third Presbyterian Church in the City of Philadelphia. Extracted from a Sermon preached on occasion of his Death. By* Samuel Blair, D. D.

UNDER this view, as well as from due respect to that character, I presume on your indulgence, while I farther dilate on it with references and application yet more particular. We are naturally disposed, though with gratification as mournful as pleasing, to reflect and dwell on the merits of our departed friends; and so prone is our nature to indiscriminate reflection of this kind, that even envy hath sometimes been known to speak well of the dead. I am aware, however, that encomiums of this kind are by some regarded as merely fictitious, or, at least, as representations far exceeding the life. Doubtless, many instances of notorious partiality have given occasion for this unfavourable sentiment.

But, in the present instance, I surely may speak with freedom: for I speak before those, who have had the best advantages for knowing the man. And who, indeed, that hath heard of the decease of the Rev. Dr. John Smith, knoweth not, that " a great man hath fallen in Israel."

He was eminent in point of christian principle and christian conversation and conduct. He was eminent in point of natural intellectual abilities. He was eminent in point of knowledge both human and divine. And with all these endowments, he was eminently qualified for the sacred office which he sustained, and the several departments in which he had been called to serve.

He was a servant, whom our common Master and Lord had thought fit to entrust with many talents, and to the useful occupation of those talents he was divinely called in very early life. Born of parents distinguished by their piety and parental virtues, it pleased God, not long after he had emerged from childhood, to co-operate in a very effectual manner with their instructions and example, and to imbue his heart with a very special and abiding sense of religion and eternal concerns. By this means, he was happily guarded from those vicious sources, which too frequently prevent the improvement of youth, and sometimes entail on them an useless, if not a worse than useless life. Of course he grew up, at once, in stature, in knowledge, and in heavenly grace.

The rudiments of literature he acquired under the immediate inspection and tuition of his father;

a father, whose piety and public affection did not fail to avail themselves of the hopeful inclinations of the youth; and to direct and prompt him to such use of his acquirements, as should be most conducive to the interests of humanity and the honour of his great Redeemer. His progress, accordingly, not only at this period, but throughout the whole course of his academical studies, was alike expeditious and promising. And it is worthy of observation, that partly from a natural firmness of mind, and partly from a clear and deep conviction of duty, he was seldom or ever known, though of a disposition remarkably cheerful, and prone to social enjoyment, to be drawn into any form of frivolity or dissipation, incompatible with the strictest christian integrity. With him, it was an established maxim, frequently expressed, and uniformly acted upon, as well in earlier, as more advanced life, that, in a moral and religious sense, there were but two characters on earth; either lovers of God, or lovers of the world. Of the former of these, it was his habitual aim to exhibit a temper and deportment, both pointedly and obviously expressive. Yet such was the enlightened candour of his heart, that he always disapproved of that blind rigidity and rashness, which would pronounce indiscriminately against the uprightness of those who, in instances, either indifferent, or in themselves innocent, or to him dubious, conducted in a manner different from that which more strictly accorded with his own conceptions of christian propriety.

From these promising appearances it may well be supposed, that his trials for the ministry, and admission to the sacred office, were accompanied with rather unusual approbation and hopes. How far he justified those hopes and that approbation, you of this society well know; and those indeed of every department of the church in which he officiated. Of the many talents he possessed, he suffered none, whose use might contribute to the great end of his ministry, to remain unoccupied; and well it is known, that he used them with a zeal and address even singularly ardent, pointed, and forcible.

By this means, he was admirably fitted, and seemed to be designed for singular usefulness: and with singular usefulness his glorious Lord was pleased to honour him. In the earlier stage of his ministry, in the State of Virginia, he was a principal instrument in promoting an unusual religious attention. And of this extraordinary concurrence of Heaven with his labours, many are the precious fruits which remain to this day.

How far, in like manner, he succeeded in this department of the christian Vineyard, it might be thought superfluous to add. Thus far, however, we cannot help observing, that his official instructions, both public and private, were sought after, and attended to by people both of this and other societies; and that too with very great avidity and eventual profit: That his merits as a preacher and pastor endeared him to every individual: That his services were highly beneficial in quickening and establishing many serious christians, and in promoting many others to a solicitous attention to the things which belong to their eternal peace; and, in fine, in rendering this congregation one of the most respectable and flourishing in this populous city.

His attainments in science, and various branches of learning, recommended him to the superintendency of a very important seminary for the instruction of youth, in the State aforementioned. His celebrity, likewise, in these procured him those suffrages, in consequence of which, under a conviction of duty, and with the consent of his Brethren, he resigned his former establishment in this church, and assumed the presidency of a college in the State of New-York. In these departments, whilst his connection with them continued, he acquitted himself with great approbation, and very observable success. The studies of theology, however, and the various attentions more immediately attached to his sacred office, most warmly interested his heart, and were his predominant delight. For these, even during his academical engagements, he would improve, as far as he consistently could, every opportunity which Providence appeared to offer him. And, though the energies, particularly of his public addresses, were often injurious to his bodily frame, yet, no persuasion could prevail upon him to spare himself. It was his joy and his glory to "spend and be spent" in his Master's cause.

Blessed with a memory uncommonly retentive, and aided by a superior relish for spiritual information, the language of the sacred oracles was at all times familiar to him. This was manifest by his great ability and aptness in "dividing the word of truth." In consequence, how unexpectedly soever, he might be called to dispense that word, he could "bring out of his treasure things both new and old." How clearly and fully was he wont to explain his subject! With what irresistible argument would he confirm the truth! With what admirable dexterity would he accommodate it to the state and characters of his audience! With what persuasion would he move the heart! With what luminous force would he arrest and strike the conscience! He spoke like one who knew the worth of souls. He spoke as a messenger from God to perishing immortals. He spoke as impelled by the powers of the world to come.

In his visitations of the people of his charge, which he considered as a very important branch of the pastoral service, his conversation was, at once, familiar, interesting, edifying, and persuasive; and, at the same time, with such pious and happy address accommodated to their several characters, ages, habits, and improvements, as promised, with the blessing of heaven, the most desirable eventual fruit. But more especially did this felicity appear on those occasions when he was prompted by sentiments of more sensible sympathetic affection in the houses of mourning, or in the chambers of sickness and approaching mortality.

And here, it is with equal pleasure and confidence I add, that his sedulity and zeal, in his various official attentions, was not "as the cloud or the dew of the morning, which soon passeth away." Instead of diminishing, it very apparently increased with the progress of time and circumstance. This was most remarkably obvious during the period of his latter ministrations in this society. As the sun, in its ascension, augmenteth its lustre until it hath reached its meridian point, so the course of this servant of God "shone brighter and brighter," to its destined absorption, "in the perfect day."

He was conscientiously punctual in attendance on the several ecclesiastical judicatures with which he was connected. To his conduct in these, the Presbyterian Church of the United States is much indebted. His wisdom, moderation, and clearness of conception, added to a happy facility and pertinence in speech, a force in reasoning, and a well known and approved zeal for truth and duty, contributed to render his counsels always weighty, and, for the most part, decisive.

But not in his public life only was he distinguished as a good and faithful servant. In private life, though less to observation exposed, he was not the less faithful and good. Here his manners and conduct were not the result of constitutional good temper alone, nor of prescriptions founded alone on the maxims of experience or natural reason. They were, likewise, the fruits of benevolence; of benevolence enlightened, exalted, and purified by the grace of the gospel. A view to the service of his Lord was uniformly and indiscriminately connected with every private and social duty.

His aspect was intelligent and rather prepossessing. His deportment was easy and serious; yet agreeably animated. His temper was calm and accommodating; yet, as his principles, enlightened and steady. His conversation was, at once, instructive and entertaining. With his friends, indeed, he was often facetious, and sometimes witty; yet never, in his most unrestrained indulgencies, would he violate the claims of christian decorum and prudence.

In his disposition he was generous and liberal; compassionate to the sick and afflicted; and, as his ability admitted, he was always the poor man's friend! In the tenor of his conduct, indeed, he manifested a noble indifference towards earthly things.

As to his moral and religious principles of whatever class, he was not only well informed, but his sentiments and conduct relating to, or founded upon them, were highly and judiciously cultured; and, as occasion required, always advantageously expressed. In these he was firm; but not blindly rigid; strictly consistent; yet candid, and ever open to rational convictions.

As a friend, he was warm, sincere, and stedfast; equally remote from ostentatious profession, and from precarious humour. His approbation was not easily gained; nor, when gained, was it easily lost.

As a husband, he was affectionate and kind. As a father, he was prudently indulgent and tender. In this latter relation, while he conciliated affection, and allured the filial freedom, he at the same time, commanded a becoming veneration.

Who, in short, that knew him, would not be ready to say, Happy the family over which he presided! Happy the man who was favoured with his friendship! And more happy the people whose heavenly interests were his peculiar care! He was a public blessing to the church. He was an honour to the people of his pastoral charge. He was an ornament to the christian and ministerial profession. As the great apostle of the Gentiles, he "magnified his office." He spoke as he believed—he practised as he spoke. He lived the good and faithful servant. He died in the Lord. And his works have followed him.

Remarkable Adventures of Mr. JOHNSON, *of Virginia, taken Prisoner in* 1790, *by the Indians.*

[From the Travels of M. Liancourt.]

MR. Johnson, inhabitant and merchant of Richmond, in Virginia, found himself under the necessity of proceeding to Kentucky; there to receive certain sums of money, due to his father, who was recently dead; and to examine some witnesses before the supreme court of the State of Virginia. Having made the same tour the preceding year, he set out accordingly from Richmond, in the beginning of the month of March, 1790, and proceeded with his friend, Mr. May, a great land-holder in Kentucky, and an inhabitant of Petersburg, to Kecklar's Station, in Virginia, on the banks of the Great Kanhaway. They found there James Skuyl, a merchant, of Great Brayer court-house, in Virginia, who was carrying a large quantity of merchandize to Kentucky. They jointly purchased one of the vessels which, as they are intended merely to descend the Ohio, and are not built to remount it, have no more durability than is required for that purpose, and are, consequently, sold at a cheap rate. They are large flat-bottomed vessels, without any deck; and are sold in Limestone for the value of their timber. That bought by Mr. Johnson and his fellow travellers, cost thirty dollars.

I state these particulars, though they may appear trifling, as they will not, perhaps, be found altogether unuseful; the emigration to Kentucky being, at this time, extremely frequent, and the way of proceeding thither by water being the most expiditious, the least expensive, and the most generally chosen of any.

Having embarked on board this vessel, with their merchandize and stores, they descended the river, working the vessel themselves. During the whole passage of two hundred and ninety-five miles thence to Limestone, nothing is required but to keep the vessel in the middle of the stream, which is sufficiently rapid to carry her down, without the least assistance from rowing. At the confluence of the Kanhaway with the Ohio, at Point Pleasant, they found three other travellers, who were waiting for an opportunity to proceed on the same journey; namely, William Phlyn, of Point Pleasant, a petty tradesman, who was in the habit of travelling to Kentucky; and Dolly and Peggy Fleming, likewise of Point Pleasant, who intended to proceed to Kentucky, under the protection of Phlyn, a relation of theirs, and to settle in that place.

They were all of them fully aware, that the navigation of the Ohio is not exempt from danger; but they also knew, that instances of the Indians attacking a vessel in the midst of the stream are very rare, and that an attack on a vessel, with six persons on board, was altogether unprecedented. They, therefore, made themselves perfectly easy. Having left Point Pleasant on Friday, the 20th of March, early in the morning, they proceeded, during a passage of twenty-two hours, with all the care, which the weather, when favourable, admits of in these sorts of vessels. They had sailed one hundred and six miles; it was five o'clock in the morning; they were near the confluence of the Sciota, and had a fair prospect of reaching Limestone the next morning, by day-break. Passing on with this expectation, they heard dreadful shrieks, proceeding from two men, who spoke English, and told them, in the most affecting tone of grief, that they had been taken prisoners by the Indians, and had made their escape, but feared to fall again into their hands. They had not eaten any thing for these four days past, and entreated, if they could not be taken on board, to be at least supplied with some provisions, and thus saved from the unavoidable danger of perishing through hunger. The first and immediate sentiment of all the passengers impelled them to succour these unfortunate persons: but a little consideration excited strong apprehensions in some of them, lest the assistance which they might afford these persons should throw themselves into the hands of the Indians. Mr. Johnson, as well as Mr. May, entertained this fear, which, on the other hand, was combated as groundless by the other two men; and the two women, yielding to compassion (a feeling more prevalent in their sex than ours), declared it an act of barbarous cruelty, on the part of the above two gentlemen, to oppose the saving the lives of the above two persons, in danger of instant death. Johnson and May, though still impressed with the same apprehensions, felt extremely uneasy, when they considered, that in consequence of *their* prudence, the unfortunate men might, perhaps, perish. They would not appear less humane than the rest, who shared the same danger, and accordingly defended their opinion with less firmness, than when they first proposed it. The two unfortunate men followed the vessel along the shore, as she was carried onwards by the current. Their mournful lamentations, their screams, and expressions of agonizing anguish and despair still increasing, William Phlyn, who derived some kind of authority from his being accustomed to this passage, and in the habit of frequenting Kentucky, proposed that he would go alone, and carry bread to the unfortunate sufferers, if his companions would land him on shore. He contended, that he should discern the Indians from afar, if they made their appearance; that, in in this case, the vessel might easily regain the middle of the stream; and that he would make the journey to Limestone on foot, without falling into the hands of the Indians. It would have been extremely hard to oppose this proposal, which was seconded by the two women, and by James Skuyl. Mr. Johnson and Mr. May, therefore, yielded, rather out of weakness than from any hearty approbation of the measure. They steered towards the shore, where the two sufferers were dragging themselves along, as if tormented by the most excruciating pains. Why is it, that humanity and candour must so frequently fall victims to artifice and fraud? The apprehensions of the two gentlemen were but too well founded. The two men were two traitors, suborned by the Indians to decoy the vessel to the shore. The Indians followed them, at some distance, constantly concealing themselves behind trees.

The moment the vessel reached the shore, they burst forth, about twenty-five or thirty in number, raised a dreadful howl, and fired on the passengers. Two of them were killed by the first firing, and the rest, in equal astonishment and terror, endeavoured to regain the middle of the stream; but being too near the shore, and their activity and dexterity being severely checked by the proximity of the impending danger, they made but little way. The two persons killed, were Mr. May and Dolly Fleming. The Indians continued to fire. James Skuyl was wounded, and two horses which were on board were killed. All this increased the terror of the three travellers, who were yet able to work, and impaired their exertions. The fury of the Indians increased in proportion to their hope of success. Some threw themselves into the river, and swam towards the ship; those who remained on shore, threatened to fire on the passengers if they should make the least resistance, and kept their pieces constantly levelled against them. The swimmers brought the ship accordingly on shore; and the unfortunate Americans were obliged to land under the continued howl of the Indians, which, however, were no longer the accents of rage, but shouts of joy, on account of the seizure of their prey. The Indians offered them their hands, which they shook with more or less satisfaction, in proportion to the greater or less degree of fear they felt, which we may easily conceive not to have been small. This reception, however, in some measure allayed their apprehension. While some of the Indians were thus saluting the prisoners, and led them away from the shore, the rest were busied in landing all the merchandize and stores. Some cut wood, and made a fire. These arrangements were soon made. The articles found in the ship, were carried to the fire, as well as the two unfortunate persons who had been shot. The latter were completely stripped of their clothes, scalped on the spot, and their corpses thrown into the river. Mr. May was an intimate friend of Mr. Johnson, and the latter is yet at a loss for adequate terms to express the horror he felt at this dreadful sight, which, for some time, overpowered all his apprehension concerning his own safety. The scalps were dried by the fire, to increase the trophies of the tribe.

While the male prisoners were stripped of what articles they had about them, with more or less rigour, according to the whims of those who took this task upon them, or happened to be the nearest, the clothes of Peggy Flemming were not touched. Mr. Johnson's coat and waistcoat were already pulled off, and half his shirt, when an Indian, who hitherto had not concerned himself with his dress, returned it to him, and spoke to him who was pulling off the shirt, in a tone not only implying censure, but also a right to offer it. The same Indian gave him a blanket by way of indemnification for the loss of his coat and waistcoat. His shoes were taken from him, and instead of them they gave him *mockiſons*, or Indian shoes, made of deerskins. His breeches and stockings were yet left him; all the clothes were added to the rest of the booty. The Indians were now near seventy in number, among whom were about a dozen women. Their leader assembled them around the fire, and, holding the tomahawk in his hand, addressed them in a speech, which lasted about an hour, and which he delivered with great ease and fluency of expression, with gestures, and in a tone of enthusiasm, looking frequently up to heaven, or casting down his eyes on the ground, and pointing now to the prisoners, now to the river. Almost at every phrase, the Indians, who listened to him with the utmost attention, expressed their approbation and applause with accents of deep, mournful exclamation. The booty was divided among the different tribes which shared in this enterprize. The tribe of the Shawanese being the most numerous, and that to which the leader belonged, received three prisoners; and William Phlyn fell to the share of the other tribe, the Cherokees. Every prisoner was given to the charge of an Indian, who was answerable for his person. Although thus distributed, the prisoners remained together, and neglected not to improve the liberty allowed them, conversing with each other without restraint.

The two men who, by their lamentations, had decoyed them on shore, now rejoined the Indians. Their wretched victims poured forth against them severe reproaches, though they were somewhat softened by the fear of being overheard by the Indians. They pleaded necessity, and that they had been ordered, on pain of death, to act as they did. By their accounts, they were inhabitants of Kentucky, surprised by the Indians six months before, in their own habitations; and had, already, several times been employed in similar treachery. The stores found on board the vessel, served the Indians for their meals, in which they generously allowed the prisoners to partake. Night coming on, every one lay down to rest under the trees. The prisoners were surrounded by the tribes to which they respectively belonged, and singly guarded by the Indian who had the charge of them. Peggy Fleming, who was never left by her guards, was, this night in particular, surrounded by women. Mr. Johnson was tied by the elbows, and the ends of the ropes were fastened to trees, which stood far asunder, so that it was altogether impossible for him to lie down. Yet this was not deemed sufficient. Another rope, fastened to a tree, was tied around his neck, and from it a rattle was suspended, which, if he had made the least motion, would have awakened the whole troop. The rest were treated nearly in the same manner. The two white spies enjoyed the most perfect liberty. Some Indians were stationed, at certain distances, around the party, to observe what was passing in the surrounding country.

Early in the morning the prisoners were unbound, and suffered to enjoy the same liberty as on the preceding day. About ten o'clock the Indians who were posted along the banks of the Ohio, reported that a vessel was dropping down the river. The prisoners were ordered to join the other two, who yesterday beguiled their prey, and to exert their utmost efforts to decoy the passengers in the ship on shore. It is easy to conceive that the horror which they felt, on receiving these orders, was strongly combated by the fear of instant death, with which they were threatened in case of disobedience and refusal. They were, therefore, under the necessity of joining the other two white men. Mr. Johnson, however, though compelled, for the preservation of his own life, to pretend to do like the others, firmly determined not to make himself guilty of occasioning the slavery, or probable death of the unfortunate passengers on board, by any voluntary action on his part; and, consequently, neither to make the smallest gesture, nor to speak a word. And well might he spare himself this trouble. His companions exerted themselves to the utmost, to excite the compassion of the passengers on board, who, without the least hesitation, stood in towards the shore, to succour, and rescue from slavery, those whom they thought unfortunate captives. Scarely had they approached within a small distance of the shore, when the Indians, who, as on the preceding day, had stolen along behind the bushes, hastened up, fired, and shot the six persons on board. Shouts of victory succeeded to the howls of barbarous rage. The vessel was hauled on shore; and two of the ill-fated passengers, who were not yet dead, were immediately dispatched with the tomahawk.

The six scalps were torn off and dried, and the booty was divided, but with fewer formalities than on the preceding day. Soon after the scouts made signals that three other vessels were in sight. The same stratagem was employed; but, for this time, in vain. The families on board, which were proceeding to Kentucky, did not appear to make any attempt to deviate from their course, but, on the contrary, pursued it with redoubled activity. The Indians fired at the vessels, but, from the breadth of the Ohio, which, in this place, is almost a mile, the balls took no effect. Yet the passengers were panic-struck. Of the three vessels which they occupied with their cattle, they deserted two, and joined all in one; believing that they might thus proceed faster, and more certainly make their escape. The other two vessels they abandoned to the stream. This measure inspired the Indians with a hope of ſeizing them, which they would never have attempted if the paſſengers, without leaving theſe two veſſels, had ſteadfaſtly purſued their courſe. The Indians, who, in all their enterprizes, are rather animated by a thirſt for plunder than by real courage, never venture upon an attack, without being convinced, that they are ſuperior in ſtrength; a conviction, which they do not readily admit. Inſpirited by their number, by the obvious panic of their enemies, and by the ſeparation of their means of defence, they reſolved on purſuing them. Having on the preceding day captured two veſſels, they went on board, embarked their priſoners, and, with all poſſible ſpeed, purſued the fleeing ſhip. The two veſſels, which had been abandoned to the ſtream, ſoon fell into their hands; but, not ſatisfied with their capture, they were bent upon taking the third, which they purſued with redoubled exertion, raiſing dreadful howls, and diſcharging all their pieces; but their fire proved as ineffectual as their other exertions. The fugitive veſſel having gained conſiderably the ſtart of them, approached a ſpot, where the Indians feared to encounter new enemies. They were, accordingly, obliged to relinquiſh their deſign, and to content themſelves with the rich booty which had already fallen into their hands. It conſiſted of effects, ſtores, and other valuable articles, belonging to the four families, which had jointly emigrated from Virginia, to ſettle in Kentucky. They brought every thing on ſhore; and, without diſtributing the whole, fell eagerly on ſome caſks of whiſky. They drank ſo largely, that all of them were ſoon intoxicated. Six or ſeven, to whom was committed the charge of guarding the booty, and who had been ordered, at the beginning of theſe Bacchanalian revels, to drink with moderation, retained alone the uſe of their ſenſes. All the reſt lay buried in a profound ſleep; and, among them, the leader of the party, and the guards of the priſoners. William Phlyn himſelf had drank ſo much whiſky, as to be in the ſame ſituation with his maſters. Mr. Johnſon's mind was too deeply affected, by his dreadful ſituation, to ſhare in this diſguſting banquet. Totally abſorbed in the contemplation of the dangers and miſeries that awaited him, and eagerly deſirous of warding them off, if poſſible, he conceived that the profound ſleep of all the Indians around him might afford the means of eſcape, and communicated his idea to James Skuyl, who was lying by his ſide. The veſſels were faſtened to ſtakes along the ſhore, at a ſmall diſtance from them; the ſucceſs of their enterprize depended merely on their ſtealing thither unobſerved, throwing themſelves into the firſt veſſel they ſhould find, the night being very dark, and abandon her to the ſtream. Succeſs appeared as certain, if they could reach the veſſels, as inſtant death, on the other hand, if they were apprehended. James Skuyl the more readily embraced this project, as, but half an hour before, he eſcaped death in a manner little ſhort of a miracle. An Indian ran up to him, in the firſt fit of drunken madneſs, with the dreadful knife in his hand, to ſcalp him, and would certainly have accompliſhed his purpoſe, but for the interference of two other Indians, leſs inebriated than he was, who checked his fury. The laſt words of this converſation were uttered in a voice ſo very low, that it was impoſſible to conceive they ſhould have been underſtood by an Indian, who lay at a conſiderable diſtance, though he were even poſſeſſed of a knowledge of the Engliſh tongue; yet he aroſe, and tied them in the ſame manner as the preceding night, without shewing, however, the least passion, nay, without speaking a word.

Thus the pleasing hopes of the two prisoners were blasted on a sudden, and converted into renewed despair. Tied fast to trees, separated from each other, convinced, by experience, that they were closely watched, without the least intermission, even in moments when they might imagine themselves to be totally unguarded; they could not but suppose themselves doomed to a state of hopeless misery. The remembrance of all they had heard of the cruelty of the Indians towards their prisoners, oppressed their minds with constant horror. They were aware, that they would be yielded up to the grossest insults, and to lingering, cruel, and varied torments. They considered the Indians, who were lying around them in a state of senseless, brutish intoxication, as the instruments of their tortures. It was with these painful ideas, that the two unfortunate prisoners passed the remainder of the night. At break of day, the surrounding troop awoke; they were untied; and this day, the third of their captivity, was spent in continued revels, kept up with the whisky, which had been left the preceding day. The leader, probably from an opinion that his expedition had already proved sufficiently productive, proclaimed his will on the next following day, that it should be closed; and the different tribes, which had taken a share in it, set out on their way home. They all inhabited the neighbourhood of the lakes Ontario and Erie. The leader of the most numerous tribe, was a Shawanese; the rest were Lower Creeks, Wyandats, Mingoes, Othenwages, Delawares, Ottawas, Chipawas, and Cherokees.

Johnson, Jacob Skuyl, and Peggy Flemming, as has already been observed, had fallen to the lot of the Shawanese, forty of which tribe were present in this expedition. They left the Ohio together; while William Phlyn departed with the Cherokees. On the first day's journey, Johnson was ordered to lead a cow, which formed a part of the booty, found on board the two deserted vessels. Jacob Skuyl, being wounded, had nothing to do but follow the troop. Peggy Flemming, who was surrounded by men and women by turns, could go wherever she pleased. They were all three at liberty to converse as they chose, without the Indians having hitherto conceived the smallest distrust. The vast booty, which had fallen to the share of this tribe, was, in part, transported on horses, ten or twelve in number, found in the vessels, and in part carried by Indians, who, at times, loaded Mr. Johnson with part of their burden. The first day's journey was but five miles. The Shawanese halted in a beautiful vale, where, under straggling trees, about forty horses were grazing, which, in the course of the expedition, had been taken from the different travellers, and sent to this spot. They had adopted this measure, because they were to return this way; and it, besides, supplied the horses with food in the utmost abundance. The cow was killed the first day, roasted, and devoured. What had not been eaten, was left behind the next morning, when they set out to renew their journey. The leader, with eight or ten Indians, had, by this time, left the troop, mounted the best horses, and rode off to reach their habitations, before the arrival of the rest. They took Peggy Flemming with them, who, for the preservation of her life, did all she could to please the leader, and the other Indians, on whom she depended. Her good and playful humour insured her success. She was carried off on one of the best horses, and the apprehensions of her future fate were lost in the pleasure of her journey. Her two companions in misfortune, unable to charm their masters, as she did, continued their journey in the same manner in which they had begun it; except that they had nothing to carry, as the horses were more numerous: the cow too had been killed. The troop breakfasted on some salt meat they had found on board the vessels, and on the remains of the meals of the preceding day, and then moved farther onward. About twelve o'clock they halted. The game killed by the huntsmen was dressed, and the time of their halting was frequently determined by the good or bad luck of the chase. They smoked their pipes before and after dinner, and then set out again to pursue their journey, until about an hour before night-fall. At this time they stopped to eat their evening meal, which was much like the dinner, usually smoked a pipe in profund silence, and then lay down to rest on hides. The prisoners were constantly tied at night, and the journey was pursued in the same unvaried manner. During the march, some Indians, generally the huntsmen, formed a kind of van-guard, and others brought up the rear, at some distance, to watch whether the troop were pursued; for both the mistrust and the vigilance of the Indians are very great. The main body marched as they chose, without the least order. If game was espied, either by the main body or the rear-guard, they killed it. But the van-guard seemed in particular charged with this duty. No more game is killed than what is required for the next meal; and the woods are filled with it to such a degree, as to preclude all apprehension in regard to future subsistence. The game killed is cut into large pieces, and put on stakes driven into the ground. The cookery is performed by the women. The Indians, on lighting their fires, take peculiar care not to set fire to the neighbouring trees.

(To be continued.)

Miſcellaneous Articles of Literary and Philoſophical Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

DR. Priestley has just published, at Northumberland, Pennsylvania, a work, entitled, "*The Doctrine of Phlogiston established, and that of the Composition of Water refuted.*" This work contains all that Dr. P. has hitherto published on this controverted point, with considerable additions.

The Connecticut Academy are endeavouring to collect and preserve, for publication, a regular series of facts, respecting the following phenomena of nature: the variations of the thermometer and barometer; extraordinary changes of weather, and storms of all kinds; state of the seasons; unusual tides; celestial appearances; earthquakes; unusual numbers of insects; commencement, progress, and termination of epidemic diseases among men and other animals; and other remarkable physical phenomena—noting, in all cases, the precise time when any extraordinary occurrence begins and ends: that, for this purpose, a register be kept, in which shall be entered every day in the year with a large blank.

Professor Meigs, who began the series of observations on the first day of January, 1800, at New-

Haven, notes the indication of the quicksilver in the thermometer thrice a day, at sun-rise, at two o'clock afternoon, and at sun-set; the first being the coldest, the second the warmest, and the third the mean temperature of the natural day. A blank leaf is left in the book after each day, for the purpose of entering *hereafter*, in its place, any singular or memorable events in any part of the earth, however distant: such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, great tempests, or other atmospherical commotions—local or general sickness among the human species or brute animals, the multiplication of insects and reptiles, the prevalence of drought, the occurrence of hail, and all other physical appearances. It is to be desired that the gentlemen who undertake to keep similar records of such events, in different parts of America, may conform, as nearly as possible, to this plan; that thereby a comparison of the different registers may be more easily and exactly made.

A steelyard has been invented by Mr. Benjamin Dearborn, of Massachusetts, in which the centre of motion, centre of gravity, and points of suspension, are so adjusted, that the beam vibrates like a scale-beam, when loaded with weights in equilibrium, and when unloaded. He has obtained a patent for his invention, under the title of the "vibrating steelyard." Besides the advantages of the common steelyard, Mr. D.'s instrument possesses the property of being strictly accurate: it has but two hooks; never requires to be reversed; has the poises adjusted to certain weights, which may be sealed like other weights; gives, by inspection, both *neat* and *gross* hundreds; and may be purchased at a moderate price. Such an improvement in determining the weight of articles bought and sold, ought to attract the notice of house-keepers and dealers of every description, as it is said to possess great advantages for weighing *with ease, dispatch, and certainty.*

Jared Mansfield, of New-Haven, intends to publish a collection of essays, mathematical and physical, in which, among other subjects, there will be a dissertation on the negative sign in algebra, with an explanation of the mathematical limits of *nothing* and *infinity;* a *theory of fluxionary analysis*, and *an explanation of the moon's theory.*

A fourth number of the Transactions of the New-York Society for promoting Agriculture, Arts, and Manufactures, has just been published at Albany.

The varieties of maize, or Indian corn, are very numerous. Its vegetative powers are found to be admirably adapted to the distant climates of Nova-Scotia and the Carolinas, on the American continent. Farmers are not agreed which variety of the grain is most productive. Each soil and latitude undoubtedly has its particular and preferable sort of maize. We mention, however, for the information of our readers, a kind of Indian corn which grew last season on Manhattan Island, at Haerlem. The ear contained *sixteen rows* of grains. These were well ripened, of a middling size, and of a very firm structure. Not a row contained less than *fifty grains.* So that the product of a single ear of maize was more than *eight hundred grains.* It is submitted to the consideration of farmers, whether the cultivation of this variety would not answer an important purpose in husbandry.

A number of gentlemen at Wilmington, in the State of Delaware, have associated for the purposes of science, and formed a constitution under the title of "The Philosophical Society of the State of Delaware."

The Rev. Silas Constant has discovered a cement for preserving wood and brick from decay, and for stopping leaks and fissures, for which he has obtained a patent. It is composed of the following materials, viz. Tar, pulverized coal (charcoal is esteemed the best), and fine, well slacked lime; the coal and lime to be well mixed together, proportioned at about four fifths coal, and one fifth lime; the tar to be heated, and, while hot, thickened with the mixture of coal and lime, until it becomes so hard as that it may be easily spread upon the surface of a board, and not run off when hot. Turpentine or pitch will answer nearly as well as tar, and plaster of Paris will answer instead of lime; to be used in the same manner, and about in the same proportions. The cement must be applied when warm, and is found to be used easiest with a trowel.

Dr. Mitchill's theory of *septon* appears to be gaining ground very rapidly in Europe and America; Dr. Priestley regards it "as a most important discovery, which ranks with the most brilliant that this age, fertile in discoveries, can boast." His nomenclature has been adopted in Italy, and favourably mentioned in France.

Dr. Miller, of New-York, has received from Dr. Pearson, of London, a thread impregnated with the matter of the vaccine disease, for the purpose of inoculation in this country, with a view to its use as a substitute for the small-pox.

A poem, sacred to the memory of General Washington, by Mr. R. Alsop, adapted to the 22d of February, 1800, has just been published.

A funeral Oration on the death of General Washington, delivered by the Rev. John M. Mason, M. A. on the 22d February, has been published by George F. Hopkins.

A funeral Eulogy, occasioned by the death of General Washington, delivered before the New-York State Society of Cincinnati, the 22d February, by the Rev. William Linn, D. D. has just appeared from the press of Isaac Collins.

Our readers will recollect that we announced, in our Magazine for August, 1799, a discovery of a substance for making paper, by Chancellor Livingston. It appears that the Rev. Mr. Senger, of Reck, in Westphalia, has also discovered the same substance for making paper. It is taken from the aquatic plant, called by Linnæus *Conferva rivularis* (Eng. Crow-silk), a vegetable very plentifully growing in all European rivers. The inventor having spent many years in making experiments and perfecting his discovery, is now publishing a circumstantial account of it, from which it appears that the above material furnishes as excellent paper as that obtained from rags, and at less expense.

FOREIGN.

DR. Carradori having made several curious experiments on the respiration of frogs and fishes, says, he is fully convinced that frogs are obliged to respire to preserve their life. He observes, that these animals, if kept under water, lived much longer when the vessels into which they were put were left open, than when they were closely shut, and that the duration of their lives was long or short, in proportion to the extent of the water in which they were caught. On being placed under water which had a thin surface of oil, they lived but a very short time. When put into pure oil, they lived about 40 minutes.

Dr. Carradori, in a letter to M. Lasti, on the Digestive Faculties of Nocturnal Animals of Prey, supposes it no longer doubtful, that birds of prey digest vegetables. It appears, from his experiments, that these animals support themselves very well on this kind of food, although it appears contrary to their nature. Carradori by this means explodes the erroneous opinion, that the gastric juice of these birds was homogeneous with animal substances. What is here established by the experiments of Dr. Carradori, that carnivorous animals derive nourishment from the produce of plants, now appears very probable from the discovery, made by Fourcroy, of the existence of gluten, albumen, and jelly, in vegetables.

The Rev. W. Tooke, who has already distinguished himself by his valuable publications relative to the Russian empire, is at this time employed upon a history of Russia, from the establishment of the Monarchy by Rurick, to the accession of Catharine the Second.

Dr. Chladni, well known for his important discoveries relating to sound, has lately announced some new facts respecting the animal electricity. He says he has ascertained that animals, which have been supposed to have the electric fluid equally diffused throughout their bodies, are, on the contrary, liable to have it accumulated in certain parts, or that the positive and negative electricity, under certain circumstances, exist in different parts of the same animal. This hitherto unascertained fact has also been recently asserted by Professor Abildgaard, secretary to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Copenhagen, celebrated for his former discoveries in electricity. He says the positive electricity is frequent in parts affected with the gout, while the other parts of the body are negatively electrified; and suggests that the application of *metallic tractors* would equilibriate the stock of electricity, and thus probably remove the disease.

The population of Berlin, without including the military, amounted in 1796, to 134,647 inhabitants. The military and their families, formed a total of about 26,000; so that this capital offers a mass of about 165,000 individuals.

A Society has been lately established at Abo, in Sweden, under the name of Œconomical Society of Finland; the object of which is to endeavour to ameliorate the country by the propagation of knowledge, advice, and instruction, and to excite emulation by premiums, &c. Two prizes have been already proposed: the first for the composition of an elementary Treatise on Agriculture, for the use of the Finland Peasantry; and the second for the solution of this question, What are the most proper means to excite industry? This society is composed of a number of active, intelligent men, whose zeal will not be limited to mere attempts; their President is M. Gadolin. If Sweden, through its whole extent, were to break up the soil, and transform its vast forests into pasture and arable lands, its power would equal that of most other countries. Lapland, especially, and Finland, would support a population much more considerable than what they contain at this time.

The Rev. Dr. Watkins will speedily publish, in one large volume octavo, an universal Biographical Dictionary, which, in respect to design, will bear the same relation to biography that the ordinary Gazetteers bear to geography. Such a compendious biographical work has long been wanted, and can scarcely fail to be well received by the public.

⁂

POETRY.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

The following Poems form part of a collection that was presented me by their lovely Authoreſs, whoſe genius will not confer leſs celebrity on Dacca, the place of her birth and early reſidence, than that of Eliza has on Anjengo. I ſhould be gratified by ſeeing them publiſhed in your collection, that Eleanor may be not leſs known on the banks of Hudſon than on thoſe of the Ganges. They were written at the little Village of Stratford, three miles from Saliſbury (England.) It is painful to relate that this ſweet Aſiatic fell a victim to a conſumption at the age of eighteen, June 19, 1798.

I am, Sir, &c.

JOHN DAVIS.

New-York, February 20, 1800.

ODE.

By ELEANOR.

WITHIN ſweet Stratford's calm retreat,
Repos'd beneath the woodland glade,
I envy not the gaudy great,
Gay dance by night or maſquerade.
Far other charms my breaſt poſſeſs,
The joys that from reflection come;
The bland diſcourſe, the ſoft careſs
Of him who makes this Cot a Dome!
Then why exchange my calm retreat,
Impervious to unhallow'd feet,
For crowds that ruder paſſions know,
To me inelegant and low?

Bleſt with ſweet eaſe, theſe woods among,
O Muſe benignant hear my lyre!
And on thy ſuppliant's humble ſong,
Beſtow a ſpark of heav'nly fire.
To thy all-conquering, magic ſmile,
I owe my bliſs; the praiſe is thine;
For not the ſtudied glance or wile,
Could keep the heart I boaſt as mine.
Beauty is but a fading roſe,
Of ev'ry paſſing gale the prey;
But ſenſe a longer triumph knows,
Nor will its charms with age decay.

Then Oh! with knowledge feed my ſoul,
Bleſt Muſe! and teach my verſe to roll!

The ADIEU *to the* VILLAGE.

By the ſame.

FAREWELL the woodland's calm retreat,
The daiſied mead and flow'ry vale,
Where late I roam'd with careleſs feet,
And carroll'd to the vernal gale.
No Nymph with more true joy was bleſt
Than I, theſe roſeate bow'rs among;
Where, ev'ry care beguil'd to reſt,
The Muſe propitious heard my ſong.
Oh! may ſhe ſtill her ſmiles beſtow,
By far more paſſing ſweet to me,
Than ſleep to one oppreſt with woe,
Or honied-bloſſom to the bee.
Where'er I find my next retreat,
Whether beneath the hill or dale,
Still may my Cot ſweet ſounds repeat,
Soft echoing to my artleſs tale.

To the EVENING STAR.

At the Tomb of ELEANOR.

By JOHN DAVIS.

BRIGHT Star of night! ſlow riſing in the weſt,
That glad'ſt the ſeamen bounding on the main,
Thy coming to the world diſpenſes reſt;
Huſh'd is each wave, and tranquil now the plain.

Sweet is thy aſpect to my longing ſight,
When to the tomb I melancholy ſtray,
Where *Eleanor* ſleeps below in darkeſt night,
Whoſe preſence once was like the beam of day.

Her voice was pleaſant as the words of ſong;
Her eyes, bright-ſparkling, flaſh'd with living fire;
Graceful in dance ſhe join'd the mazy throng,
And wak'd to ſofteſt harmony the lyre.

Oh! ye, whoſe hearts, to ſome departed friend
Have ſecret ſigh'd, bent down by tender woe,

Here let your breaſts with ſympathy diſtend
O'er one, whoſe tears for others oft would flow.

If ſouls, no more by earthly bonds controul'd,
Can from the boſom of eternal light,
With piercing eye, this pendant orb behold,
Become immortal by their ætherial flight;

Witneſs! ſweet Seraph! that my mournful lyre
Reſounds the tribute of unceaſing love:
While with a trembling hope my thoughts aſpire,
Once more to meet thee in the realms above!

Paraphraſe of Buchanan's *Latin Epigram from the Greek.*

By the ſame.

To FLAVIA.

He who thy lovely face beholds,
Where beauty ev'ry charm unfolds,
Is ſurely bleſt; but more ſo he
Who hears thy voice of harmony.
But more than mortal is the bliſs
Of him who raviſhes a kiſs,
In playful dalliance, from thoſe lips
Where Love his glowing empire keeps:
But quite a God is, ſure, the ſwain
Who feels thee, Flavia, kiſs again;
And from that mouth the gift receives
Which all his ſoul of ſenſe bereaves!

ODE *on* ASHLEY RIVER.

By the ſame.

On gentle *Aſhley's* winding flood,
Enjoying philoſophic reſt,
I court the calm, umbrageous wood,
No more with baleful care oppreſt.

Or, on its bank ſupinely laid,
The diſtant mead and field ſurvey,
Where branching laurels form a ſhade
To keep me from the ſolar ray.

While flows the limpid ſtream along,
With quick meanders through the grove,
And from each bird is heard the ſong
Of careleſs gaiety and love!

And when the Moon, with luſtre bright,
Around me throws her ſilver beam,
I catch new tranſport from the ſight,
And view her ſhadow in the ſtream.

While *Whip-poor-Will* repeats his tale,
That echoes from the boundleſs plain;
And blytheſome to the paſſing gale,
The *Mocking-Bird* pours out his ſtrain.

Hence with a calm, contented mind,
Pure pleaſure comes without alloy,
Our own felicity we find—
'Tis from the heart ſprings genuine joy.

On my HOUSE *at Sullivan's Iſland.*

By the ſame.

En unquam patrios, &c.
VIR.

Returning hither, ſhall I e'er behold
This Muſes' Hall to ſome bread-baker ſold?
Say! ſhall ſome rude mechanic light his fire
Where now I wake to ſofteſt ſtrains the lyre?
Say! ſhall theſe walls that echo'd to my ſong,
To ſome unletter'd Vandal e'er belong?

ODE *to a* CRICKET.

By the ſame.

Little gueſt, with merry throat,
That chirpeſt by my taper's light,
Come, prolong thy blithſome note,
Welcome viſitant of night.

Here enjoy a calm retreat,
In my chimney ſafely dwell,
No rude hand thy haunt ſhall beat,
Or chaſe thee from thy lonely cell.

Come, recount me all thy woes,
While around us ſighs the gale;
Or, rejoic'd to find repoſe,
Charm me with thy merry tale.

Say what paſſion moves thy breaſt:
Does ſome flame employ thy care?
Perhaps with love thou art oppreſt,
A mournful victim to deſpair.

Shelter'd from the wintry wind,
Live and ſing, and baniſh care;
Here aſylum thou ſhalt find,
Sympathy has brought thee here.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REVIEW.

Vol. II.] MARCH, 1800. [No. 3.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Statements of destruction produced by the French Revolution.

THE effects of political revolutions and civil wars can very rarely be reduced to the accuracy of numbers. Misery, indeed, and pain, and fear, cannot be measured like sugar or salt. They are intellectual existences, and are known only to him that suffers them; but, though we cannot go as far as we wish in tracing the influence of events upon the happiness of mankind, we may go much farther in some cases than in others.

The French revolution, surely one of the most important events in human history, differs from all past transactions in the accuracy with which its origin, progress, and effects may be known to us. In consequence of taking place in an age of literature, we, though so many hundred leagues from the stage on which it is performing, are enabled to survey it minutely and comprehensively. We have memoirs, registers, and catalogues in abundance, and are able to take the length and breadth, as it were, of every motive and tendency belonging to it.

One of the most curious of these documents, is a work published at Paris a few months ago, written by Prudhomme, a famous actor in this scene, and whose details are the more valuable, as his situation enabled him to know more than most others, and as his character, that of a zealous revolutionist and jacobin, will exempt him from being suspected of exaggerating the evils he recounts. His book he calls "An History of the Errors and Evils attending the French Revolution."

This book enables us, by the minuteness of its detail, to reduce the effects of this revolution, in the destruction of life and property, to a kind of map, from which a collected and numerical view of these effects may be obtained. A pathetic story of a single death affects us, indeed, more powerfully, and takes firmer hold of the fancy, than a table which exhibits the sum of ruin in mere figures; but, if the fancy delights or demands to be agitated by pictures of distress, the understanding ought likewise to be informed, and this can only be done by authentic details, in which times and numbers are accurately adjusted.

Those who are fond of comparing past and present events, and who are inquisitive into the causes of human happiness and misery, will be gratified, perhaps, by the following tables, which are drawn from the narrative of Prudhomme; and the accuracy of which, though not mathematically rigid, is yet as great as the nature of the subject will admit.

The effects of this revolution may be computed in the number of plots and insurrections that took place; in the number of towns, villages, and houses destroyed; and in the number of persons either slain or driven into exile.

The First Period, or that of the CONSTITUENT ASSEMBLY.

From the 17th June, 1789, to the 1st October, 1791, two years, three months, thirteen days.

Violent deaths		3540
Of whom were Women	12	
Of whom were Children	22	
Castles and villas of nobles demolished	123	
Plots and conspiracies detected or denounced	66	
Partial insurrections in the capital or departments	71	

Second Period, or the CONSTITUTIONAL ASSEMBLY.

From the 1st October, 1791, to the 20th September, 1792, eight months, twenty days.

Violent deaths		8044
Of whom were Women	3	
Of whom were Priests	292	
Conspiracies	44	
Insurrections	28	
Castles and villas destroyed	62	

Third Period, or that of Revolutionary Government and the NATIONAL CONVENTION.

From the 20th September, 1792, to the 25th October, 1795, three years, one month, five days.

Conspiracies	360	
Partial insurrections	140	
The victims, during this black period, consist, first; of those who perished judicially, by the guillotine, at Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Toulon, and Bedoin,		18,613
Of these were Noble males	1278	
Of these were Noble females	750	
Of these were Nuns and friars	360	
Of these were Priests	1155	
Of these were Wives of artizans	1467	
Secondly, of those slain in the civil and foreign wars, as follows:		
1st. By the war in Languedoc and Lyonois; by battles, skirmishes, and military execution in the field		31,200

At Lyons.

By terror and famine during the siege	184	799
By the fall of buildings	45	
Pregnant and child-bed women	348	
Slain in the *re-action* of 9th Thermidor	145	
Died in prison	32	
By suicide	45	
Houses destroyed	1674	

At Marseilles.			
In the flight from Carteux		650	729
Died in prison		79	
At Toulon.			
During the siege		9000	14,325
Massacred or drowned on the flight of the English		3100	
Died in prison		160	
Shot to death (judicially)		800	
Women and children thrown into the sea		1265	
At Bedoin.			
The whole people totally destroyed or dispersed, exceeding			8,000
Massacred in the southern provinces on the *re-action* of 9th Thermidor			750
2d. By the war of La Vendee, including, first, those slain in battle, or by drowning, shooting, and stabbing, when not in arms			900,000
Of these were,	Women	15,000	
	Children	22,000	
This war destroyed of villages, hamlets, and farms, upwards of		20,000	
Second, Persons destroyed judicially at Nantes, by Carrier			32,000
Of whom were	Children shot to death	500	
	Children drowned	1,500	
	Women shot to death	264	
	Women drowned	500	
	Priests shot	300	
	Priests drowned	460	
	Nobles shot and drowned	1,400	
	Artizans shot and drowned	5,300	
	Died in prison, of a goal or malignant fever	8,000	
Third, Persons who killed themselves by shooting, stabbing, hanging, drowning, or leaping from windows, and who died by fright			3,790
Fourth, Women by miscarriage			3,400
Fifth, Died of hunger or despair in the woods, and fastnesses of Lower Brittany, Poitou, and the Angevin			20,000
3d. By the war in St. Domingo; first, whites, including men, women, and children			124,000
Second, Blacks and people of colour, of each sex and all ages			60,000
Third, Towns destroyed		2	
Fourth, Habitations destroyed		3,200	
4th. In the war with Spain, England, Austria, and Prussia, there died in battle and in hospitals			800,000
5th. Persons whom their terror or sufferings deprived of reason			1,550

From these statements, it appears that the victims of the French revolution, in six years and twenty-eight days, from June, 1789, to October, 1795, were,

1st. Killed.

1. Under the National Assembly	3,540	
2. The Constitutional Assembly	8,044	
3. The National Convention	2,017,606	
Total of the killed		2,029,190

2d. Exiles.

1. Nobles, females	9,130	
2. Nobles, males	15,949	
3. Nobles, officers in the army	8,392	
4. Nobles, officers in the navy	1,589	
5. Members of the parliaments	413	
6. Proprietors of lands	9,229	
7. Advocates	2,867	
8. Notaries	324	
9. Physicians	328	
10. Surgeons	540	
11. Bankers	228	
12. Merchants	7,847	
13. Farmers, or tenants of land	3,268	
14. Artizans	22,729	
15. Wives of artizans	3,000	
16. Children	2,987	
17. Domestics	2,729	
18. Members of religious orders	4,321	
19. Priests	28,729	
Total of the exiles		123,789
Total of the slain and banished, previous to October, 1795,		2,152,979

The reader will observe that these statements come no lower than 1795. Since that period have elapsed five years of internal revolutions and foreign war. This war has been remarkably destructive, if not from any peculiar ferocity with which it is carried on, yet from the equality in military skill between the parties, the obstinacy of their contention, the great number of combatants, and the extent of the theatre of war. Hostilities have been carried on with infinite waste and havock, in the Netherlands, along the Rhine, in Swabia, in Switzerland, in the Pyrenean frontier of Spain, in every part of Italy, in Egypt, and in Syria. How many thousands of English, Prussians, Austrians, Dutch, Spaniards, Italians, and *Saracens*, either as soldiers or subjects, must be added to the list of Frenchmen, whose life, property, and happiness, have been the victims of this mighty revolution?

The foregoing statements afford us accurate conceptions of the ruinous effects of *three years* of conventional government, or what has been emphatically styled *the reign of terror*. The more we ponder on the scene, the more clearly shall we perceive the justness of this terrific appellation.

Should we be told of a numerous army drawn out in a long line, and, without a fault, unpityingly *deci-*

mated, we should recoil from the spectacle with horror. This horror would increase in proportion to the innocence of, and number of the victims, and to the caprice which impelled their tyrant to shed so much blood. Parallel to such a decimation, was, in some respects, the scene exhibited in France during the reign of terror. It was in reality a decimation, since *one in ten* of the whole number perished by a violent and painful death; but let it be remembered that the whole number amounted to upwards of *twenty millions* of human beings; that they consisted of all sexes, ages, and conditions; and that their death, unlike the dispatch of a military execution, was attended by a thousand hideous aggravations.

By these remarks is intended nothing but the display of an historical fact. The causes or equity of the French revolution I shall leave to be discussed by others. I shall not attempt to aggravate or extenuate the evils of the present period, by comparing them with those produced by former revolutions and wars. Whether the havock which ensued the subversion of Rome; the mutual attacks and invasions of the princes of Christendom in early ages; the devastations and massacres to which the reformation gave birth in France, the Netherlands, and Germany, argue greater or less barbarity and folly than the present age has witnessed, are curious questions, but, by far, too difficult for

Your well wisher,

C. D.

New French Political Nomenclature.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

HAVING found amusement, and some instruction, in collecting most of the terms descriptive of parties and opinions in what may be called the new French political nomenclature, I have formed a list of them, and added to each what explanation I was able to procure. The French revolution curiously exemplifies the influence of new situations to give birth to new ideas and to new terms. The history of language is an important part of the history of man; and, to be unacquainted with the former, is to be ignorant of the latter.

These terms continually recur in the history of the present times, and much inconvenience may arise from wanting a seasonable and commodious guide to their true meaning. I do not pretend to have been complete or infallible in my catalogue and definitions, and many deficiencies will be left unsupplied, or to be supplied by others; but, such as it is, it may not prove unacceptable.

Parliamentaires.	Adherents to the parliaments of 1788.
Les Brissotins, Les Gerondins, Les Rolandins, Les Louveteux.	The republican party in the National Assembly, so called from their supposed chiefs, Brissot, Louvet, and Roland, and from the name of the department *La Geronde*, of which the most distinguished among them were deputies.
Les Materialistes, Les Philosophes.	The atheists. The last mentioned party so called by the friends of religion.
La Pleine.	*The plain.* Brissot's followers, so called from their occupying the lower seats in the theatre where the representatives met.

Les Demagogues, Les Populaciers.	The rabble-courters.
Les Democrates, Les Republicains.	The same party, so called from their espousing the scheme of a simple republic.
Les Revolutionnaires.	Friends to a revolution in general.
Les Fédéralistes.	A party supposed to be in favour of a division of the empire into independent cantons.
Les Pittistes, Les Agens de Pitt et Cobourg, Les Salaries de Cobourg.	Supposed spies and deputies kept in pay by England and Austria.
Monsieur Veto.	The king. From the exercise of his negative in 1792.
L'Orateur de l'Espéce humain.	Anarcharsis Klootz.
Les Aristocrates, Les Royallistes, Les Monarchistes.	The friends of the old government. *Church and king's men.*
Les Emegrés, Les Coblentz, Les Condéans, Les Ci-devants.	The exiled nobles and priests. Those in arms under Condé, whose head-quarters, for a time, was Coblentz.
Les Tyranicides.	Voters for the king's death.
Les Refractaires, Les Fanatiques, Les Insermentés, Les Devotés, Les Deportés, Les Christocoles.	The favourers of the ancient hierarchy, and of religion in general. *The non-jurors* or priests who refused the civic oath, and who were banished.
Les Theophilantropes.	Sectaries of a new political religion, excluding revelation and the bible.
Les Nihilistes, Les Nuls, Les Observateurs.	The neutrals. The no-party-men.
Les Orleanistes.	The partizans of Orleans.
La Coté Gauche.	Revolutionary party in the first assembly.
Les Constitutionelles.	Advocates of the English constitution in the first assembly.
Les Mixtés.	The mixt-monarchy-men.
Les Moderés, Les Humanistes, Les Impartieux, Les Indulgens, Les Amnistiés.	Friends of moderate measures, especially respecting the punishment of the king.
Les Montagnards, Les Montagne.	The mountain or mountaineers, from their occupying the higher benches of the hall.
Les Jacobins.	The same party; from the place of their meeting, as a club, being the convent of the jacobins.
Les Maratistes, Les Robespierristes.	The same party; from their leaders, Marat and Robespierre.

Les Niveleurs (Levellers) Les Agrariens, Les Honnêtes-gens, Les Sectionnaires, Les Partizans de la commune, Les Patriotes du '93, Les Patriotes par excellence, Les Patriotes plus patriotes que les patriotes, Les Regenerateurs, Les Ultra-revolutionnaires, Les Bonnets-Rouges.	The same party; from their schemes for equalizing property, from their pretentions to honesty, from their siding with the commune of Paris and the sections, from their struggles for greater *purity* of manners and more thorough revolutions, and from their *red caps.*
Les Anarchistes, Les Démoralisateurs, Les Dépopulateurs, Les Brûleurs, Les Disorganisateurs, Les Egorgeurs, Les Enrages, Les Hecatombeurs, Les Hommes de Sang, Les Incendiaires, Les Massacreurs, Les Noyeurs, Les Propagandistes, Les Chevaleurs de Pognard, Les Sanguinocrates, Les Septembrizeurs, Les Milicides, Les Terroristes, Les Beuveurs de Sang,	Appellations with which the same party was stigmatized by the hatred or revenge of those who suffered by their cruelty. The Septemtrizeurs were those who justified the murder of the prisoners at Paris and Versailles on the 3d September, 1793. The Propagandistes were those schemers who, like Klootz, proposed to revolutionize the world.
Les Tutoyeurs, Les Carmagnoles, Les Sans-Culottes.	The same party; *thee-and-thou-men*, from their affectation of Roman simplicity; the same party, from their favourite song La Carmagnole, and their courting the rabble, whose poverty left them *without breeches; the raggamuffins, tag-rag-and-bobtail.* (Ci-devant *La Canaille.)*
Les Denonciateurs, Les Alarmistes, Les Assommeurs, Les Aveliseurs, Les Diffamateurs, Les Dissidens, Les Affameurs, Les Malveillans.	The same party; thus branded by their adversaries in the Convention, from their dealing in calumny, from their denouncing conspirators, and their urging new measures for the public safety from traitors and spies.
Les Reacteurs, Les Reactionnaires, Les Reagisseurs.	New revolution-men; retalliators; the takers of vengeance on the fallen party.

Les Heros de cinq cent livres.	Those who paid this sum for exemption from military service; heroes of the purse-string.
Les Hommes d'Etat.	The men of property; the purse-proud.
Les Bureaucrates.	The men in office; the place-men.
La Junesse dorée.	The foplings; *the poppinjays;* folks-in-lace.
Le Million doré.	The rich; the money-holders.
Les Use-Calottes.	*The men-in-breeches;* the gentle-folk.
Les Jureurs.	Constitutional priests, who took the civic oath.
Les Requisitionnaires.	The requisition-men.
Les Presseurs.	The enlisters by force.
Les Proconsuls.	Name given in reproach to the deputies of *the mountain* faction sent into the departments.
Les Missionaires.	The same delegates.
Les Meneurs.	Same as presseurs; the drivers.
Les Chaumettistes, Les Dantonistes, Les Hebertistes, Les Fayettistes, La Jeunesse de Freron, Les Freronistes, Les Petionistes, Les Phillippotins, Les Merlinistes, Les Talienistes, Les Babeuvistes.	Various factions in Paris and the Legislative Body; so called from their leaders, Chaumette, Danton, Hebert, &c.
Les Conventionnels.	Partizans of the Convention against the *Fauxbourgois*, in 1795.
Les Nouveau Teirs.	The new thirds, elected into the Convention by the law of 1795.
Les Pantheonistes, Les Patriottes du Cul-de-sac Dauphin, Les Feuillans, Les Cordeliers.	Factious clubs; from their place of meeting.
Les Fraternizeurs de Grenelle.	Jacobin conspirators, and assailants of the camp at Grenelle 4th year.
Les Myriagramistes.	The rise-in-mass-men.
Les Femmes Revolutionnaires.	The Paris fish-women. Les poissards.
Le Peuple Souvereign.	The mob of Paris.
Les A-la-Lanterniers.	The halter-men; the lantern-rope-men.
Les Vainqueurs de la Bastile, Les Hommes du 14 Juillet.	Assailants of the bastile in 1789.
———du 10 Aloût.	Assailants of the Tuilleries in 1792.
———du 2 Septembre.	Assassins of the prisoners in 1793.
———du 31 May.	Those who triumphed over the Brissotins in 1793.

Les Vendemiaristes.	Partizans of the Convention in the sectionary insurrection of the 4th year.
Les Fructidoriens.	Conquerors of Babœuf and his accomplices 4th year.
Les Germinalistes.	Conquerors of the jacobins Barrere, Belaud, &c. 3d year.
Les Prarialistes.	Denouncers and punishers of *the mountain* conspiracy, 3d year.
Les Thermidoriens.	Tallien, Le Gendre, &c. who prevailed against the *triumvirs* in 1794.
Les Egoïstes, Les Endormeurs, Les Exagerés, Les Exclusifs, Les Intrigans, Les Contre-revolutionaires, Les Clubbistés.	Names of reproach given by one faction to another.
Les Triumvirs.	Robespierre, St. Just, and Couthon.
Les Opprimées.	The party out of power.
Les Victêmes.	Persons banished, imprisoned, or executed.
La Faction de l'Etranger.	A vague reproach, as if leagued with foreign enemies.
Le Comité Autrichien.	Partizans of the queen.
Conspirations, ——des Prisons, ——des Mouchoirs, ——des Boêtes, ——des Oeufs-rouges, ——des Matelas.	Plots detected, or supposed; so called from some circumstance in their formation or discovery—as, the handkerchief plot, the trunk plot, the red-egg plot, the truckle-bed conspiracy.
La Queue de Robespierre.	The remnant of the jacobins after their defeat.
Salmistes, Salmichiens, Salmi-gondes.	The half-way-men; the hotchpotch; the all-side-men; the trimmers.
Les Aboyeurs.	The barkers; the clamorous minority.
Les Agioteurs.	The stock-jobbers.
Les Appelans.	The appealers to the primary assemblies.
Les Perpetuals.	The hold-fasts (on the crimes of the king).
Les Bourbiers.	The mud-cocks.
Les Tricateusses.	The cudgellers; the *club-lawyers*.
Les Brumistes.	The mal-contents; the morose; *the misty-sighted*.
Les Legionnaires.	The legion-men.
Les Cadenettes.	The curly-pates.
Les Calotins.	The coxcombs.
Les Pacificateurs.	The peace-makers.
Les Clichiens.	
Les Marveilleuses.	The wonder-workers.
Les Ancien-limitaires.	The old-limit-men.
Les Tappe-durs.	The domiciliary visitors; *the knock-hards*.
Les Incroyables.	The incredibles.
Les Insoucians.	The giddy-heads; *les gens sans souci*.

Les Robinocrates.	The pettyfoggers; the sticklers for law.
Royal-Pituite.	The king's-phlegm.
Royal-Bonbon.	The king's-dainty.
Le Rocher.	The rock.
Le Ventre.	The belly.
Les Mitrailleurs.	Grape-shot-men; *sword-lawyers.*
Les Blues.	The blues.
Les Noirs.	The blacks.
Les Bonnets-rouges.	The red-caps (jacobins.)
Les Collets-noir.	The black-collars.
Les Collets-vert.	The green-collars.
Les Epaultiers.	The soldiery; officers of the army.
Les Bonnets-gras.	The greasy-caps.
Les Chiffonistes.	The Tatter-demallions (in Lyon.)
Les Oreilles de Chien.	The dog-ears.
Les Martinistes,	Titles of the insurgents of Languedoc and Lyon.
Les Enfans du Soleil,	
Les Christo-coles,	
La Compagnie de Jesus,	
Les Mathevons.	
Les Suspects.	All whom the ruling party thought fit to arrest and imprison.
Les Charettistes,	Titles distinguishing the insurgents of Poitou and Bas Bretagne.
Les Vendéans,	
Les Chauffeurs,	
Les Chouans,	
Les Brigands de la Vendée,	
Les Corneurs,	
Les Faction dedevotés,	
——de la mere de dieu,	
——des Epouseurs,	
——de Proly.	

A Word-Chase.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

YOU are so sober and grave a person that, perhaps, you may object to any communication, whose chief purpose is amusement; but you will oblige me, and some other of your idle readers, by admitting the following inquiries. Questions of this kind, though mere puzzle-caps and time-killers to the frivolous, are, to the reasoning part of mankind, topics of instructive recreation. It may chance, at least, to amuse a circle round a tea-table.

I should be glad to know of the solvers of enigmas, and the dissectors of conundrums, what word it is in the English language which possesses the following properties:

1st. It is the longest word in the language.

2d. Its letters are thrice the number of its syllables, and its syllables are *seven.*

To describe it genealogically, we may say that it is a concrete noun descended in the fourth degree from a noun appellative, which first term, and all the intermediate terms, are included as syllables, and in the order of their descent in the word that is sought for. Thus the first term begat the second, the second begat the third, and the third begat the fourth, and the fourth produced the fifth.

To describe it as a charade, we may make the word speak for itself, by saying,

My first is the darling of all ranks, and affords pleasure once, and sometimes twice a day, to half the human race.

My second always accompanies my first. It is never found but where men are; but wherever men are, on sea or land, town or country, among pagan or believer, provided they have art enough to hew a log, it is always to be found.

My first and second is a species of my second. It says nothing itself, but has surprising efficacy in collecting others around it and setting them to talk. It is not so frequent as my second, but it always accompanies my first. Though my first may occur without my first and second, my first and second *must* be attended by my first. Nay, the art of man cannot sever them.

My third distinguishes man from all other animals; but, though none but man has it, the most foolish have the most of it. Where my first is, my third is generally found, and is always welcome.

My second and third is a species of my third; 'tis a necessary agent for furthering the affairs of the world. There is nothing high or low, far or near, familiar or remote, which it does not meddle with. It discusses all themes and all characters, and is, by turns, a sage, a statesman, a critic, poet, and buffoon.

My first, second and third is a species of my second and third. Like the former, it assumes all shapes, and handles all topics, but is most commonly a trifler. It loves most, the company of witlings and coquets, and is slanderous to a proverb.

My fourth and fifth merely change my first, second and third into an adjective, and my sixth metamorphoses the whole once more into a substantive—and now, I pray you, what is my name?

To drop the mask of a conundramist, this marvellous word indicates a meaning that daily occurs to our thoughts; it denotes a quality ordinary, obvious, and familiar, and is a sterling and intelligible English word.

All its syllables, separately taken, are not significant; and yet, by splitting up this word into one or more syllables, we obtain, without varying their order, disjoining syllables, or wresting sounds, or using any of the tricks of a rebus-maker, we obtain no less than twelve distinct terms. Let it be noted that, on being joined together, either in one chain, so as to form the word desired, or in subordinate divisions, they lose not their original sense, but each contributes to make up the complex meaning of the whole. Thus,

The first syllable, taken alone, constitutes a legitimate word, and has a precise meaning. In composition this meaning is retained, or, so to speak, helps to make up the meaning of the whole. But how, will some wiseacre ask, can twelve words be formed out of seven syllables without varying the order of the syllables or letters? There's the difficulty which your worship will be so kind as to explain; but I will afford some clue to aid you in your wanderings.

The first syllable is one word; the second and third are another; the first, second and third are another; the fourth is another; the second, third and fourth are another; the first, second, third and fourth make another; the fourth, fifth and sixth make another; the fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh make another; all the syllables but the first and last make another; all the syllables but the last make another; all the syllables but the first make another; and, lastly, all the syllables together make another—and the complex idea denoted by the whole, as one word, is made up of the several ideas which each part, considered as a word, signifies.

P.

PUZZLE-CAPS *for* ARITHMETICIANS.

1. HOW may five 9's be so placed that when added together the sum total may be 1000?

2. What unit (number under ten) taken four times, may be so placed as, when added, to make the product 100?

3. Take an odd number between 10 and 30, multiply it three times, first by a number between 10 and 30; secondly by two thirds of the first multiplier, and thirdly, by two thirds of the second multiplier, and let the following conditions be observed:

1. The sum of the multiplicands must be more than the sum of the multipliers, by a third of the sum of the multiplicands.

2. The product of the first multiplication must be less than three hundred, by the sum of the multipliers.

3. The product of the second multiplication must be double the sum of the multiplicands.

4. The product of the third multiplication must be to the sum of the multiplicands, as 4 to 3.

5. The sum of the products must be as much above five hundred, as ninety-four is above the sum of the multiplicands.

NOTE *on* STEPHEN CALVERT.

Mr. Editor,

A FRIEND of mine lately desired me to lay aside some very urgent business in which I was engaged, to attend to a certain *Mr. Calvert*, whom he solicited my leave to introduce to me. My attention was otherwise engaged, and I saw nothing in the character of this stranger that promised to reward me for the time bestowed upon him; but my friend was extremely importunate, and assured me that I should have no reason to repent of my compliance. He said I should be infinitely entertained with the adventures of the man, that his life abounded with surprising turns of fortune, and that he would prevail with him to tell me his story.

On this condition I consented, and the stranger was introduced accordingly. Being fairly seated by a winter-evening's fire, he began his narrative. For a time I listened to it only by snatches. There was nothing very interesting in the theme, and I thought civility required no more than to *seem* to listen; gradually, however, some little curiosity was excited. The dullest story, if we can once be persuaded to begin it, will have charms enough to induce us to continue. Our sympathy is wonderfully prone to make the cause of others our own. Whether the story-teller be Richardson, or Mother-Bunch, Shakespeare, or Esop, let us once have but fairly entered on the tale, and the inertest curiosity will not fail to exclaim at every interruption, "*what next?*"

Thus it was with me, but the unlucky rogue, as soon as he observed my eyes steadfastly fixed on him, that I no longer shifted my posture, nor coughed, nor hemmed every second minute, nor rubbed my eyes, nor left my seat to snuff the candles; in fine, when he saw that my attention was completely engaged, he started up suddenly, without warning or apology, in the very heart of an interesting dialogue, snatched his hat from the table, and whipped out of the house. You may well believe that I was vexed at such treatment, and the more so, because I had good reason to believe that it was done at the instigation, or at least with the connivance of the one who introduced him. I was heartily disposed to forswear all intercourse with my friend, and turn him out of doors. He, however, fearful, I supposed, of consequences, made his escape at the same moment. I hereby give him notice, that he need not give himself the trouble of calling at my house, unless he brings his acquaintance along with him to apologize for his abrupt departure, and to make an end of his story. I care not how soon he may lead me to the close of it; how many incidents he drops; whether it be prolix or concise, merry, or doleful; at any rate I beseech ye now, good Mr. Calvert, *do* bring your story to an end. H.

[*The narrative of Calvert was interrupted for good reasons, with which, however, it would be absurd and impertinent to teaze the reader. The obstacles are now removed, and the tale will be resumed in the ensuing number, and punctually continued.* E.]

ADAM WORKMAN'S DEFENCE.

ADAM Workman (having first premised, that, through the reciprocity of the press, A has been substituted for B), undertakes to defend the first solution to his question.

It is evident that, if the distances of A, B, and C from the well, were equal, their proportions of 40 dollars should also be equal, each would be $\frac{40}{3}$. The share of A would increase as he approached the well, in the same ratio that the share of C would decrease by receding from it; but the share of B would remain the same; the reciprocity would therefore remain only between A and C, and stand thus:

$$\begin{array}{ll} A & 14-5=9 \\ B & 14-7=7 \\ C & 14-9=5 \end{array}$$

To illustrate this by a more familiar example, three neighbours, A, B, and C, found a situation for a well at two miles distant from each; they agree to pay me for digging it six guineas, or two guineas each; but, before the well was commenced, A and B moved their situations, but agreed to pay inversely in proportion to the distances they should be at from the well. A's distance was one mile, and C's distance was three miles. A, therefore, paid me, on finishing the well, three guineas; and C, one guinea: but, when I demanded two guineas from B, he said, I will only pay you one guinea and an half; for, though my distance from the well remains the same, our relative situations in respect to the well are altered by the removal of A and C. Our distances from the well are as 1, 2, and 3, and the reciprocals of one, two, and three, are 3, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and 1, or thus:

$$\begin{array}{llll} A & 1 \times 3 & = & 3 \\ B & 2 \times 1\frac{1}{2} & = & 3 \\ C & 3 \times 1 & = & 3 \\ \hline & 6 & & 5\frac{1}{2} \end{array}$$

Therefore it is clear to a demonstration, that I owe you only one guinea and an half.

Thus fools, confounded by the northern light,
Take yellow, red, or blue, or black, for white.

The distances one, two and three miles, added together, being six miles, and the money six guineas, it is evident, that as

miles. guin. *m.* *g.* *m.* *g.* *m.* *g.*
6 : 6 :: 3 : 3 :: 2 : 2 :: 1 : 1

In the original question, each share is to be in proportion to their distances from the well; that is, as five, seven, and nine, only that he that lived the nearer, shall pay more (that is the greater proportion) than he that lived at the greater distance. If the latter part of the question is intelligible, it alludes to the distances of A and C only: now, the greater distance of A and C is nine, which is A's proportion, the lesser five must of consequence be C's proportion; but this substitution of A's proportion for C's, can no how alter the proportion of B.

ADAM WORKMAN.

A LESSON ON CONCEALMENT;

OR,

MEMOIRS OF MARY SELWYN.

To HENRY KIRVAN.

YOU will return, Harry, to an house of sorrow. Your presence will contribute to make my solitude less painful. I would, therefore, intreat you to come back immediately: but there is something to be first settled before I can meet you with satisfaction, or even before I can permit you to return to me. I have had something on my mind to disclose, which I have brooded over occasionally ever since we parted, but which it is now absolutely necessary to mention.

You could not but be aware of the effect which some mysterious appearances in your behaviour, for a few days before you left us, were adapted to produce in me. I saw trouble in your countenance; your eyes betrayed some little reluctance to meet mine. This alone was not much. It sometimes made me thoughtful, and to harbour a kind of possibility that all was not right; but my uneasiness would have been transient, if the effect had not been aided by the deportment of my wife.

Harry! my Mary is dead—but you know it already—I must not forget my duty—I must remember what becomes a man.

You remember, on a Thursday evening, when I returned from the country, and, entering the room abruptly, found you in company with my wife. My entrance, it was plain, was unexpected to you both. It created—What shall I say?

My wife was disconcerted. She had been weeping. I never saw before traces of such deep sorrow. Never did she meet me before with marks of confusion or terror. I was thunder-struck. I was overpowered with dejection. I suspected nothing inconsistent with her integrity; but *my* entrance had alarmed her. From *me* there was something which she laboured to conceal. With *me* she strove to keep dry eyes, and to seem happy; but with you she thought herself at liberty to weep.

I could not be deaf to that secret voice which said—This terror, this concealment, this duplicity, is not due to an husband such as I have been. I upbraided her not. I could derive no comfort from upbraiding. I could not discuss the subject with her. This evidence of her want of confidence in my discernment, affection or integrity, could not be made stronger—could not be lessened by any words. She saw my distress, and her own was increased by perceiving it. The weight that hung upon her heart was too great to be borne. On the next day, and after a night of wakeful anguish, of which I was a silent observer, began that fever which hurried her to the grave.

For a time I indulged no forebodings of her fate. I deemed it a casual indisposition, which time and the usual remedies would conquer. I was quickly undeceived. Appearances grew hourly more dreadful, and the approach of death became too visible.

It was then that the spell of silence was broken, that I opened my eyes as if I had awakened in the grave. My fears for her life swallowed up every other fear, and I sought, with a vehemence that bordered upon frenzy, to extort from her the secret of her woe.

Serenity, however, resumed its place in her heart, in proportion as she felt the certainty of death. My claims, and the claims of her infant, lost all their force in her eyes. She left us without pity or regret. She refused to confide in me the cause of her anguish; while she did not conceal from me that my devotion or my happiness was not enough to make existence desirable. She has gone, and left me the bitterest portion of the wretched. The loss of her is not all that I have to deplore. She has left me the torments of doubt: terrors which assume no fixed shape: misgivings that haunt my repose, and embitter every cup that I taste.

Part of this misery I believe it to be in your power to remove. You held secret conferences with her. I now remember them; though, at the time, void as I was of suspicion, they escaped my notice. You shared with her her tears. It was only after your admission to the house, that smothered grief, mournful thoughtfulness, were ever visible in her demeanour. There is something, something behind this veil. Henry! my brother! what did she conceal from me?

Fear not to tell me the truth. It cannot be worse than my present doubts. These doubts I must not name, I must not harbour—yet I cannot dismiss them.

Tell me, Henry, for you know; tell me, I beseech thee, what is it that has killed my wife.

ANSWER.

HOW hard is the task which you have assigned to me! In such immature, such green youth as mine, it is impossible not to err, except by forbearance. I have not the wisdom requisite to make me act safely—and yet that, perhaps, was my fatal error. In believing passiveness and concealment most suitable to my inexperienced years, I have possibly cut short the days of your Mary. A single word, a remote hint, might have set your mind upon discovery. The moment that rent the veil might have re-established her felicity and your content.

It is now too late. She is snatched away from us forever. The disclosure may now come: but whether it will enhance your misery or lessen it, I know not. Too surely it will not recall her from the grave. You shall know as much as is known to myself. You have doubts, you say; doubts indefinable and fearful. Alas! the image of your fear is unreal.

I need not dwell upon my own misfortunes, previous to my arrival on these shores. You are already sufficiently acquainted with them; and, besides, they are not necessary to the end for which I now take up the pen: but, in order to effect this purpose, I must carry you back to the period of my arrival from France. Some events, previous to my entering your house, it is necessary to relate; but my relation shall be brief.

When I first came on shore at New-York, I had not a farthing in my pocket. Even my clothes were worn out, and my shoes would hardly stick to my feet. I knew nobody, even by name, except the captain who brought me over. He was a generous spirit; and, suspecting my destitute condition, had invited me to his house. I was obliged to accept his kindness, though sorely unwilling to receive obligations of this kind, and which I was wholly unable to repay.

He had promised to speak for me to some merchant or trader of his acquaintance, who might want the services of such a lad as I. He knew one who had been in Europe, by name Haywood; a man of wealth and of liberal temper, to whom he had confidential letters. On delivering these, he would seize the opportunity of stating my wants and my merits.

The captain was not unmindful of his promise; and, next day, brought from Haywood an invitation to his house. I went thither, and was introduced to a man, about thirty years of age, of a very noble aspect, and captivating manners. He received me with great kindness; and, mentioning the captain's representations in my behalf, desired to know in what way he could be serviceable to me. He gave a patient ear to my story, which I related with all the sensibility which such recent and horrible disasters could not but produce. I described the condition of my parents while in England—the motives that induced them to migrate to America—the capture of the vessel by a French frigate—our long and rigorous imprisonment at Brest, and its mournful consequences.

My father's melancholy, on the plunder of all his little property—all that the malice of fortune had left him, after the toils and cares of thirty years—all that could save him from nakedness and hunger in a foreign land—joined to the untimely death of his darling Jane, whom scanty and unwholesome food had contributed to destroy—and to that pestilential atmosphere which, during seven months, he was compelled to breathe—put a miserable end to his life.

My father's corpse was treated by our inhuman keepers, as my sister's had been a little while before. It was dragged, naked, from the blanket where it lay, and thrown into a hole, dug in the court-yard for the reception of those who should die in the prison.

This spectacle was too much for my mother to behold without loss of reason. With these eyes I beheld my mother frantic and desperate. I saw her tear her clothes, and her ravings still sound in my ears. With these eyes I beheld her lie down upon that hard and tattered bed whence my father had lately been dragged: I saw her lie down and expire!

Good heaven!—But I meant not to repeat this tale to you. Forgive me; you have sorrow enough of your own, and I benefit not myself by reviving these images.

This artless tale had a powerful effect upon Haywood. It made his eyes overflow with compassion, and awakened a lively interest in my welfare. He offered me accommodation in his house, and a pecuniary recompence for my assistance in keeping and arranging his accounts; and his offer was eagerly and gratefully accepted.

I lived with him four months. During this period I was a near spectator of his manners and habits. So far as I could judge, they were free from reproach, and full of dignity. Me he treated with familiarity, and almost with tenderness; and I, in my turn, was not deficient in fidelity and gratitude. My situation made me somewhat acquainted with the state of his affairs, and afforded scope for that observation which my youth and my intellectual activity naturally prompted me to make; and yet my knowledge was vague and incomplete; consisting merely of conjecture and inference, and not the fruit of direct communication from him.

I found, or at least conjectured, that he was a native of Pennsylvania; that he had married at an early age; that he had gone, shortly after marriage, to Europe; that his wife, during his absence, had died; and this connection, in some way inauspicious, being thus dissolved, he returned to New-York, where he had not long resided when we first met.

I also discovered that he was making court to a woman of that city, young, beautiful, and possessed of many intellectual accomplishments, though without fortune. As the bearer of a note from him, I had once an opportunity of seeing this lady. Her deportment and mein fully justified the prepossessions I had formed respecting her, and I had good grounds for believing that marriage was at no great distance. At length I collected, by accident, that the bridal day was fixed.

The deportment of my friend announced his approaching felicity. Yet his joy was sedate, and occasionally mingled and chastised by some untoward, but undiscovered care. A cloud would sometimes gather on his brow at moments of loneliness, or when my occupation, though in the same apartment, left him, in some sense, alone. The cloud was transient, and I saw nothing in his destiny but serenity and brightness. Alas! the prospect was quickly obscured.

One evening, about a week prior to his nuptial day, some out-of-door engagement had occasioned me to spend much of the day abroad. I returned home late in the evening; I inquired for Mr. Haywood, but was told that he was absent. His evenings being usually devoted to his mistress, his absence created no surprise. The servant added, that a gentleman had been waiting in the drawing-room, during more than an hour, for his master's return.

Imagining that, possibly, I might answer this visitor's purposes as well as Haywood, I went into the room. There were two lights on the mantle-tree, and the stranger was walking to and fro, with an air of much impatience and anxiety. He looked up eagerly at my entrance; but seeing who it was, withdrew his eyes in seeming disappointment, and resumed his pace.

These appearances, so wholly unlike what I had been accustomed to observe in those whose visits to my patron were prompted by mere business, that I was abashed, and was discouraged from addressing him. I quietly seated myself at a writing-desk, and began, according to my custom, to enter, in a little volume that I bore about me, the transactions of the day. While thus employed, I found time to steal glances at the visitant, and accurately to note his features and gestures. They were of a kind to raise all my curiosity, and fasten all my attention. They denoted habitual passions, lofty but vehement, and thoughts, at this time, full of perturbation and impatience. Seen in a strong light, and impassioned as it then was, his countenance sunk deep into my fancy, and never shall I cease to view it with as much distinctness and vividness as when it was before me.

My fingers trembled, the pen lost its regularity, and I merely scribbled at random, as affording opportunity of viewing this scene without being noticed by him. A thousand vague terrors and surmises crept into my heart, when I considered these impetuous but stifled feelings, as preludes to an interview with Haywood.

My mind quickly found other occupation. A step was heard in the entry, and a voice inquiring of the servant for me. The stranger checked his pace: he stood upon the hearth: he trembled, and, covering his eyes with his hands, muttered, scarcely articulately, "My God! assist me to keep down—"

Haywood entered the room, and his visitor turned quickly and approached him. My pen dropped, and I started up, involuntarily, to behold this scene. No sooner had Haywood cast his eyes upon the stranger, than they sunk to the floor. A blush of surprise, indignation, and horror, spread itself over his face. Both, for some moments, were silent; the pause seemed to rise, on the stranger's part, from the overflow of boiling passions, which choaked his utterance. At length he spoke, falteringly:

"Haywood! I have found you at last. After the pursuit of years, you are met, and I am satisfied. Walk out with me: this is no place: the means are already provided: all we want is solitude and uninterruption."

"What would you have?" said the other, hesitatingly.

"What? Can you ask? Villain, seducer, and assassin! Can you ask what? Vengeance for my sister's honour, for the blood of my friend, I demand and will have. Walk with me—all will be dispatched in twenty minutes."

"You have been to—Miss Addington," said the other.

"Ah hah!" replied the stranger, while his eyes sparkled with triumph, "I see you have already, in part, reaped the fruits of your crime. You have been with that devoted lady, whom, I thank God, I have come time enough to save from the fangs of a tyger. I have disclosed to her your past deeds, and painted your genuine character in colours which you will never efface."

Haywood's eyes flashed indignation. "I see you can be unjust in your turn. I have injured you, but did not merit *this* act of vengeance. Go before—you may lead me where you please."

Without more words, or deigning in the least to notice me, they left the room and the house together.

You will imagine with what trepidation and wonder I was inspired by a scene like this. It was unexpected and terrible. They had gone for a purpose easily divined. The interview brought about by such inveterate animosity, would not end but with the death of one of them. It was not in my power to avert the evil.

The guilt of seduction and blood rested on the head of Haywood. He had confessed the truth of the accusation, and had gone forth, perhaps, to perpetrate, or be the subject of an act which the world will excuse, though, in the eye of unprejudiced observers, nefarious and detestable.

Was it possible that such an one as Haywood had so long appeared, had been the destroyer of virgin innocence? Could he thus repel vengeance with vengeance, and not hasten, by contrition or reparation, to compensate for past misdeeds?

I was unable to go to bed. I waited in the parlour in the imperfect hope of Haywood's return. I had no curiosity which Haywood would condescend to satisfy. I had been a neglected and unthought-of witness of an interview big with tremendous consequences; but my presence would be remembered, and my agency be, in some way, necessary. I could not sleep till the event were known.

Occupied with these turbulent thoughts, two hours elapsed. At the end of this period, Haywood entered the house, and came directly to the room where I was. I darted inquisitive glances at his countenance. I saw there nothing but tokens of confusion and dismay. He appeared to be harrassed with fatigue. His cheeks were pale, his eyes haggard, and two hours had wrought a change in his appearance similar to the effect produced by a long sickness.

He was totally absorbed in reverie, and seating himself near the fire, appeared unconscious of my existence, or that of the surrounding objects. I was powerfully tempted to break the silence; but what could I say? A stripling like me, raw and unexperienced, was but ill adapted to be the monitor or counsellor on occasions like these. Besides, my advice was not required; my consolation was despised; my very existence was forgotten.

After a time he rose, and without speaking, withdrew to his chamber. After extinguishing the fires, and drawing the bolts, I followed his example. I went to my chamber, but not to sleep. My province was to ruminate on this mysterious incident, the features and deportment of the stranger, and the fearful but unknown consequences of this meeting. Miss Addington was the lady to whom Haywood was contracted. The stranger, apprised of his connection, had visited her, and wrought a breach between the lovers which no time would probably repair. Haywood doated on this lovely woman, and his love was amply returned. One disastrous event had been sufficient to turn that love into hatred and resentment, and, perhaps, to sever them forever.

These thoughts effectually excluded sleep, and I rose earlier than usual in the morning. I went into the room appropriated for writing, and my eyes instantly lighted on a pacquet, directed to me, in Mr. Haywood's hand writing, and lying on the desk. I opened it with a misgiving heart, and read these words:

"I wish you to deliver the inclosed papers to my friend Mr. H. and Miss Addington, according to their direction. They will authorize him to take possession of the property contained in my house. This arrangement is necessary, as I shall leave this city instantly, and quit America as soon as possible—never to return.

"You witnessed a strange scene last night, and have, no doubt, sagacity enough to perceive whither it tended. The consequences of that scene you will speedily know. Your candour will induce you to put the best construction on my conduct, and your gratitude and good sense will shew you the duty of concealing from the rest of mankind, both your own conjectures and the grounds on which they are built.

"I am in no mood to make this letter a confession; but, though the slave of the present impulse; though fickle, inconstant, and cowardly, I am not so wicked as one unacquainted with my motives might imagine.

"The unfortunate man whom you saw last night, once gloried in a lovely sister, the wife of his friend. Me he likewise called his friend, and, as such, presented me to her. I was an inmate of the same house. Her husband was gone upon a distant voyage. Our intercourse was frequent, familiar, and confidential. Such were the preludes to her dishonour, her infamy, and, perhaps, her death.

"Her husband's return was shortly expected; but she waited it not. A living proof of her crime was preparing to testify against her; and her father, who lived under the same roof, had begun to suspect. She fled from the house, and, as I have this night heard, perished in obscurity and indigence.

"The husband doated on his wife, and the detection of her guilt was the signal of his destruction. He put an end to his own life. Of this dishonour, and this death, you know too much for me to desire to conceal the truth from you—I was the accursed cause.

"Such were the effects of one moment of infatuation! I had almost hushed my conscience and my fears to repose, in the belief that these effects were exhausted; but no! this night of horrors has added to the list.

"Heaven is my witness that I deeply deplored the injuries which, not my malice, not my selfishness, but the intoxications of a momentary passion had done him. I have endeavoured to compensate those wrongs by the subsequent integrity of my conduct, and looked forward to the union of happiness with duty, in the love of Miss Addington. I concealed from her my past offences, while the disclosure might have won her pity or forgiveness, but I feared to set my felicity to hazard, and postponed the confession till it was too late.

"The rage of Selwyn was not to be appeased. He turned the heart of Henrietta against me by outrageous accusations. He filled, with abhorrence and loathing, her in whose bosom I had entrusted my peace. Not content with this, he thirsted for my blood. No plea, no apology, no submission could avail, even to defer the strife of death for a single day. I did no more than comply with his bidding, and expose to the same chance, the safety of both.

"Farewell, good youth! I thank you for your faithful services. In reward for these services, and in token of my friendship, accept the inclosed bills. They will serve you till you find some profitable station.

E. HAYWOOD."

These consequences were, indeed, speedily unfolded by time. Not a day had elapsed before rumour was busy in telling of a fatal rencounter that took place in an unfrequented spot on the shore of the Hudson. It was late at night. The moonlight was remarkably brilliant, and the eye could see far and wide. Some persons walking in the road were alarmed by the report of two pistols fired nearly at the same instant. They hastened to the spot whence the sound proceeded, and found a man stretched upon the earth, in the agonies of death. He was insensible, and died before he could be removed to a hovel to which, as the nearest shelter, they had carried him.

Proper inquiries and examinations being made, it was found that the person killed was named Selwyn; that he was a native of Portsmouth, New-Hampshire; that he had come, a week before, from Boston; and was well known, in a small circle, as a man of probity and amiable manners. Appearances sufficiently bespoke the nature of the contest to which he owed his death; but none thought proper to communicate to the world, if any knew, the circumstances leading to this contest, and the person of the adversary. It remained a topic of conjecture and speculation, which, as usual, was fed for a time by plausible fictions, and led to many feasible, though fallacious conclusions.

Meanwhile I hastened to perform the commissions with which I had been charged. I gained access to Mr. H. He was an elderly and grave person, who received the papers with the air of one who knew their contents, and dismissed me without interrogation or comment.

I found Miss Addington alone, and seated in a melancholy posture, with a guitar in her hand. On noticing the superscription of the letter which I offered her, her eyes were filled with tears, and I marked an internal effort to regain her composure. She appeared to hesitate a moment whether to accept or refuse it; but, at length, received and put it in her bosom.

I lingered a few moments in hope of some occasion or excuse for prolonging my visit; but, though she regarded me with looks of curiosity, she betrayed no desire to converse; and, having fulfilled my charge, I was obliged silently to retire.

I was once more let loose on the world. Haywood's generosity had enabled me to be idle, for a time, without beggary. I need not recount again my adventures previous to my arrival in your city, the events which led to my acquaintance with you, and the design of becoming the pupil of your art. I was not startled by the approach of the late terrible pestilence, and cheerfully engaged to assist you in your benevolent endeavours to disarm this pest of some of its horrors. In resolving to become a physician, I had formed a sort of tacit contract to stand forth the adversary of disease, in all its forms.

When I took up my abode with you, your wife was absent. I knew her only by the picture which you had drawn, and by that evidence of her sagacity which your excellences afforded. She returned not till my own sickness began. She immediately assumed the office of my nurse. For some time I perceived merely that a good genius hovered over me in the form of a woman, but her figure was not examined. I heard her voice, and understood her requests and injunctions; but whether her accents were sweet or harsh, I was too much engrossed by my own sensations to determine.

The violence of my disease gradually abated, and I was able to observe what was passing. As often as I cast my eye upon the face of my nurse, somewhat appeared there that caused me to look again. Some intimation arose in my mind that these features had not now been seen for the first time. I reviewed the past incidents of my life. I called to memory the female faces I had met with in my own country and in this. I compared them with those of my nurse, but was able to detect no resemblance. I began, at length, to imagine that, perhaps, it had been my lot to meet with her somewhere in the city. Perhaps I had lighted on her in my rambles through the streets of this town, or had met her in some church into which I had entered. Yet that could not be. A face like that would not have flitted in my sight like any vulgar physiognomy; been glanced at, for a moment, and thought of no more.

It must not be imagined that this inquiry occupied much of my attention. It yielded place to those topics which my recent experience suggested. It occurred less frequently in her absence than her presence, and was thought upon with more or less intenseness according to the previous state of my mind. My musings upon every theme were, indeed, obscure and fluctuating, on account of my disease. I suppose I should sooner have lighted on the truth if my mind had possessed its customary energy.

One night, after the crisis of my malady had passed, I lay awake, and pursuing my thoughts with more accuracy of recollection, and more coherence than I had known since my indisposition. My eye was fixed upon a lamp on the table, whose oil was nearly exhausted, and that burnt feebly. The solemnity and silence of the hour, the solitude around me, and especially the gleams darted from the ill supplied flame of my lamp, reminded me of what had passed in Haywood's house on the interview with Selwyn. I called up all the images which composed that scene, and traced once more the lineaments of Selwyn as they then appeared, pregnant with violent but mixed emotions; the acuteness of grief, the bitterness of hatred, and the vehemence of expectation.

No object, perhaps, ever existed so vividly in the imagination of man, as this spectacle existed, at that moment, in mine. Not a hue or a lineament was wanting in the portrait. All before me was colour and form. I thought myself restored to that apartment, and was wholly occupied in gazing on the scene. My attention was so much absorbed, that I did not notice the entrance of your wife, who softly opened the door and approached the lamp with a flask of oil in her hand. This she poured into the vessel, and the dying flame instantly revived. This sudden illumination recalled me from my dream, and I turned my eyes towards the light to discover the cause. My nurse's face was bent over it, her hands being still engaged in pouring out the liquid.

Engrossed as I was by the image of Selwyn, and scarcely conscious of the transition I had made from the ideal to the genuine object, this face being, like that, illuminated by the same reddish and dazzling beam, I was affected as if Selwyn's apparition was before me. The same cast of features was so strongly visible in both, that I doubted whether the figure tending the lamp, was not that of the dead in some new guise. I had not time to take a second view; for, her office being finished, she glided as softly and swiftly out of the room as she had entered it.

This incident arrested all my thoughts. At first, this resemblance was regarded as no more than a frick of fancy, but gradually it began to wear a more plausible appearance. I remembered the reflections that the countenance of this lady had so frequently excited, the vague but obstinate suggestion that I had somewhere met with it before, and the unsuccessful result of my inquiries. No woman that I ever met with, and whose image I was able to recal, possessed any remarkable resemblance to her.

Now, however, a similar visage was discovered; but what should I infer from this discovery? Surely it was merely casual. Human faces may exhibit resemblances, without affording any ground for concluding that any relationship exists between them. And yet, was not that conclusion hastily formed? What hindered but that some relationship subsisted between this woman and Selwyn?

This was a thought pregnant with affecting consequences. My mind incessantly brooded over it, multiplied and weighed conjectures as to the nature of this kindred, and the effects which Selwyn's disappearance had produced, and the conduct which it became me to pursue. Hitherto my lips had been sealed on the subject of these disastrous occurrences. No exigence had happened since my parting with Haywood, to extort from me disclosures of the truth; but it seemed as if my new condition might create new claims upon my caution, and new trials of my fortitude, and that it became me to demean myself with vigilance and circumspection.

Selwyn had been mentioned as having had parents and a sister. Nothing had been said precluding the conjecture that he might have more sisters than one. She that had fallen a sacrifice to the arts of the seducer, might have left one sister, at least, to mourn over her fall—and this might be she. I was the depository of a secret momentous to her happiness. That secret now became burthensome. It was scarcely ever absent from my thoughts. My perturbations were excessive. Whenever she was present, I gazed, with unconquerable solicitude, upon her countenance. Methought I could have given half my existence to ascertain the truth, but shuddered at the foresight of the consequences which a remote hint, or vague allusion, might produce. If suspicions were awakened that her brother's destiny was known to me, I should be, probably, assailed by importunities from which I could not hope to escape.

She frequently noticed the intentness of my looks. At first they were regarded by her as tokens of dejection or pain; but this inference being earnestly denied, she betook herself to other guesses. At length she perceived that my eye followed her movements involuntarily, and that some confusion was manifested by me, when she inquired what it was that attracted my attention. I carefully evaded her questions; but, in so doing, only furnished new fuel to her curiosity.

I wanted to ascertain the truth. I was conscious that the resemblance I perceived might be merely casual; but this was outweighed by an opposite opinion: still a large portion of uncertainty always remained. Circuitous methods of arriving at the sentiments of others were new to me. I was not qualified, by habit, to employ them with skill. They involved some degree of falsehood, and from this I shrunk with strong repugnance. I felt as if my features would betray my secret intentions in spite of my will; and that to maintain a firm voice and sedate manner in conversation, which should lead to the desirable point, was impossible.

She spent many hours in my chamber, occupied with her needle or her infant, or a book which she read aloud for my amusement. No wonder that my soul melted within me, when looking at or listening to her. The conditions on which I remained in this house, the cheerful efforts that were made for my service, the unaffected benevolence of which I had been the object, made my heart glow. Added to this were the features of my nurse, her musical tones, the justness of her elocution, and her manners, expressive of boundless affection for her husband and child. When I, likewise, reflected on her similitude with Selwyn, and the calamities she had probably experienced, I was unable to restrain my tears.

Though I dared not make direct or indirect inquiries, I noticed and compared appearances. I soon observed that the equanimity of Mrs. Molesworth was not invariable. When seated near the fire in an evening, her husband being absent, her child asleep, and no light but a glimmering from coals on the hearth, and forgetful that there was any to observe her, I sometimes perceived her features assume an expression of the deepest sorrow, and the tears secretly fall. If you chanced to enter during this reverie, she would start, dress her countenance in smiles, and seem to cast behind her every mournful recollection.

When reading a book, she would stop at certain incidents or reflections, muse pensively, or sigh, and then, by a kind of effort, regain her composure, and resume her task. These reflections and incidents had always some connection with the hardships to which the loss of reputation and honour subject her sex, and therefore tended to strengthen the conjecture, that the comparison was secretly made between her own experience and the reasonings or relations of the book.

I had never force of mind enough to lead the conversation towards the same point. Even when accident suggested topics which possessed some affinity to those images which crowded my brain, I endeavoured to change the theme. To this I was not influenced merely by remembrance of Selwyn and his sister. I could never, on these occasions, forget that I also had a near relation, whose fate was not unlike that of the being whom Haywood had destroyed, and her image I was only happy in forgetting.

This perplexity, however, was destined to give place to a greater. One evening, when my sensations were more languid and dreary than usual, and my reflections were full of anxiety and hopelessness, she offered to beguile the hour with a book. The proposal was gratefully accepted. I did not expect to derive pleasure from attention to the volume; but the attitude which she assumed when reading, and the occupation which her eyes found in the page, allowed me to gaze upon her features, and indulge the reveries of my fancy, without exciting observation. The book was a tissue of diffuse, irregular and superficial remarks upon solitude,* in which an anecdote occasionally appeared of much more value than the crude or injudicious reflections that preceded or followed it. One of these being connected with the author's character, and shewing the influence of parental folly in thwarting the affections of a child, was read with more pathos, and I listened to it with more attention than the rest.

A daughter fixed her choice on a youth who wanted no merit but that of being opulent and high-born. The father, whose hopes looked forward to the ennobling of his blood by his daughter's marriage, exacted from her the sacrifice of her choice. The sacrifice was made, and was followed by the death of the lover, by his own hand, and of the daughter, by a slow disease. This story, added to the features of the reader, which betrayed the deepest sympathy, operated on my fancy, distempered by sickness, and overfraught with images pertaining to Haywood, in a manner that I never before experienced. I uttered an exclamation of horror. My companion, dropping the book, and turning to me, anxiously inquired into the cause of my alarm. I had not time to retrieve my presence of mind, and answered, "Nothing. I thought it real; but my vision was confused. It could not be."

"Could not be!" she replied: "What? what is it you speak of?"

"Be not alarmed," said I, endeavouring, in vain, to conceal my perturbations; "I mistook a spectre for a man. I thought—I thought it looked over your shoulder—at the book."

"Good God! a man? Where? What? Who is he?"

"It was shadowy, imperfect: I cannot tell what; but methought—methought it was—*your brother!*"

This word was no sooner uttered than she shrieked; and, clasping her hands, repeated, "My brother! Heaven save me from ever seeing him more! He was here! He was close at my shoulder, but is gone. O! whither, whither? I heard him not. I heard not his curses!"—While thus speaking, she looked on all sides with an air of the deepest affright. She seemed in expectation of beholding him once more.

At this moment the bell was rung. She noticed it, and perceived that the signal was yours. Instantly her terrors and tumults were controuled; yet the efforts that brought back the appearance of sedateness were vehement. The motive that could conquer this dismay must, indeed, have been powerful. Terrified and confounded at what I had done and witnessed, I rose before your entrance, and retired to my chamber.

---

* Zimmerman on Solitude.

No wonder that this new discovery astonished me: that I experienced a sort of relapse of my disease, and passed a feverish night. In the morning my heat and restlessness somewhat subsided, and I was able to review the incidents of the last evening without disorder.

Here was darkness that I could not penetrate. The name of Selwyn had not been mentioned; but a brother existed, or was imagined to exist, whose presence inspired terror, and this terror there was reason to conceal from you. No words can describe the tumult of my thoughts and resolutions. I was perplexed in a maze, from which I longed, with unspeakable ardour, for deliverance; but from which the hope of extrication was denied to me. I had rashly plunged into the stream too far to recover my footing, or to withstand the torrent that would bear me away. I had shewn that I possessed knowledge which would not fail to be extorted from me; and the effects of my disclosure it was not possible to estimate.

I looked, each moment, for the entrance of your wife, but she appeared not. At length you came to my chamber; and, among other questions, I ventured to inquire into her health. She was not well, you said. She had passed a sleepless night. Something, you knew not what, had greatly disquieted her; but you hoped that to-morrow would give her back her usual health.

Surely, thought I, her inquietudes have arisen from the dialogue of last evening. Her husband is a stranger to the cause. It is possible that my construction of appearances is just; but I am far more likely to err. She will imagine me, however, acquainted with the truth. The consciousness of this; the danger that her secret will escape from me, and reach those ears from which she has spent her life in endeavouring to conceal it, will subvert her peace, or tempt her to despair, or lead her to an interview with me that will put my fortitude to too hard a test.

But what is my ground for these surmises? Surely no supposition is more wild, than that this is the undone and degraded woman whom Haywood dishonoured, and her brother reported to be dead! If she were, who can believe that the truth is unknown to her husband? that any veil has been thick enough to hide these dreadful portions of her history from him? It is utterly incredible.

I drew temporary comfort from this reasoning; yet I looked forward, with shuddering, to the moment of our next meeting. I imagined to myself all that she would feel; and, fearless of any injury or accusation limited to myself, was plunged into the most exquisite suffering. I did not yet reason on the subject: I did not weigh the reasonableness of her grief or her terror: I did not inquire whether past events ought to exercise an evil influence on her present thoughts; whether former errors were not compensated by present rectitude. Much less did I speculate upon the means of repairing the ills which my rash or misjudging zeal might occasion. I thought only on the pangs which the detection of former offences, by the world or by her husband, would produce.

What pity, I exclaimed, that I

had not died before I entered this house! That the benevolent exertions of this woman have rescued from the grave one to whom she will owe the death of her hopes! But the evil has not yet come. Let me shun another interview by flying from this roof. Let me hide myself forever from their inquiry, in the remoteness of the desert, and let my fatal knowledge be buried with me.

This design was conceived in a moment of imbecility. I gradually retrieved my fortitude. Why, said I, should I thus cherish a cowardly distrust of my own steadfastness? I shall shortly know the truth. This woman will seek an explanation. If she be deterred by delusive apprehensions, or spurious shame, it is my duty to unfold my thoughts, and to quiet her fears that her happiness will ever be subverted by me. Does she trust the permanence of her peace, her husband's happiness and his love, to his ignorance of her former condition? Does she tremble lest my fatal interference may remove that ignorance? Her terrors are groundless. I will never be such an enemy. I will sew up my lips, I will cut out my tongue, rather than betray the secret. I will impart my resolution to her. I will know the truth this moment.

What an idiot have I thus long been! 'Tis well that I have to plead the languors of sickness in extenuation of my folly. I would otherwise tear out this infirm heart. I would hang up this frame, the dwelling of a soul so contemptible, to be parched by the northern blasts—to be pecked at by vultures and crows. I hear her. It is her step. She is coming.

I was not deceived. She entered my chamber with faltering steps. A deep melancholy was visible. She did not look up, but placed herself on a seat near me. She came with a view to conversation; but her feet would more readily obey the impulse of her will than her tongue. She was silent; and would probably have been unable to introduce the subject which occupied her mind, had we continued together till the present hour. I plucked up my courage, and addressed her thus:

"My friend, since last night my hours have been full of disquiet. I have been wavering between different schemes, and driven to and fro by adverse resoultions. I desired to promote your happiness, but knew not by what means. The contest is now at an end. I see clearly the path which it is my duty to take, and shall tread in it with steadfastness.

"I am acquainted with a man by name Selwyn. Some years ago he brought with him a stranger, whom he introduced to his father and his sister as his friend. This friend resided in the family; and, finally, repaid the benefits which he received by the dishonour of that sister. Shall I go on to act and to speak as if that sister, whom her friends imagined to have perished in indigence and misery, is alive, and is now before me?"

She struggled to speak, but her words could not find utterance. Her breast throbbed, and she looked about her with wildness. At length, a burst of tears came to her relief, and she articulated with difficulty, "Go on: say all that you have to say, that I may know the utmost cruelty of my fate."

"I have said all. You have only to point out the path which your dignity and happiness require me to pursue, and I pledge my existence for the observance of it. I know you to be virtuous, compassionate, and good. Do I not hold my life by your bounty, and shall not that life be readily forfeited in your cause? Impose upon me any task; you cannot impose upon me any inconsistent with virtue, and the task shall be performed."

Her tears flowed with new vehemence, but she spoke not. I continued:

"Perhaps your calamity is not known to the man who possesses your hand and your heart. Perhaps his ignorance, in this reſpect, is deemed by you essential to your happiness. Shall that ignorance be prolonged? Is it in my power to prolong it? If it be, the sentence of eternal silence is passed, and shall be observed."

"Alas! your silence will avail but little. What is known to you, will be known, by similar means, to others. It is vain to hope for oblivion but in the grave. While the author and witness of my shame exist, the danger is perpetual and imminent. I have lived long enough a slave to foreboding and terror. To pass another series of two years, pursued by remorse and alarm, is more than my nature will permit."

"Henceforth your fears may be dismissed, for the author is far away, and the witness is—no more."

"What!" she cried, "is my brother ——?" She was unable to complete the sentence. I repeated, "Your brother is dead."

She covered her face with her hands, and gave vent to a burst of grief, the most profound and impetuous, that I ever witnessed. At length she was able to inquire when and where his death took place.

"Selwyn died in New-York. Three months has since scarcely elapsed."

She looked at me with earnestness: "You are sporting with my grief. It is impossible."

"I shall not labour to convince you of my truth. If his eternal silence will contribute to the safety of your good name, and of your conjugal happiness, it is thus far safe. He will never more upbraid you, or propagate the tale of your dishonour. Haywood is the prey of remorse. Your speƈtre pursues him, and dashes with bitterness every cup that he drinks; but he prizes the esteem of mankind too much to make himself the historian of his own crimes."

"How then came you to know them?"

"The concurrence of events rendered the confession of his misdeeds to me unavoidable. Accident had put so much in my possession, that he thought it needless to withhold the rest."

"And thus," she exclaimed, "has it been with others. Thus will it continue to be since he is not dead; and what remains for me? Where shall I find refuge? Who will give comfort and counsel to one thus forlorn?"

I thought it expedient to allow free scope to her sorrow, and waited, in silence, till nature should be exhausted, and the accents of comfort could be heard. After some time, she said:

"How came it thus? None, since the fatal hour when peace and innocence fled from my bosom, have partaken of my grief. I have shunned the scrutiny of others. I have treasured up my woes and feasted on them alone. I have not been supreme in misery as long as disgrace and reproach have been kept at a distance; and I imagined that for a human creature to penetrate my sentiments, was to forfeit that slender good that remained to me.

"Yet, this limit is past; and the prop on which I leaned is gone!"

"The prop on which you leaned was feeble, liable to be broken by every blast, and unworthy of your confidence; but it is not yet broken. There is one, only, in the world to whom your secret is known, and why should you be terrified at his knowledge? It is not the sympathy and reverence of mankind that you hate, but their scorn and their obloquy. You dread the disclosure of the truth, because it will be followed by contempt, not because it will awaken a more ardent approbation of your virtue, and a stronger zeal for your welfare. The misjudging world, whose errors flow from their ignorance, might deny you its esteem; but I that know you as you are, that know by what illusions you were betrayed, that know the extent of that expiation which has been made, am bound to you by stronger ties, am more devoted to the cause of your happiness than ever."

"Ah! the reproaches of mankind affect me not but as their truth is acknowledged by my conscience. My heart is my accuser, and tells me that there is no punishment too great for my transgression. I have an husband whose peace depends upon his ignorance of my guilt. That ignorance has subsisted at the mercy of a thousand chances. That it has been prolonged till now, is only a subject of wonder; but the hour that reveals it to him, will be the last of his joys—perhaps the last of his life." Here she again relapsed into sorrow, too violent to permit her either to speak or to listen.

At first, my despondency was scarcely less than her own, but at length I began to question the certainty of that consequence which she dreaded. The first burst of this knowledge on your mind, might be expected to overwhelm all courage, and prostrate all hope, but surely this was a calamity not beyond the reach of a cure. He that could upbraid and detest this woman, must be void of humanity. Most of all must her husband have abjured his understanding. He who so thoroughly knew the excellence of her heart, the purity of her present deportment, the untaintedness of her fidelity to him, the depth and variety of that anguish which her errors had produced, and which made her ten-fold more exempt from the possibility of falling from her duty, than if she had never fallen: what sentiments but pity, forgiveness, and augmented tenderness, could find their way to his heart?

When her grief could find words, she dwelt upon the loss of your esteem as the fate that awaited her. The censures of the world were terrible. The miseries which she had entailed upon her father and brother, were ever fresh in her remembrance; but these were not the last of evils. The bitterest of all calamities was yet to come. Her husband's happiness and life were to be reserved for the last victims. Till these were offered, she was not an outcast of hope; forlorn and irretrievably wretched; but too surely these would be offered.

I endeavoured to combat these fears. I dwelt upon the equanimity of your character. I dwelt upon her claims to your compassion and love; claims that the scorn of mankind, the loss of parents, and brother, and friends, could only tend to enhance. That you should be blind to her excellence, insensible to the influence of compunction and amendment to atone for past errors; that these errors would be otherwise regarded than as the illusions of a powerful, but misguided understanding; of a heart betrayed by the mask of virtue, and by stratagems which owed their success to the confidence which is bred in us by ignorance of mankind, and freedom from suspicion, was impossible.

"Ah! my friend, you are deceived. I know him better than any other knows him. Think not that slight obstacles would have protracted my concealment till now.

Think you that I have not weighed well the motives of my conduct, and that the miserable alternative of secrecy was adopted upon insufficient grounds? No. I was not so insensible of the hazards that beset me. I was not so blind to the duties of my condition."

I still, however, insisted upon the rectitude of a frank deportment; on the placability of your nature; on the hazard that eternally hung over you of hearing the truth, but mangled by rumour, or distorted by malice; on the wisdom of performing a deed which could not be prevented, though it might be delayed, and of exhausting its effects as speedily as possible.

"I comprehend your distress," continued I; "you dread that the tale you shall tell will be incoherent and imperfect, even from your lips. Your emotions will confuse your thoughts, and embarrass your utterance. This ought not to be, but it cannot be cured by conviction, and you therefore are unqualified to be an advocate in such a cause. Such are not my disqualifications. I am not born to shrink from any province, to falter and recoil from any task which justice and necessity prescribe. Assign to me the duty of contending with the grief and despair of your husband. Let me be the wall between his wrath and your offences. I will convey the horrid truth to his ears; I will urge your claims to the continuance of his love and his esteem, in terms which he cannot resist; I will cling to his knees; I will wrest from him the weapon which he aims at his own life, or at yours; I will root out his sorrow, and bring him to your feet, to pour out his forgiveness and renew his vows of eternal affection."

At these words she started on her feet. "Good Heaven! whither would you carry me? To ruin? I charge you, by all the kindness I have shewn to you, to hold your peace; promise me eternal silence upon this head, or I die at your feet; I rid myself, by my own hand, of life and all the evils which it has entailed upon my head. I know the guilt of self murder: I know what I shall leave behind to my unhappy child, and what I shall meet in the state into which I shall pass; but no matter, plight to me your faith that you will not disclose my shame to any human being, or this night shall be the last of my life."

I was terrified by the distraction of her looks and manner, and gave the promise she demanded. Without your consent," said I, "I will impart nothing." She compelled me to repeat these words, and even to swear that my silence should never be broken.

Her tumults being somewhat hushed by this assurance, she relapsed into complaint of the cruelty of her fate. I listened to those effusions of her sorrow, because I hoped that the very act of pouring her distress into the ears of a friend, would gradually alleviate it. This was a privilege which hitherto she had never known. Communication and sympathy are, perhaps, the only sources of relief to a mind sorely charged. Grief owes its sting to the conviction of our own guilt, and the notion that the world is not only unanimous, but just, in its condemnation. The removal of this error is the revival of hope; but as long as our woes are not partaken, and our self-accusations not confuted by another, the error is inveterate and fatal.

I could not fail to express my wonder at her present situation. I mentioned my belief of her death, of the same belief adopted by her family and Haywood, and asked why she consented to marriage on conditions so precarious as those of the obscurity of her past life. How could her husband's curiosity have been eluded or defeated as to her true condition?

"I will hide from you nothing; my story will enable you to estimate the degree of my guilt, and my penitence. It will make easy your adherence to the oath that you have taken, by shewing you the necessity of concealment.

"I know not how far your knowledge of my early life extends. You talk to me of my father and my brother; you know that I have been betrayed. O! how little is known to you! If you knew all, you would not weep with me; you would not talk to me in soothing accents; you would view me with abhorrence; you would deny my claim to be treated as an human being. No, I have undertaken an impossible thing; I cannot, I must not tell all.

"Perhaps," said I emphatically, "you underrate my knowledge."

She looked at me wistfully, and with a countenance of terror. "O! no; what I did is known to no human being but myself. Your eye would scoul at me instead of pitying; you would rush from a house polluted by the residence of such———

"Pity for a wretch like me, would argue the capacity of perpetrating equal horrors. It would make you as detestable as I am in my own eyes. Cannot you think? Paint to yourself—a wife and a mother——."

Here her utterance was suffocated by sobs. At length, recovering from her anguish, she resumed:

"The days of my childhood were serene. I knew no vicissitude but from pleasure to pleasure. A sportive prattler they called me, who was never at peace. O that some mortal disease had snatched me from life at that happy age! That such as I then seemed, was reserved for the miseries that have since been my lot! Till my mother's death, when I was ten years old, I was unacquainted with sorrow; but even then, the traces of my tears quickly vanished, and the tide of joyous sensations re-visited my heart.

"I loved my brother—it is impossible to say how much. He was older than I, my preceptor and friend. He accompanied me in all my walks—he read, he talked to me. His purpose was to fit me for performing a useful part in the world, to inspire me with liberal curiosity, to make me rational beyond the common reach of my sex.

"He doated on his sister: he took no pride in any thing more than in the proofs of my advancement. I have seen his eyes glisten on hearing my eulogy pronounced by those whose suffrage was of value. 'Why, yes,' he would say, when listening to my praise, and with a smile of ineffable complacency, 'Mary, I must own, is a good girl.'

"O my brother! thou art dead, and, no doubt, I am in some mysterious way, the author of thy fate. Such has been the fruit of thy instructions!

"Time moved on smoothly till I was eighteen years of age. Every day added to my stores of knowledge, and to my brother's affection. My social sympathies were active. I had numerous friends of my own sex. I was the idol of my father as well as of my brother. He was a good old man, guileless as infancy, prone to confidence and love, and wrapping his existence in the welfare of his children!

"At that age, a cousin of my father's, a youth for whom he had performed the duties of a guardian, who had been some years in Europe in pursuit of medical knowledge, returned to Portsmouth. My father's house was his home. He had been brought up with me and my brother, and our affection for him was equal in degree and in kind. I knew him only as a brother, and treated him as such.

"Alas! would to heaven I had been to him no other than the object of fraternal regards. He loved me, but was unable to awaken, in my bosom, the same sentiment. He tendered his love; and God is my witness with what heart-felt grief I heard his confessions. My feelings were incompatable with his. There was no doubt as to their nature or duration. That they would not change, that I could never be his wife without a forfeiture of happiness, was my entire and immoveable conviction.

"He entertained a different opinion. He confided in the influence of time and assiduities to win my heart. Knowing me to be unprepossessed, he trusted to that his ultimate success. It was in vain to assure him of my own belief; to assert the privilege of knowing myself better than another could know me; and to supplicate his forbearance. Love, he said, was the growth of esteem and gratitude. It was akin to pity; and these sentiments, he knew, existed in my heart; and would, finally, give place to love. Not contented with his own efforts, he called to his aid those of my brother.

"I was accustomed to make my brother's judgment the criterion of my actions. I modelled myself by no consideration but that of securing his esteem. I hoped that he would see the reasonableness of my conduct, and assist me in contending with the headlong passions of my lover; but I was deceived. For the first time my conduct excited his regret, and he censured me for folly and caprice.

"No words can describe my mortification and dismay. I was heart-broken by his reproaches, and prone to doubt of the clearest evidence when in opposition to his verdict. That I ought to love him whom my brother deemed worthy of my love, had been fostered as the most incontestible of truths. In my juvenile reveries, I had frequently looked forward to wedlock, but it recurred to my thoughts merely as enabling me to reduce my brother's precepts to practice, and affording the opportunity of proving my docility and gratitude. I could not deny the intellectual and moral excellence of *Colmer:* that love should have no other basis than esteem, was the sum of my creed as well as of his; but such was the perverseness of my heart, the depravity of my imagination, that while the claims of Colmer were seen to be just, my aversion to admit them was invincible.

"I was the prey of the most acute anguish. I felt that to be rejected and despised by my brother, was an evil not to be endured; I felt that I deserved his contempt; but still my indifference would not forsake me; and, what was worse, the conviction would not be suspended or outrooted that this indifference would continue for ever.

"Finding me refractory in this respect, my brother urged me to accept his friend, notwithstanding my indifference. He pleaded the merits of that friend, the fervour of his passion, the benefits to mankind and his family flowing from Colmer's talents, provided they were not blasted in the bud. At present, his activity was at an end, his life itself was endangered by his disappointment. A wasting disease had already begun its progress in his frame. His mother and his sisters beheld this progress, which was to bereave them of protection and subsistence; they knew to whom it was ascribable. His mother was a second parent to me, his sisters were my friends. Their tears, their silence, their frantic apprehensions upbraided my cruelty. Still, such was my deep aversion to marriage void of love, that I hesitated; I wept, indeed; the pleasures of existence became tasteless and wearisome; I desired to die, but my intractable soul refused to make the sacrifice that was demanded, till Colmer was reduced to a sick bed; till my brother vowed eternal resentment on my incompliance: with tears, with forebodings, with heartbursting sighs, I decked myself in bridal ornaments, and purchased the peace of others at the price of my own.

"I found some consolation in witnessing the joy which my acquiescence diffused. I studied to conform my wishes to necessity, and, if happiness were beyond my reach, at least to secure content. My husband's health made it useful to make a voyage to sea, and try the influences of a tropical winter. My brother, shortly after my nuptials, embarked for Europe. He returned in company with one, who took up his abode in my father's house.

"The stranger was made an object of kindness and attention. To this, not only his general merits seemed to entitle him, but a pensive reserve, a musefulness, that studied to screen itself from observation, and bespoke some latent sorrow, enhanced his title to compassion and respect. I delighted in making others happy. My sympathy was particularly active for this man. I noted him in all his wandering; thought and spoke of him when absent, and pondered on the best means of diverting his dejection. I tried to engage him in discourse. I proposed employments and excursions whose tendency was to amuse. When he smiled, when his zeal engaged him in earnest talk, when he manifested satisfaction at the prospect of a visit, or declared himself pleased after an excursion, I congratulated myself on the success of my efforts, and acquired resolution to persist in them.

"My anxiety on his account, was at length observed by him. It seemed to produce gratitude; and his respect for me, his deference for my capacity, his attachment to my company became more visible. He dwelt in the same house, and my brother was set out on a new voyage. Hence his attendance on me, in my walks and visits, was more frequent, as well as our unwitnessed interviews at home.

"Much of his time was spent in reading. His books were generally such as suited my taste. They abounded with instruction, from which I continually acquired new light, and our mutual circumstances allowed him to rehearse them to me. His utterance was in the highest degree proper and emphatic, and conferred new energies and graces on all that he read. I listened and found no satiety. I regretted when the book was finished, and intreated him to begin again. If the sentiments and language were sufficiently imprinted on my memory, his tones and looks, while thus employed, afforded a new and exquisite gratification. His absence left me in languor and impatience: the topics of our conversation were renewed. I mused on all that he had said or done during our latest interview, and alleviated the anguish of reflecting that they were past, by looking forward to the meeting of to-morrow.

"In this state of things it was impossible that proofs of confidence should not be mutually exchanged. I dwelt upon all the incidents of my life with candour and minuteness. I explained the state of my feelings with regard to my brother and my husband. I avowed my approbation of what I had done. I had chosen, among many evils, the least; and my choice had given me, not indeed felicity, but content.

"He praised the rectitude of my conduct, dwelt upon the value of sacrifices made to duty, upon the selfishness and infatuation of what is called love, upon the sufficiency of mere intellectual intercourse to impart all the benefit and pleasure which a rational being can know.

"There were many points on which I had meditated with some care, and on which I had formed opinions for myself. I was highly pleased to discover a conformity in these respects between my friend and me. With the rest of the world I disagreed, and this disagreement precluded an entire union of affections between me and any of my ancient friends. While pondering upon these topics, I acquired the utmost fervour of conviction, and I glowed with the love of that excellence which my reason investigated and acknowledged; but when I looked upon mankind, I saw none who reasoned and decided like myself. Hence dissatisfaction crept into my heart. A sort of uneasiness arose, coupled with doubt of the truth of opinions, which so many whose impartiality and penetration, in general, were great, had rejected. I felt as if nothing was wanting to certainty but the concurrence of one whose judgment I respected. The approbation of the whole world, or of a great number, I could dispense with, provided the sympathy and co-decision of one were granted me.

"I had inferred, from my uniform experience, that it was vain to search for an human being whose taste and opinions were like mine, but now this similitude was found in as absolute a degree as I was able to conceive. I cannot describe my emotions upon this discovery. For the first time in my life I tasted happiness. My being seemed to be newly fashioned, my soul to imbibe a double portion of intelligence. Instead of barren content I found myself reserved for rapture. The *friend* who had hitherto existed a creature of my reveries and wishes, was embodied, brought to me by some auspicious fate, from a distance, and placed within the sphere of mutual knowledge and attraction.

"There was nothing in my situation to damp my enjoyments. I was conscious of no criminal or wayward thought. My heart was satisfied because it was full. My actual engagements were recalled to memory with the same emotions as formerly; or, rather, I had reason to regard them with more complacency. The void in my bosom I had formerly imagined could only be filled by love, but now was my mistake rectified. To think of our guest as the lover or husband of another, gave me no anxiety. To think that a bar existed by which a closer union between us was rendered impossible, excited no regret. The existence of a passion, purified from the impulses of sense, I conceived to be now verified by my own experience.

"The apprehensions of different sentiments in my friend were removed. He loved, but the object of his passion was dead. This love continued, and would never subside, would never give place to a new devotion, would never absolve him from a vow of eternal celibacy. He was contented with the enjoyments of friendship. In me he discovered properties more similar to his own than in any being but her whom death had severed from him. He rejoiced that my hand was possessed by another, because this circumstance precluded all misconstructions: it added still more strength to the motives which forbade him to regard me in any light but that of a rational being, whose feelings of attachment or aversion were uninfluenced by sex.

" My husband's character was distinguished by probity and knowledge. Conscious of my purity, recollecting the conditions of our union, and determined to make him the witness and arbiter of all my sentiments and actions, I dreaded not any evil to him, or any impediment to my intercourse with Haywood from his notions of decorum or right.

" Thus did the hours pass. Haywood's gloom vanished, or it revisited him only in moments of solitude. He became sprightly in demeanour, and fluent in discourse. All the powers of his mind seemed to expand as under a more genial temperature. He did not scruple to ascribe this propitious change to my influence, and hence I derived new topics of congratulation.

" This serenity lasted not long. Gradually, my friend contracted an air of pensiveness and discontent, but he was as much devoted to my company as ever. He was no less unreserved in his communications. He was equally attentive to the injunctions of decorum. In moments of the most unbounded confidence and sacred seclusion, he never treated me but with personal respect, and invariable sedateness of manners. Indeed, I will confess, that, in this respect, he was more austere than my reason or my inclination required. I asked no more reserve from him than was practised by my brother, or my female friends, and I saw no reason why I should be satisfied with less. If our emotions with regard to each other were precisely the same, why should particular restraints be adopted?

Hence, indeed, arose the first interruption to my quiet. Comparing his deportment with that which my own heart prompted, and of those whose sex or affinity took away all doubt as to the nature of their love, I perceived an unacceptable difference. I imputed this difference to coldness. This imputation he repelled by new ardour of professions, by appealing to the hours which he spent in my society, and to the proofs of confidence which his behaviour continually afforded. Methought the inference was irresistable, and yet, while my understanding was convinced, my heart doubted.

" Infatuated girl! How lightly didst thou tread upon the brink of perdition! How ingenious wast thou in entangling thyself and thy friend in inextricable ruin! I looked into my own heart, but saw nothing to condemn. Not a spot adhered to my integrity. I was conscious of no evil. I was trained in no school of duplicity and stratagem. The consciousness of rectitude I thought would bear me up against the censures of the world, but sentiments so blameless as mine would forever shield me from that censure.

" I am almost ashamed to confess the urgency with which I sought those tokens of tenderness which were adapted to precipitate his ruin. In my guileless apprehension, they could not be bestowed too liberally. To withhold them was a proof of the want of affection, or argued an affection that was not legitimate; that annexed more importance to this privilege than it merited, and that was conscious of improper tendencies. I could not acquiesce in any other conclusion.

" Instead, however, of complying with my wishes, in this respect, he became more pensive and museful. He talked less during our interviews; these interviews were shorter and less frequent. His bloom and his health rapidly decayed. He immured himself for days in his chamber, and admitted my visits not without objections and reluctance. I urged him to explain the cause of this change. For a time, he obstinately denied the reality of any change in his health, and ascribed the revolution in his manners to caprice, to chance, to some cause beyond his power and inclination to explain.

"When his indisposition had made such progress as to make it no longer questionable, he denied admittance to a physician. He was sensible of no pain. His joints were feeble, and his frame emaciated, but all his functions were regular. He ate sparingly, and slept as usual. His thoughts were mournful and dejected; but he could not explain the cause that made his thoughts run in one channel more than another.

"His generous artifice was, for a time, successful; but in the agony of my fears, on his account—in my incessant meditations on the cause of this evil, I could not fail of lighting, at length, upon the true conjecture. It was too dreadful not to make me eager to banish suspense, and ascertain the truth. I besought an interview, and explained to him my fears. He strove in vain to hide his secret from my scrutiny, to elude my interrogations, or repulse my entreaties. He was the prey of an hopeless passion, of which my malignant destiny had made me the object.

"This detection opened my eyes to the horrors that environed me. I beheld a youth of unrivalled excellence, tarnished, and withered, and hurried to the grave, by a malady to which my temerity and infatuation had given birth, but to which I was utterly disabled from administering a cure. I was bound to another by inviolable obligations. The place which nature and reason had intended for Haywood was pre-occupied by another. He was sinking before my eyes, but the hand that might have snatched him from the billows was constrained by bonds which no human force could break.

"It was never to be shut from my mind, that my fatal enchantments had seduced him into this snare. I had designed no evil, was wholly unaware of any hurtful tendency in the conduct which I had pursued; but this persuasion availed nothing to rescue me from terror, or blunt my remorse. Now that the effect was produced, I regarded, with profound astonishment, the blindness that had so long been inattentive to its approach. The tokens of the truth were now remembered or imagined to have been incessant and palpable. My own efforts were now seen to have had no tendency but to infuse this venom. I had sported in the flowery path, though every step was beset with adders; and my senses were recalled from their trance, not till my progress was irrevocable, and to turn back was no longer in my power.

"I accused myself to Haywood. I poured forth floods of tears, and vowed not to survive him. To this self-upbraiding and despair, he always roused himself to the most tender and pathetic opposition. He absolved me from all censure, and imputed his calamity to his own perverse fate—to his incaution and folly. It was his province to have supplied the want of foresight in me; to have fled from the danger when its first approaches were descried: whereas, he had lingered till flight was impossible or useless.

"He was the most guilty and unfortunate of human beings. He had lived in defiance and contempt of his duty; had trampled on the claims of gratitude and service, which his friends, his country, and mankind had urged upon him. Indolence had eaten away the root of every virtue, subjected him to poverty and ignominy in his native country, and had accompanied him to his new abode. In vain had he struggled to shake off its chains: for every struggle, by being unsuccessful, had only added to their number and force.

"It was time to die. Longer life would only multiply his crimes, and aggravate his infamy. Life was, indeed, only to be purchased by conditions which would make the burthen of existence intolerable; which would heap calamity on all those whom he had most reason to love, and chiefly on me, whom he deemed the purest and most excellent of human creatures, and for the sake of whose peace he would cheerfully die a thousand deaths.

"It was vain for me to importune or mourn. No efforts of mine would postpone the inevitable hour; and, instead of desiring its postponement, I ought to exult in its swift approach. My peace and honour were in hazard; his death alone would purchase their safety; and, to purchase it, he hastened to death with more alacrity than bridegroom ever hastened to the arms of his bride.

"Such was the usual strain of his discourse, to which I listened with heart-breaking anguish. I believed that I knew this man. I knew him to be inslaved by a thousand errors; but these errors were the growth of an unhappy education: they were productive of incessant compunction; there was a species of discipline efficacious to his cure; and I had fondly hoped, that heaven had appointed me the minister of this cure. I knew his virtues as well as his faults, and perceived them to transcend, by far, the elevation of any of those whom I had previously known—to be such as fitted him for the instructor and delighter of mankind. Should such an one perish, in the bloom of his age, and I remain, to whom alone his disastrous and premature fate was to be imputed?

"My heart was rent; my tears flowed without remission; solitude and darkness, my chamber and the night were witnesses of my agony; the conflict of arguments, and fears, and hopes; the eternal warfare of those principles which forbad me, on the one hand, to destroy Haywood and myself;—for our fates were not to be dissevered; the same hour should witness both our deaths, and the same grave open to receive us:—or, on the other, to blast the felicity of Colmer; to overwhelm my father and brother with horror and grief; to bring upon myself eternal obloquy, the loss of reputation, the tears of my friends, and the scoffs of the world. Such was the terrible, yet unavoidable alternative. Such was the fruit of my brother's well-meant cruelty—of the obstinate devotion of my husband—of the incurable infatuation of Haywood—of the irrevocable decree which made me the wife, which consecrated my person and affection to one to whom I was indifferent.

"That was my first crime. To have yielded my hand, contrary to all the dictates of my heart; to vow eternal affection where none was felt; to devote my thoughts and services to one for whom I felt no sympathy; who claimed, indeed, my reverence for the probity of his intentions, and the depth of his capacity, and the amplitude of his knowledge; but whose heart answered not to the pulsations of this heart, whose conceptions of the beautiful and the just were invincibly repugnant, whose employments and amusements were void of all resemblance to mine. That was my offence, from which every subsequent calamity has flown; which has cut me off from all activity and usefulness; which has made me the assassin of Haywood, and my own murderer. O, my brother! to thee am I indebted for that guilt. Into whatever gulph of death, or infamy, or poverty, my desperate footsteps may bear me, at thy door shall I lay the charge of being my destroyer; on thy conscience will the guilt of my blood rest.

"O! how blest are they whose conduct is exempt from parental or fraternal dominion; who are suffered to consult the dictates of their reason, and are not driven, by imperious duties, to the sacrifice of independence, the abjuration of liberty, and the death of honour!

"But to look back, to deplore the irremediable past, will avail me nothing. The toils are closed upon me: my dungeon is completed, and escape is only possible by two avenues; both lead into the midst of horrors and perils; either is abundant in evil, and I am terrified to madness by the consequences that will follow each; but the choice must be made. The ruin of my father's peace, of my brother's hopes, of my husband's happiness; the loss of fame and of friendship; exile from my father's house, are the evils which my spirit must endure, if the life of Haywood deserves to be saved; and these evils I will courageously encounter, and cheerfully sustain, for his sake.

"Such was the dreadful result of many days and nights of meditation. My resolution being formed, I hastened to impart it to my friend. He listened with a faint smile. 'Heroic woman,' said he, 'how thou over-ratest the deservings of the wretch before thee! Thou wouldst fly with him from this scene! Thou wouldst loose thy hold on all that is dear to the heart of woman for his sake! Thou wouldst entrust thy happiness to his spontaneous fidelity! Thou wouldst share with him his nakedness, his famine, his obscurity! Alas! inconstant, cowardly, and feeble as I am, there are limits which I cannot overstep. No, remain in the bosom of thy father, thy brother, and thy husband. Cherish thy untainted honour, and thy devoted friends. To accept thy offer is no matter of desire; to refuse it is no cause of hesitation. I have gathered up all my wishes and views, and concentered them in a speedy and quiet death.'

"I urged my proposal anew. I combated his scruples with entreaties and arguments; but all were ineffectual. His aversion to a scheme by which I should produce such extensive mischiefs to those whom my duty taught me to love, and mischiefs to myself which no incidental good could out-balance, was not to be subdued.

"One alternative remained. My continuance in my present condition, my father's approbation, my brother's love, my husband's reverence, my own good name, were not already forfeited. I was adored by Haywood: I loved the proofs of his affection and his confidence, which he delighted to bestow. To watch his features, to be greeted by his smiles, to study the improvement of his understanding and his fortune, was all that my heart, formed for sympathy and tenderness, required. Of these I was not ashamed. They were incompatible with no conjugal duty. I avowed and exulted in my wishes, and none surely would calumniate or censure them. If they did, calumny and censure, by being unmerited, affected me not.

"But this, alas! was not sufficient. My friend languished, and perished. He was consumed by unsatisfied desires. Not contented with the homage of my understanding and my heart, he sought for that, the gift of which, if known, would blot my name, awaken enmity in all that loved me, and bring down inexpiable vengeance on the head of my seducer.

Let me not repeat the sophistries

—exhibit again the illusions which bewildered me—which did not beget opinion, or terminate in belief; which did not successfully contend with all the impressions of my education; which did not hinder me from shuddering at the name of adultress; which did not blind me to the hazards and consequences of detection; make me callous to the stings of self-reproof; hide from me the deformities and hatefulness of falsehood;—prolific of terror, involving in its train a thousand stratagems, humiliations and iniquities, and sure, at last, to be unmasked; counteracted; baffled; punished.

"No! while I tumultuously reflected on the wrongs that I had suffered from my brother's cruelty and my husband's pertinaciousness; while I sought to load them with the guilt of every deviation from rectitude to which their fatal obstinacy had given birth; while I laboured to extenuate the crime, and exaggerate the ease of concealment; to reduce to nothing the moral tendencies, and intrinsical importance, of the gift that was exacted from me; and assiduously to meditate the benefits resulting from dishonour, I came no nearer to decision. My irresolution forsook me not. The reluctances that barred up my passage afforded not a momentary token of yielding.

"No reasonings and no fears could annihilate the woman in my breast; out-root from my constitution the materials of duty, the laws of my sex, the instinct of decorum, the powers and habits which recoiled, with mechanical necessity, from the part of solicitress, to any but *mental* intercourse. Yet such was the part which my fate had assigned me. Haywood was only to be won to existence and happiness by supplication from me!

"I had brought myself to offer him my company in flight and exile, but this had been rejected. I could endure every consequence of separation from my family, but not the making the inmate of their bosom and partaker of their confidence, a liar and dissembler; the eternal weaver of frauds; dressing her countenance in deceitful smiles; lavishing caresses on the man she betrayed; and practising tricks and subterfuges to gain, or prolong, or conceal her interviews with another. To this, no impulse of passion, no cogency of eloquence, could gain my assent.

"Alas! my fate was determined not in the moment of exertion, but of slumber. My reason, weary of its fruitless efforts and contests, had yielded place to an interval of precious and rare repose. The apartment was darkened by curtains, that the heat, as well as light, might be excluded. I had parted with my friend in expectation of taking a short journey; but my time of setting out being by some accident postponed, I withdrew to my chamber, and threw myself upon a sofa to indulge my wonted reveries. In this situation sleep stole upon my senses.

"Meanwhile, Haywood, seizing the opportunity of my absence, resolved to end my conflicts and his own, by withdrawing from the house and the country. He wrote a letter containing the reasons of his conduct and his last adieus. This he designed to leave upon my toilet; and, for that end, came softly to my chamber, which he reasonably imagined to be vacant.

"That was the crisis of my fate. I must not dwell upon the tumults of surprise in my own heart; the tremours that, in spite of virtue, disabled me from flying or resisting; that lulled my reason, and that of my betrayer, into an oblivion long enough to put our mutual destruction beyond the reach of prevention or recal. I must not dwell upon the remorses and humiliations that ensued. To what end would they serve?

"I am not anxious to extenuate my guilt or aggravate my calamity, by recalling the detestable series of sensations that followed. That event, on which I did not reflect till the reflection was too late to save me, came at length to open my eyes. Add to this, intelligence that Haywood was already married, and had a wife alive, and preparing to come to New-Hampshire and claim her privileges. My brother and my husband were likewise expected to return.

"To dwell upon my flight from my father's house, the agony attending the untimely birth of my offspring, the indigence and dangers I encountered in my banishment from home, and my intercourse with strangers, my obscure abode in Ridgefield, a remote village in Connecticut, where I owed my subsistence to my labour, my reputation to my change of name and the ignorance of my neighbours respecting my true condition; to recount the watchful nights devoted to remembrance of my infantile and youthful days, the images of my associates and friends, of my brother, my venerable parent, and my unfortunate husband; to terrible conjectures as to the consequences of my disappearance, and keen regrets for the fate that prolonged my life only to accumulate my despair: to detain you by so long and so mournful a narration, would be useless.

"That grief is of no enormous kind which permits the sufferer to live, which does not prompt him to seek the quiet which the grave will bestow. This refuge, the affection of my neighbours denied me. After some time, by means needless to be mentioned now, I gained a knowledge of the effect which the detection of my guilt and my flight produced on my family. I will not paint the scene. Your hairs would uprise, and my heart would bleed to death in attempting the recital. The news dissipated, in a moment, that torpor into which months of repose and security, of ignorance and solitude, had plunged me. I rushed to the river's brink, and endeavoured to extinguish my woes with my being.

"My purpose was suspected, my track was pursued, my breathless corpse was dragged from the river time enough to be restored to life. The disappointment of my purpose made me moody and sullen. They guarded me, in the belief that I was a lunatic; and a second attempt to perish, by strangling myself with a cord, was, in like manner, frustrated by those whose unbought benevolence made them watchful of my conduct.

"Two years passed away in a gloomy reverie. Joy was flown from my heart, smiles from my lips. I lost the desire of society; the power of speech was grown difficult by disuse. While I lived, I procured subsistence by my needle; but this was my whole employment. When the edge of bitter remembrance was somewhat blunted, I admitted, sparingly, the consolations of society and books. The dejection and dreariness of my thoughts were insensibly alleviated, and existence ceased to be a burthen, of which I was impatient.

"In this state of things he who is now my husband came to the village as a visitant. He sought my obscure dwelling, introduced himself to my acquaintance, offered me his books, solicited permission to attend me in my walks, to sit with me while busy with my needle, to amuse my toil by rehearsing the poets and historians with whom he was familiar.

"I was become habituated to solitude and musing, and underwent a sort of violence in yielding to his wishes. My acquiescence was difficult, ungracious and slow. I immured myself in my chamber, and refused to be seen when he called at my lodgings; I walked out at different hours from those to which I had been used, and deviated from my customary tracks, in order to avoid meeting with him.

"He was not disheartened by my coldness and reserve; and, at length, I began to rebuke myself for ingratitude and incivility, and no longer raised impediments to our intercourse. Shortly I began to derive pleasure from his visits. When they were intermitted, I felt some degree of dejection and impatience; and his discourse awakened a cheerfulness to which I had, during several years, been a stranger. While rehearsing the strains of the dramatist and poet, the memory of similar scenes, in which Haywood had been an actor, was revived, and called forth tears not unpleasurable.

"This man was, indeed, widely different, in character and person, from Haywood. I need not mention to you, who know him, his noble and expressive features, his eye beaming with benevolence and vivacity, his refinement of taste and variety of knowledge. His deportment was tender and pathetic, but was untinctured by that impatience and moroseness which flow from compunctious recollections and unsatisfied wishes. He pursued no sinister ends, treasured up no illicit wishes, and contemplated no consequence but the cheering of my hours, and the promotion of my happiness.

"He was a native of Ridgefield. His parents and sisters resided there. I knew them well, and had been the object of their sympathy and kindness. His youthful deportment, his education, and his character, had often been the subjects of their talk, and of that of others, with whom I conversed. There was nothing but gracefulness and beauty in their portraits, nor were the expectations which they had taught me to form at all disappointed or confuted by my own observation.

"It was impossible to withhold complacency and gratitude from this man. That I should be the object of his disinterested kindness was a motive for self-approbation. I sometimes reflected on the happiness that might have been obtained by me, if such an one as this had been allotted to me instead of Colmer or Haywood. This reflection drew deep sighs from my heart; and that which, at first, had imparted pleasure, now augmented the sense of my forlornness.

"Conjugal sympathies and duties—the union of hearts, and opinions, and efforts—the smile of offspring—the gratulation of friends—the esteem of the world—were goods of which I was irretrievably bereft; but, till I knew Molesworth, was less acutely sensible of their value, and deplored, with less violence of passion, their loss.

"His visit lasted some months. He then returned to this city, where he proposed to settle as a physician. He solicited my correspondence, which I had no reason to decline. Our intercourse, in this way, was frequent, and unfolded new excellencies in my friend. He confided to me his schemes of benevolence and fortune without reserve, and addressed himself to me as to one whose integrity was worthy of implicit reliance, and whose council might enable him to shun the pits and quicksands to which his safety was exposed in the midst of a luxurious city.

"On my own adventures I observed a profound and timorous silence. Though conscious how little my genuine character deserved his respect, yet I valued it too much to forego it by a voluntary act. I was ingenious in inventing apologies for my concealment; but they, doubtless, originated in my cowardice. I was loath to relinquish my present abode, which habit had endeared to me, in which the means of subsistence had now become regular and permanent, and where I was, at least, exempt from the mortifications of neglect and contumely. To disclose the truth to Molesworth would, I imagined, instantly convert his esteem into abhorrence and contempt: he would hasten to unfold my infamy to his sisters and friends. I should be cast from their exasperated bosoms—driven from my sweet asylum—and compelled, once more, to encounter the vicissitudes and dangers attendant on the search of a new abode. These were evils, at the thought of which I shuddered, and to which my fortitude was wholly unequal.

"After a year's absence, Molesworth returned. Weary of the turbulence and vices of the city, and disappointed in the hopes which he had formed of professional employment, he resolved to take up his abode in his native town. Our ancient intercourse was renewed with more complacency and frequency than ever. At length he proposed himself to me as a lover.

"This proposal produced the most violent and ambiguous emotions. My penetration had slept till the moment of disclosure, when I opened my eyes as from a trance, and was overpowered with astonishment. That the mournfulness and seclusion of my manners, the obscurity which hung over my early life, and the dubiousness that must thence have been reflected on my real character, did not preclude such views, in a mind so cautious and enlightened, was scarcely credible. But whatever were his modes of judging, and whatever apologies for former errors he discovered in the blameless and diligent tenour of my life, during my abode at Ridgefield, I could not hesitate in what manner to decide. To take advantage of his ignorance, his compassion, or his candour; to give to his arms a being polluted with the foulest stains that can adhere to humanity, would be an outrage upon duty not less heinous than those which I had formerly committed. The embarrassment accruing from the situation in which I was placed—the necessity of hiding the true motives of my dissent—the danger of incurring the imputation of caprice, folly and ingratitude, of insensibility or disdain, was ended by his impetuosity. My decision being precipitately sought, and my pleas for deliberation and delay impetuously repulsed, I was obliged to declare my resolution, without assigning my motives.

"His affliction was proportioned to his disappointment. For a time he acquiesced in my resolves, but remitted none of his benevolent attentions and services. At length, however, he renewed the subject, and besought me to explain the reasons of my procedure. He laid open all his own heart—he traced the origin of our acquaintance, and the progress of his passion—he shewed the reasons on which it was built, the steps by which it attained to maturity, the immutable foundation of his esteem, the long, and intimate, and steadfast observation which he had exercised upon my conduct, and the hopes of future happiness which he had thence derived from union with me—hopes which he had cherished too long, which he had reared on too rational a basis, to abandon but with his life.

"I viewed this man with emotions widely different from those with which I had been used to regard Colmer. That sympathy of views, that conformity of opinions and habits, which was wanting to the latter, were fully possessed by my new friend. I perceived that he was entitled to my whole heart, and that the sole obstacle to our alliance consisted in my worthlessness. Judge, then, with what anguish I must have reflected on this obstacle, which ages of remorse would not obliterate, which no time would lessen or remove, and which cut me off from such varied and abundant felicity; which not only placed happiness beyond my reach, but made me instrumental in the misery of one whose excellences were so transcendent and rare.

"It was impossible, in the full career of my feelings, to hide from him the state of my affections. This discovery gave new ardour to his hopes, new edge to his curiosity, new vigour to his perseverance. I confessed that I was bound by no matrimonial obligations to another; that no duty required me to seek the approbation to my choice of kindred or friends; that I was not influenced by the false refinements of pride, generated by reflection on the poverty of my condition and obscurity of my birth; that wedlock was a state to which I looked as the fountain of every joy, and the theatre of every virtue; that his character, his person, his family, his residence, his profession and fortune, were all such as my reason and my heart fondly and ardently approved. Still, however, there existed an impediment which no time would remove, and which was created by the incidents of my life, previous to my abode in this town.

"He enumerated all possible causes that could produce this effect; and, at length, extorted from me the confession, that the sense of faultiness formerly contracted—the persuasion that my mind was disqualified, by imbecility and vice, to associate with his, was the true cause of my reluctance. This intimation affected, in no degree, his wishes. He applauded the delicacy of my scruples—inferred, from their duration and strength, the untaintedness of my heart. I might, perhaps, have been drawn aside, by momentary impulse or passion, from the path of virtue; but my remorse, and the blamelessness of my deportment, during the years that he had witnessed it, evinced the undepraved rectitude of my principles, and constituted a sufficient expiation for any guilt which an human being could contract. He did not seek my confidence farther than it had already been bestowed. I was at liberty to hide from him my juvenile adventures. He was not anxious for my vindication from any charge which the malice or misapprehension of the world might bring against me. He had no surmises to remove, or suspicions to confute. He was satisfied with the knowledge which his own senses had collected, and looked no further for evidence of my integrity, and sureties for the happiness of union with me.

"On this topic my friend's eloquence was earnest and pathetic. While listening to his arguments, I gathered conviction. While his accents rung in my ears, I cherished the fond belief, that the years which I had passed in deploring, had atoned for, my misconduct; that to review the past with everlasting repinings and regrets was folly and guilt; that to allow former misdeeds, whose consequences were, perhaps, exhausted, to occupy our present thoughts, to the exclusion of beneficent designs, and the obstruction of wholesome activity, was to perpetuate and multiply the crime; that to regard our past misconduct with abhorrence was an argument of present virtue; but to suffer this abhorrence to incorporate itself with all our sentiments, to corrode our peace, to undermine our health or our life, and sink us into dreariness and torpor, was contemptible and wicked. I thought myself less hopelessly unworthy; and, while I pondered on the offices of tenderness, the assiduities of gratitude, the irreproachable fidelity which marriage with Molesworth would allow me to perform and exhibit, I felt hope revive in my heart, and was willing to concur with his proposal.

"These serene intervals, however, were transient as a shadow. The absence of my friend failed not to restore the dominion of habit, awaken anew my remorse, and make that obstacle, which, for a time, had disappeared, rise again more menacing than ever. I judged of his sensations by my own. At present he was wildering himself in speculation. The magnanimity of forgiveness—the sufficiency of penitence to expiate offences, and restore purity, were shadows which his understanding found it easy to subdue, as long as their existence was imaginary, and had no relation to himself. He sported with conjectures as to the crimes which it was possible for me to have committed; but none of his conjectures had hitherto reached the atrociousness of the truth—none were believed, by him, to possess any degree of probability: but as soon as the frightful truth should be discovered, the current of dispassionate reasoning would be changed—his gaudy theories, his artificial calm would vanish—dejection and abhorrence would succeed, and he would spurn me from him as the bane of his existence.

"These thoughts renewed my wavering or suspended determination. Molesworth, when he imagined my reluctance at an end, found that a few hours absence had given it more force than ever, and once more engaged in the task of contending with my scruples. My soul was torn by incessant struggles. There was no need to deliberate on the propriety of an immediate confession of my guilt. The confession, whether just or not, whether necessary or superfluous, was utterly impossible. My lips refused to open, my tongue was tied, when my unfaithfulness to Colmer, and its dreadful effects upon him, upon my father and my brother, were to be the theme of my discourse.

"I believed that this disclosure would terminate our controversy; but it would drive from my presence him whom my fluttering heart acknowledged for its sole possessor, whose company composed my chief delight: it would ravish from him all the hopes which he had built upon conviction of my merits; it would make me an outcast from my present home, and doom me to poverty, reproach and neglect. What wonder that I recoiled from these consequences?

"In the midst of these distractions and misgivings, it occurred to me, at length, that my fame was built upon a mere deception. The goods which I at present enjoyed, were held by no tenure but that of the ignorance of those by whom they were bestowed. I had been anxious not to hide, but only not to publish my shame. My conduct had been open to the scrutiny of all; but my lips had been perpetually closed upon the subject of my past offences. I had dealt in no impostures and inventions. I had not, in a single instance, abjured my veracity, and misled my neighbours by deceitful representations of my life and character. In this manner I had acted towards Molesworth. I had not laboured to correct, neither had I taken pains to perpetuate his errors. In acting thus I did not conceive myself culpable: but if his affection and esteem for me, as a wife, were to be retained on the same conditions as those on which I had preserved his friendship, might they not, with equal blamenessness, be adopted?

" He knew my self-accusations. He knew that I regarded my faults as inexpiable, and as such as unfitted me for the provinces of wife and mother; but he, nevertheless, placed his happiness in my acceptance. He exacted from me no confession. He was willing to take me as I was, with all my real, and imaginary and imputed imperfections. My guilt might, by some fatal accident, be whispered in his ear, and his love and my felicity be ended at once; but this was contingent, and might never happen, or happen remotely, when the long experience of my worth, the cement of offspring, and the progress of his reason, might hinder it from producing fatal effects. This discovery might, indeed, be anticipated by myself. I might gradually acquire confidence in his fortitude, in the agreement between his theoretical and practical deductions; I might seize some propitious moment, and reveal to him my story, and my peace and his affection may survive the shock.

" He proposes to spend his life here, where I have remained thus long, untraced and unsuspected. Every day adds to my security, by lessening the number of witnesses, and weakening the memory, of my dishonour, and fortifying the incredulity of my husband and my friends, by supplying them with new proofs of my constancy and virtue.

" Such were the reasonings that at length induced me to compliance. I was married, and conferred that happiness on Molesworth which I shall never know. The colour of my thoughts was by no means uniform. My misgivings, as to the events of futurity, my doubts as to the rectitude of what I had done, bred, in my secret thoughts, a melancholy which the caresses of my husband and my friends dispelled for a time, though sure to revisit me in solitude. I found new difficulties in disclosure, new humiliations in concealment, and new terrors in contemplating the texture of human events, by which the truth is finally drawn forth from all the obscurities and folds in which human ingenuity might wrap it. I shuddered to think on how slender a thread my felicity depended, and have suffered all the torments of foreboding, on a short journey or unexpected absence of my husband. I have waited his return with trembling, and watched, with unspeakable anxiety, his looks as soon as he appeared. I have been prone to misconstrue appearances, to impute inquietude or indisposition to some untoward occurrence, or malignant intimation of my guilt.

" All these causes of alarm were aggravated by our removal to this city, to which Molesworth was induced by considerations, to which it was impossible for me either to admit with cheerfulness, or strenuously to object. I have seldom walked out but from necessity. I have been studious to evade the scrutiny of passengers. In so large a concourse from all parts of the United States, it is scarcely possible not to meet with some who knew me during my residence at Portsmouth.

" I have, unfortunately, encountered some of these. I have even attracted observation, and been overpowered with terror at tokens which were once given of an intention to accost me by one who knew me well in my father's house. My suspicions have been ceaseless, my subterfuges to escape abhorred detection without number; but still I have seemed to be for ever tottering on the verge of destruction.—It was not long before a new event occurred to give a new form to my fears.

" You will judge of my confusion when I descried, from my chamber, on about three months ago, passing the street, Haywood himself. My confusion at this incident threw me into a fever, from which I recovered not without difficulty, and contrary to all my wishes.

" Haywood was never hated or upbraided by me, on account of any guilt that I imputed to him. He was, indeed, the author of all my distresses, and as such the sound of his name, and the recurrence of his image, produced loathing and abhorrence. To mistake another for him was impossible. I was, by turns, fondling my babe, and looking out upon the passengers, when he abruptly appeared in sight.

" My husband, happily for me, was not present. Had he been at my side, I should have been undone. My emotions not even his presence would have enabled me to subdue. As it was, his unsuspecting tenderness, his sympathy for my pain, stung me to the soul. Such is my unhappy lot, that every proof of tenderness from him whom I fondly love, only wrings my heart with new anguish, with anguish which nothing but proofs of his hatred would increase.

" Haywood I beheld for a moment only. How long he had been in this city, how often he had passed this door, how often he had passed me in the street, and by what mere accident he had been hitherto prevented from seeing and accosting me, I had no means of knowing. Whether he continued in this city, and whether I was still reserved for a meeting with him, were equally uncertain. I could not make inquiries. I could not suffer his name to pass my lips; but his image was ever in my thoughts. In passing the street, I dreaded to look up, for fear his eyes should suddenly meet mine. On entering the house of another, my secret terrors whispered that Haywood might be there. At every return of my husband to his home, I shuddered, lest some dire occurrence had revealed to him my shame.

" Shortly after I went into the country; but the change afforded me but slender relief. I was no longer in danger of meeting with Haywood, but my safety was still exposed to hourly hazard; my blood was chilled at the sight of every letter which came from Molesworth. Tremblingly I opened it, as if the painting of my nightly dream was to be realized, and I was to be overwhelmed with his curses and invectives.

" Little did I think, in the midst of all my fears, that danger of detection was increased by the rashness or folly of Haywood himself. Little did I think that he had confided the secret of my shame to another; that the strange youth whom we had received into our very bosom, was apprized of my guilt; and this has set, in its true light, the hollowness of my hopes; has shewn me how baseless is the confidence which I reposed in the ignorance of mankind respecting me.

" Thousands may possess your knowledge. Those who daily converse with me, my husband's kindred and friends, may know my true character. They hate or despise me in their heart, and pity Molesworth's delusion, while they greet me with welcomes and smiles. A thousand times may the breath of Slander have blighted my name, and my crimes have been the subject of malignant whispers in the very circles which I frequent.

" Here then are my hopes of conjugal peace and unsullied reputation at an end. I have lived, in spite of conviction, that I merited abhorrence and infamy; but I have lived, because my life, and the belief of my purity, contributed to the happiness of the best of men. What shall become of me when that belief is subverted—when he shall cast me from him as baneful and poisonous? That moment cannot long be deferred, and when it comes ——!"

Such were the terms of this affecting narrative. Having finished it, some engagement called her away, and she left me to muse upon it. It was a subject from which I could not withdraw my attention. My mind was continually busy in ruminating on this mournful tale.

"What various misery," said I, "has flowed from a single lapse! How ceaselessly watchful should we be against the first step that deviates from rectitude! A moment of forgetfulness of duty has been thus fertile of calamity; has laid so wide a scene of ruin!

"Where will it end? Can no penitence expiate this guilt, and no wisdom prevent future evils? Is it not enough that the husband and the brother have perished? That all the happiness which the continuance of life to Colmer and Selwyn might have produced, was extinguished in their blood? Has heaven provided no resource against despair? no antidote to future errors?

"To save a life endangered by the folly and guilt of Haywood, this unfortunate woman broke her conjugal faith, contracted through pity to Colmer, whose infatuation was no less culpable. Her crime was followed by the despair of her husband, and the vengeance of her brother. These passions were the growth of errors no less deplorable, and have led to effects equally disastrous. But the mournful series is not at an end. The tranquillity of Molesworth is the child of ignorance and stratagem. At the moment of discovered truth, the phantom will vanish. What a series of errors generating errors, and disasters flowing from disasters!

"But is it certain that to know the truth will subvert his happiness? His wife has a right to plead her tenderness and fidelity to him, in excuse for past faults. Surely, in dispassionate eyes, her claim to pardon and to continuance of affection, cannot be disputed. Would it not be wise, at least, to make trial of his equity and fortitude?

"She will never be persuaded to confession. Another must perform that task; but there is no substitute but myself, and as to me, would it not be madness and outrage to undertake a province like that? Have I not sworn to conceal her shame; and what, if, in the hope of effecting much good, I should violate my promise; what if Molesworth should prove to possess all the passions of an husband and a lover; if the happiness hitherto enjoyed should melt away from his grasp, like the phantom of sleep; and anger and hatred should succeed to pity and love; how shall I indure to behold the effects of my fatal interposition?"

No wonder that while such were my reveries, you should perceive embarrassment and thoughtfulness in my deportment. How little, when your eyes were compassionately fixed upon me, and they seemed to say—"Harry! what is the matter with you?" how little did you suspect what was passing within! And what answer, had I spoken the truth, should I have given to your question?

For some time after this interview, no opportunity occurred of renewing conversation on this topic. I saw a secret wish to this end on your wife's looks, which seemed to fluctuate between curiosity and terror. It was only when your uncle's sickness called you from town, that we could hope for uninterrupted conversation. You left us at noon, and intended, or expected not to return till next morning.

The day was past in separate occupations, or in the presence of visitants or servants. In the evening, we seated ourselves alone, and your wife took up some needle-work. She did not, as usual, ask me to read to her. She sometimes sighed, and the handkerchief was often raised to wipe away the mist that suffused her sight. At length, after a prelude of mournful silence, she stopt the needle, and said, in a tremulous voice:—

"We are now alone, Henry, and I may say to you something that—you will not wonder that I am desirous of knowing more of—Selwyn—my brother. You told me he had died, lately, in New-York—you know the circumstances."

I understood her wishes, but was thrown into extreme embarrassment, by this disclosure of them. How could the truth of Selwyn's destiny be disclosed to the sister? I was silent. She looked at me, and saw the marks of my inquietude. She was affected in her turn, and sunk into thoughtfulness.

Recovering from this reverie, she again spoke—"Tell me, where; how did he die?"

I was unable to answer. I could not deceive or prevaricate, and the truth could not be told.

"Why are you silent? Tell me, Henry, how did he die? He was not in poverty I hope. How long had he lived in New-York? Was he not in good repute? It is long since I saw that sweet face."

"He was not poor. He was in good repute. All that knew him, esteemed his probity and manners. He had arrived but a few days before."

"Some sudden sickness, perhaps. How was it? Tell me!"

I was silent.

"Do you know the cause of his death?"

"I know it."

"Then tell it me. Why should you conceal it? Knowing, as I do, that he is dead, surely I can bear to hear the manner of his death."

I shook my head—"I am not sure of that."

Her anxiety increased. "Was there any thing extraordinary in his death? Perhaps it was a sudden stroke."

"It was."

"Alas! But he was among his friends, I hope. He did not suffer through negligence or inattention."

"He did not."

"Why then do you look so sadly? Why hesitate to tell me the particulars? A lingering death is not better than a sudden one. In whose house did he breathe his last? At what hour? By what disease?"

"Under no roof. It was at midnight. By no disease."

At these words, her heart throbbed with new violence, and her faltering increased—"Surely—he owed not his death—he owed his death———"

"To Haywood! whom your brother had pursued for years to avenge your shame in his blood. They met; the defiance was received, and your brother fell."

Let me not attempt to paint the effect of these tidings. An hour after, when the tears whose assuaging influence had been, for a long time, withheld, began to flow, and to impart some relief, you entered—unexpected and unwished by either, you entered the apartment.

Here I must stop. I have complied with your request. I have told you all that I know. I parted from you, in no fear for the life of my benefactress and friend, but—she is dead!——

American Review.

Art. XVII.

A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them; and Observations deduced from the Facts stated. In two volumes. 8*vo.* *By* Noah Webster. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *pp.* 700.

[Continued from p. 115.]

THE second volume of this work opens with a series of tables, exhibiting the annual rate of mortality during the two last centuries, and corresponding phenomena, in several towns of Europe, and some parts of America. Then follow some remarks upon the history of pestilence in general; in which much stress is laid upon the coincidences that have taken place between appearances of comets, volcanoes, earthquakes and pestilence; whence the author endeavours to establish an affinity between these, either that of cause and effect, or of connection with a common cause. We are then presented with statements, intended to show a gradual progress in the principle of pestilence; that plagues are preceded and foretokened by increase in the malignity of other diseases.

An history of the epidemic catarrh is followed by speculations on the order and connection of pestilential epidemics, and on the extent of a pestilential state of the atmosphere. We cannot pretend to do justice to the author's reasonings in a few words. They are remarkably ingenious and acute, and are founded on a very copious deduction of facts in the history of human calamities.

The connection between epidemics and affections of the atmosphere, more or less extensive and durable, and more or less subjected to the cognizance of the senses, with earthquakes, comets, and the like, is largely discussed, and placed in very plausible and cogent lights.

The doctrine of contagion is copiously discussed. In a work of science there is no circumstance that should more carefully be studied than method.. In this work we have frequent reason to regret the absence of a modelling and chastening hand. The conclusions to which his reasonings on the subject of contagion lead, might have been stated with much greater accuracy of method.

After encountering the doctrine of specific contagion by various arguments, drawn from the history of pestilences in the Eastern Hemisphere, he returns to our own country, in search of similar proofs, and speaks as follows:—

"That the plague will not spread from infection, in an atmosphere not proper for it, we have, in America, most indubitable evidence.

"In every pestilence that has affected our cities for six years past, great numbers of persons, when ill, have been removed into the country, or have been seized after removal, but not one instance occurred of the spreading of the disease in the country to any extent, from such infected persons, until the year 1798. There have been a few scattering instances, in which the nurses of such persons have received the disorder. These have been very rare: probably not in one instance of a hundred, has any person been affected by fomites from such diseased persons. Most violent cases of the pestilence, when removed into a pure air, exhibit no infection that is perceptible. This fact corresponds with what has been related of the importation of infected persons and goods into Egypt, in June, July and August, which produces no ill effect; but for a very good reason: the air of that country, during the inundation of the Nile, will not *generate* the plague; and hence the vulgar idea, that it is not imported, or will not spread from infection.

"But not only do our country people escape infection from diseased citizens who sicken and die in their houses, but our cities also, when the constitution of air does not favour the disease, are not affected by the introduction of the worst cases from neighbouring cities. Thus, in 1793, many persons from Philadelphia entered New-York, in spite of precautions taken by the police, sickened, and died, in boarding-houses and other places, but without communicating the disease in a single instance. In 1795 the case was reversed: New-York generated a contagious fever, but Philadelphia did not; and several persons, who left New-York, sickened and died in Philadelphia, without infecting any person whatever.

"It is unnecessary to multiply examples. The same has happened between Philadelphia and Baltimore; between Norfolk and the adjacent country; between Boston and Providence: in short, there is not an exception to the remark, that infected persons, carried into towns and cities where the atmosphere has not been disposed to *generate* an epidemic, have never propagated the disease. In every case, and the instances have been very numerous, the disease has disappeared with the recovery or death of the first or second patient.

"But this is not all. In the same town or city, where the pestilence has been general in a particular quarter, another part of the town or city, situated on better ventilated, or more elevated land, has not only been free from the epidemic, but has possessed an air capable of resisting the infection of the diseased. This, to a certain degree, was the fact in Philadelphia, where no part of the city can be called *elevated*; yet, in 1793 and 1797, few cases of the fever occurred in the western part of the city. But in New-York, New-Haven, Providence, New-London, Boston, and Newburyport, the disease has had its pestilential region, or quarter of the town, in which it became epidemic and infectious; but other parts of the town have been free from it. And in all such instances, the most malignant cases, in persons seized in the pestilential region, and conveyed to the healthy part of the town, have exhibited no infection; or if a single nurse has taken the disease, of which I have heard of two or three instances, the infection has there ceased, and produced no further effects.

"These exempted parts of the towns are the more cleanly and airy situations. To this, however, occur two exceptions: one in Philadelphia, in 1798, the disease of which year was more virulent and more infectious than in former years, and extended to healthy positions. The other exception is in New-London, the last summer also; in which town the disease had, indeed, its pestilential region marked distinctly, as before related; but this part of the town, where the disease raged, is as airy and well built as any other quarter.

"Pestilential diseases, then, have an atmosphere in which they rage with violence; but, at a distance, they lose the power of infecting, at least to a great degree.

"These facts all concur to establish the principle, that some other cause must act with infection, to render this pestilence epidemic, or to give it effect. The consequence is unavoidable, that the infecting cause is *not a specific contagion*.

"In the second place, the infecting power of the plague, and other autumnal diseases, is susceptible of gradation, from the lowest point of danger up to the highest; a circumstance that does not characterize the specific contagion of small-pox and measles. In America we have seen the disease in every stage of virulence, except, perhaps, the very highest, like that in the days of Gallus and Volusian, that in the time of Evagrius, or that in the reign of Edward III. and a few others. The disease in Philadelphia, in 1797, was more infectious than that in 1793, and that in 1798 still more than either. The fever in New-York, in 1795, exhibited very little infection; not one case in twenty proceeding from any communication with the sick: but in 1798 the disease put on a more virulent aspect, and was more generally infectious. In Baltimore the disease, in 1797, ran through all the grades of bilious fever, from an ordinary remittent, which, for weeks, prevailed without infection, to a contagious yellow fever.

"During the same season, and in the same city, the disease exists in all its grades, from an intermittent to the contagious yellow fever. It is a very frequent thing for persons seized with decided symptoms of the pestilential fever, to have the disease reduced, by early applications, to a remittent or an intermittent. Of this I am an instance myself: having contracted the malignant fever in New-York, in August, 1798, from the air of the city, for I was near no diseased persons, and returned home, I was seized with the symptoms, though not of the most violent kind. The fever was disturbed by early remedies, and I became convalescent; but, in a few days, I relapsed, and the fever took the form of a regular tertian. Dr. Rush relates similar examples in the fever of 1793."

The following statements, to the same purpose, and likewise to shew the unequal, and seemingly capricious, operations of this principle, are extremely curious:

"Sometimes the plague discriminates between natives of different countries. The French fugitives from the West-Indies, who have resided in our cities during pestilence, have generally escaped. This is not, however, very remarkable, as they are accustomed to a climate which is, like our summers, peculiarly fitted to produce a similar disease; at the same time, their manner of living is better suited to the warm season than that of our own citizens.

"But a similar discrimination has been often observed among natives of the same latitudes, or nearly the same. Thus Cardanus, lib. viii. relates, that in a pestilence at Basle, the Swiss only were affected; the French, Italians and Germans escaped. John Utenhovius relates, that in a plague in Denmark, all strangers, as English, Germans and Hollanders, escaped, although they resided in families, and associated freely with the infected. The Sudor Anglicus, when it first appeared in England, attacked none but the English; but in subsequent pestilential constitutions, it invaded almost all Europe.

"We have, in America, most illustrious examples of the distinction above mentioned. In the sweeping pestilence of 1618, when almost all the Indians perished, on a tract of three hundred miles in extent, some white men wintered in the country, and associated freely with the sick, without injury. In a similar pestilence among the Indians on Nantucket, in 1763, not a white man was affected, though never so much exposed to infection. Two or three other instances have come to my knowledge. A like discrimination took place in Egypt, in the time of Moses.

"Sometimes the plague singles out particular families. Thus Diemerbroeck observed, in the plague at Nimeguen, whole families, by a secret sympathy, were seized all at one time; and, in some instances, where the members of the same family lived, at a distance from each other, in different parts of the city, they were all attacked nearly at the same time. What is more remarkable, the same fact was repeatedly observed, where the members of the same family lived in different towns. Of this there were many examples. One man, by the name of Van Dans, to preserve his children from infection, sent two of them to Gorcum, in Holland, to reside with his friends, and kept the third at home. There was no pestilential disease in Gorcum at that time, and the two children remained in health for two or three months; but, at last, both were seized with the plague, and died, at the same time that the father and another child died with it at Nimeguen. The mother was seized, but recovered. About the same time, a sister, and two or three other children, residing with another sister, at a distance, and several more remote relations of the family, all perished with the same disease.

"So it is related by Evagrius, who was surprised at the fact, that particular families, sometimes only one or two, were arrested by the plague, while all the other inhabitants of the city remained in health. But he remarks, further, that those who escaped the first year, experienced the like calamity in the next. This fact, by the way, is common, and should have led Evigarus, and others, to observe the progressiveness of the pestilential cause.

"Pliny, lib. vii. ca. 50. remarks, that old people are usually exempt from attacks of the plague; but that all nations are subject to pestilential diseases, which invade them by kinds or classes, sometimes falling on servants, sometimes on nobles, and on others by grades or ranks. Nature, says this author, has even prescribed certain laws to diseases. The last remark should have excited the minds of physicians to discover these laws. Such laws certainly exist, and epidemics of all kinds are connected in principle.

"I have met with other instances of discrimination, perhaps, more remarkable. One is related from John Helwigius, in Bonetus' Collection of Northern Medicine, p. 228. In 1621, when the small-pox raged with great mortality, it was remarked, that persons of the same blood, as brothers, cousins, and other relatives, living at a great distance from each other, and as far as from Nuremberg to Lyons, in France, were seized with the disease at one and the same time. I draw no important consequences from this fact, because this disease is not *limited* to particular families, although it may seize one family before it does another.

"Another instance is related by Van Swieten, vol. xvi. from Heister, an author of undoubted credit. At Altdorf, in Franconia, broke out, in 1711, a malignant fever, approaching to the plague in violence, but not with the glandular tumors. This disease attacked none but the students, or others, of the university; but it seized them wherever they were dispersed in private families, in all parts of the town. It seized the professors also, and their families, but went no farther by infection. It attacked also the printer to the university, and his workmen, though at a distance from the college; while another printer, contiguous to the college, escaped. Students also, belonging to the university, though at home, as at Nuremburg, were seized. It was thus restricted in its attacks, and exhibited no infection beyond these descriptions of persons.

"This fact at Altdorf is by far the most singular that I have found in history; but that a violent disease should attack persons of one blood, and not of another, is less surprising. We have recent proofs of this discrimination in America. In 1796, three persons of one name, in Hartford, two brothers and a cousin, were suddenly seized with a violent fever, of a putrid tendency, though in winter, and carried off within a few days of each other. At the same time two or three others of the family were seized, less violently, in the same town, and recovered; and, what is more singular, two other brothers, one in Litchfield, 30 miles from Hartford, and another in New-York, 130 miles distant, were attacked nearly at the same time, and were very ill, but survived. No infection could have existed in most of these cases, as the persons did not see each other.*

"Another instance occurred in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and is stated to me by the attending physician.

"In October, 1791, a young woman, belonging to a family in that town, but who had, for two years, lived at a distance of three miles from her father's house, was seized with a putrid bilious fever. Her mother repaired to the place, and nursed her till she was convalescent. None of the family visited her while sick, except the father occasionally, and her eldest sister. The latter took the place of the mother for a few days, who was called home to attend two other children who were seized with the same disease, and who had never been exposed to infection. Before these recovered, three others were taken with the fever in the same family. The three last had, doubtless, assisted in nursing the sick, or been into their rooms, and, therefore, might have been infected.

"In April following, another of the children, who had lived at a distance from the family, and had not been permitted to see any of the sick, was seized with the same fever, at the house where she lived. In the same month, the father and another child were taken with it at home. Not one of the family, at home or abroad, escaped, except the mother, who had nursed all the sick, except one, and was most exposed to infection. The diseased were very offensive, but all recovered except one; and neither my informant, the attending physician, nor any nurse or visitor out of the family, was in the least injured by infection.

"M. S. letter from Dr. Wm. Gamage,

"This disease was a family pestilence, which began in autumn, was suspended by the cold of winter, and revived in spring. It resembles, on a small scale, the great plagues in London and Marseilles, and many others, in which a few cases occurred in the preceding autumn, clearly marking a pestilential state of air in that particular city, which state was arrested in its operation by cold in winter, but again exhibited its effects in spring.

---

* A curious fact is related to me by Dr. Dutton, of Oxford, in Derby. In the year 1795, almoſt every *male* child, born in the beginning of the year, in that and the adjacent towns, died, within a fortnight, by convulſions; but no *female* child was affected. This was obſerved to be more frequent in families that had been affected by the ſcarlatina in the preceding year.

It will be remarked, that this was near the diſtrict of country which had ſuffered by a peſtilential fever and dyſentery.

"The limitation of the disease to a particular family, of the same blood, or disposition to be affected by a certain morbid state of air, is a mysterious phenomenon; but the fact is so well ascertained, as to leave no room to question its existence. We can ascribe it only to a general state of air, fitted to produce injurious or fatal effects on bodies of a particular temperament, which temperament or disposition consists in the invisible structure or organization. It is demonstrated, that infection cannot be the only cause of the diseases in these families; and, of course, we are compelled to admit the existence of another cause, which can only be the atmosphere; for no other cause extends its operation to the distance at which the effects were produced."

What judgment the impartial reader will pass upon the facts and reasonings so copiously detailed in this work, we cannot determine. None can fail to give due praise to the zeal, industry and ingenuity of the writer; though many, perhaps, will not so readily admit the demonstrable certainty of his conclusions. That there is such a coincidence between appearances of comets, earthquakes, inundations, storms, dearths, and epidemics, as to justify the belief of some connection between them, in the great series of cause and effect; that the atmosphere undergoes various changes of its constituent parts, by which it becomes less favourable to vegetable and animal life; that this morbid constitution is liable to be modified, increased or lessened, but not totally removed, by human precautions, and by merely local circumstances, are positions which all must allow the researches of our author to have rendered, at least, extremely probable.

(To be continued.)

Art. XVIII.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

(Continued from p. 120.)

On the extraneous fossils, denominated Mammoth bones; designed to shew that they are the remains of more than one non-descript Animal: By George Turner.

MR. TURNER is of opinion that "these remains evince a member of the *herbivorous* order; and, from their extraordinary size, prove, that they belong to some link in the chain of animals, which, like that of the Mammoth, has long been lost.

Both skeletons of these incognita being usually embedded in company, they have hitherto been confounded together by writers, under the single appellation of Mammoth bones.

The parts which mark the remains of a second animal, consist, first, of a grinder exclusively worn by those of the herbivorous kind; and, secondly, of two tusks *(defenses)* differently fashioned.

"Although I do not presume to assert, that, contrary to the received opinion, neither of these tusks belonged to the Mammoth; yet, if the nature of his pursuits be considered, taking it for granted, that he was partly (if not wholly) carnivorous;—that there is no place for their insertion in the lower jaw, (the upper I have not seen) and that such tusks would appear to be incompatible with the natural pursuits of such a creature—can we hesitate to ascribe them to some other animal?

"I shall confine my ideas to *two* distinct skeletons only; since no discovery has yet occurred of a third tooth, or other bone, to justify the dividing of the tusks between a second and a third description of *incognita*. I am neither prepared to admit nor deny, that *defenses*, so differently fashioned as these will appear, were worn by one and the same animal: and yet, the probability is, that neither of them belonged to the Mammoth. The difference between the *defenses* is indeed remarkable. One of them, the longer of the two, bears a near resemblance, in size, form, and substance, to the tusk of an elephant: the other describes a greater curve, and is so flattened or compressed on two opposite sides, in its whole length, as to produce a greater breadth than thickness, in the proportion of about two parts and a half to one. The curvature inclines on the edges; that is, the tusk is bent edgewise. Both *defenses* are good ivory.

"With respect to the teeth, all that I have seen of either kind are *dentes molares*. They unquestionably bespeak the remains of two distinct species of non-descript animals; the one carnivorous, or mixed; the other herbivorous, or graminivorous.

"The masticating surface of the Mammoth tooth is set with four or five high double-coned processes, strongly coated with enamel: whereas that of the other *incognitum* is flat, nearly smooth, and ribbed transversely, somewhat like the elephant's grinder, but less prominently marked. The writer has counted from fifteen to twenty of these transverse lines on a single tooth of this second *incognitum*; while on that of the elephant, they seldom exceed half the number.

"The lower jaw of the Mammoth is furnished with four teeth, two on each side; and being unassociated either with *incisoris* or *canini*, it may reasonably be inferred, that this animal was of a nature not wholly carnivorous, but mixed."

A description of the Bones, deposited in the Museum of the Society by the President. By C. Wistar, M. D. &c.

This description is illustrated by figures, and appears to be accurate and satisfactory. These bones were discovered in Virginia, and indicate an animal of the clawed kind, of enormous magnitude. From the view taken of the subject in this memoir, the author concludes that "there seems to have been some analogy between the foot of this animal and those of the bradypus—having no specimens of that animal, I derive this conclusion from the description of its feet given by M. Daubenton.

"Notwithstanding a general resemblance, they differ in some important points—In the sloth the figure of the metacarpal bone was such that M. Daubenton could not determine from it, whether the bone belonged to the metacarpus or the phalanges—but there could be no doubt as to these bones, for they are unequivocally metacarpal or metatarsal. The sloth has but two phalanges in addition to the supposed metacarpal bone, whereas the animal in question had bone No. 2, and two phalanges besides. The relative size or proportions of the phalanges, must have differed greatly in the two animals. M. Daubenton describes the first phalanx as very long, and the last, or claw bone, as very short, in the sloth, but the reverse is the case with these bones. There is, however, an unguis described by M. Daubenton which is particularly interesting; it was presented by M. de la Condamine as belonging to a large species of sloth, and although not entire, its length measured round the convexity, was half a foot, and its breadth, at the base, an inch and a half.

"We are naturally led to inquire whether these bones are similar to those of the great skeleton found lately at Paraguay, but for want of a good plate, or a full description we are unable, at present, to decide upon that subject. If, however, any credit be due to the representation given in the Monthly Magazine for Sept. 1796, published in London, (the only plate I have seen) these bones could not have belonged to a skeleton of that animal—for according to that representation, the lower end of the ulna is much larger, and articulated with a larger portion of the foot, in the magatherium, than in the megalonix. The upper end of the radius also, is much larger than the lower in that figure, whereas the reverse is the case with the megalonix, and the difference in the claw bones is still greater, as will appear to every one who compares the two."

On the discovery of certain bones of a Quadruped of the clawed kind, in Virginia. By T. Jefferson.

This is an highly interesting and amusing essay. The animal, whose remains are here measured, and compared with those of the African Lion, is called Migalonyx, and great sagacity is displayed, as well as powers of description, in collecting evidence of the actual existence of this animal. This evidence is much stronger than the inference deduced from the abstract reasoning contained in the following passage.

" The animal species which has once been put into a train of motion, is still, probably, moving in that train. For if one link in nature's chain might be lost, another and another might be lost, till this whole system of things should evanish by peace-meal; a conclusion not warranted by the local disappearance of one or two species of animals, and opposed by the thousands and thousands of instances of the *renovating* power constantly exercised by nature, for the *reproduction* of all her subjects, animal, vegetable, and mineral. If this animal then, has once existed, it is probable on this general view of the movements of nature, that he still exists."

Animals, vegetables, and minerals, may be regarded as forms of matter. To take away from the series, one or more of these *forms*, is not to take away the *stuff* of which they are made, but merely to allow more stuff and more scope to the production of remaining forms. In proportion to the number of species that are lost, will be the increase in the number of the *individuals* of those that remain. What hinders, then, from believing that some species may be wholly extinguished?

The species is made up of individuals. To destroy *all* the individuals, is to destroy the species. This may never happen, with regard to any species, but surely there is no physical impossibility to hinder it. There is no infraction of any law of nature, or of God, implied in such extinction. The contrary indeed, is true, for if we ascribe benevolence to nature, or providence, that benevolence will demand, or at least, be pleased with the indefinite multiplication of that species which is susceptible of most happiness. This species, with due deference to the art of the Elephant be it spoken, is man; and as the individuals of this species multiply, the individuals of other species, not subservient to his use or pleasure, must disappear, and finally, the species itself *vanish.* Why not? Benevolence must wish that the beings susceptible of happiness, be many; no matter if these beings be of different species, or of one. Nay, as different species cannot be of equal value, she must wish that one should perish, to give place to the other. Twenty men are of more value than ten men and ten monkeys.

If South-America were peopled as well as England, or Barbadoes, its wolves and monkeys must perish. How many species would disappear in this destruction? and why should nature be supposed to be outraged, when, for the thousand wolves and apes that are gone, we have a thousand, or it may be, ten thousand men and women? If the whole globe were as well peopled as Ireland, or Maryland, what would become of the *Simia* and the *Felis?* And if men were as wise, and, consequently, as happy, as an honest mind will wish, what would become of the *Canis* and *Caballus?*

The *reproduction* of any species of *animals* is a different point. That it exists or has existed, is, no doubt, good proof that it once was produced, by means different from that by which they are continued. Sexual propagation of course, implies the existence of previous individuals, at the time of parturition or incubation; but the first pair must have been differently produced. Suppose all the individuals extinct, will the species never re-appear? Never in the sexual way. How then? By the means employed to produce the first pair. Why should we suppose that an energy once exerted has now ceased? That what has once taken place, may not take place in future?

The time, place, manner, and *motives inciting* cannot be known; but man would quarrel with his own understanding, if he did not admit that what happened once, may happen again. We must note, however, that the world is wide enough to afford retreats from the persecution of men, as they now are, to every species of animals; that it is unphilosophical to suppose more causes of appearances than one, when one is sufficient; and that our ignorance may easily mistake a re-appearance for a revival. The wild theories of Buffon, respecting the disparity of nature's products, in the two hemispheres, have never, perhaps, been placed in a stronger light, than in the following ingenious passages.

"The Cosmogony of M. de Buffon supposes that the earth and all the other planets, primary and secondary, have been masses of melted matter, struck off from the sun by the incidence of a comet on her: that these have been cooling by degrees, first at the poles, and afterwards more and more towards their Equators: consequently, that on our earth, there has been a time when the temperature of the poles suited the constitution of the Elephant, the Rhinoceros, and Hippopotamus: and in proportion as the remoter zones became successively too cold, these animals have retired more and more towards the Equatorial regions, till now that they are reduced to the torrid zone as the ultimate stage of their existence. To support this theory, he * affirms the tusks of the Mammoth to have been those of an Elephant, some of his teeth to have belonged to the Hippopotamus, and his largest grinders to an animal much greater than either, and to have been deposited on the Missouri, the Ohio, the Holston, when those latitudes were not yet too cold for the constitutions of these animals. Should the bones of our animal, which may hereafter be found, differ only in size from those of the Lion, they may, on this hypothesis, be claimed for the Lion, now also reduced to the torrid zone, and its vicinities, and may be considered as an additional proof of this system; and that there has been a time when our latitudes suited the Lion as well as the other animals of that temperament.

---

* Buffon, Epoq. 2. 233, 234.

" This is not the place to discuss theories of the earth, nor to question the gratuitous allotment to different animals of teeth not differing in any circumstance. But let us for a moment grant this with his former postulata, and ask how they will consist with another theory of his, " qu'il y a dans la combinaison des elemens et des autres causes physiques, quelque chose de contraire a l'aggrandisement de la nature vivante *dans ce nouveau monde;* qu'il y a des obstacles au developpement et peutetre a la formation des grands germes."* He says that the Mammoth was an Elephant, yet † two or three times as large as the Elephants of Asia and Africa: that some of his teeth were those of a Hippopotamus, yet of a Hippopotamus ‡ four times as large as those of Africa: that the Mammoth himself, for he still considers him as a distinct animal,§ " was of a size superior to that of the largest Elephants. That he was the primary and greatest of all terrestrial animals." If the bones of the Megalonyx be ascribed to the Lion, they must certainly have been of a Lion of more than three times the volume of the African. I delivered to M. de Buffon the skeleton of our palmated Elk, called Orignal or Moose, seven feet high over the shoulders; he is often considerably higher. I cannot find that the European Elk is more than two thirds of that height: consequently not one third of the bulk of the American. He || acknowledges the palmated deer (daim) of America, to be larger and stronger than that of the Old World. He considers the round horned deer of these States and of Louisiana, as the roe, and admits they are of three times his size. Are we then, from all this, to draw a conclusion the reverse of that of M. de Buffon? That nature, has formed the larger animals of America, like its lakes, its rivers, and mountains, on a greater and prouder scale than in the other hemisphere? Not at all, we are to conclude that she has formed some things large and some things small, on both sides of the earth, for reasons which she has not enabled us to penetrate; and that we ought not to shut our eyes upon one half of her facts, and build systems on the other half."

Art. XIX.

An Elegiac Poem on the Death of General Washington. By Charles Caldwell, *A. M. M. D. Philadelphia.* Bradford. *pp.* 12. 1800.

RHETORICK has been lavish of its homage to the memory of Washington; but we recollect only this and one other considerable specimen of poetry which this occasion has produced. On this account, therefore, as well as on others, these specimens deserve particular attention.

The performance before us is of a very singular kind. We have seldom met with a production in which all the *apparatus* of poetry is displayed in a more correct, polished, and splendid condition. We have seldom met with numbers more flowing and melodious. Syllables and pauses are adjusted according to the most perfect standard. The rhymes, with a few exceptions, are accurate and proper. No thoughtless omissions, no distressful hiatus, no jarring combinations, no misplaced emphases, any where occur. " The march is" every where " majestic, and the energy" of *numbers* " divine;" and, were we called upon to produce a specimen of musical, correct and polished versification, we should not hesitate to offer this performance as such an one.

---

* Buffon, xviii. 145. † 2 Epoq. 223. ‡ 1 Epoq. 246. 2 Epoq. 232. § 2 Epoq. 234, 235. || Buffon, xxix. 245.

The value of numbers and phraseology will be differently estimated by different observers. The value is surely not small: but there are none who will maintain, either that the metre and the phrase are all that are of any value in a poem, or that they are not subordinate to imagery and sentiment. Just and powerful conceptions will delight, even when divorced from elegance and harmony; but harmonious elegance may justly please, even when associated with trite or injudicious sentiments. This is a legitimate source of pleasure, and to be insensible of it is no argument of true taste.

It is with sincere regret that we find ourselves obliged to limit our praise of this elegy to the style and the measure. We wished to find, under a mantle of such glossy texture and luxuriant folds, a body, graceful, vigorous, and well proportioned. A meagre, distorted, tottering and limping frame, covered with tissue and embroidery, is always a mournful, and sometimes a disgustful spectacle. The mind is shocked by the incongruity between the vestment and the wearer, and our displeasure is increased by our disappointment. A crazy body is expected to accompany rags and rents, and its garment may be threadbare and dingy with impunity; and yet may it not be said, that a shewy garb is of more value to the skeleton than to the perfect man? The latter may shew himself, unbedecked, with more advantage than the former; and where the form beneath is disgustful or ridiculous, may we not thank the taylor who has thus dexterously covered up deformity, and afforded us, at least, the spectacle of a magnificent outside?

We are far from suggesting a similitude between such a case and the case before us. The sentiments and images of this poem are by no means such as to inspire disgust. Decency is not infringed, nor is there any thing fulsome or loathsome in it. But we must confess, that our taste finds very little to approve, and much to condemn.—The fancy that dictated this poem is not barren. The writer's understanding is, probably, not destitute of vigour; but the fertility of the one is not regulated by judgment, and the latter has been voluntarily inactive. His store of images is large, but he culls from it without taste; and his reason stands aloof, from an erroneous belief that reasoning is incompatible with poetry. Hence we rise from the perusal of this poem without any new or clearer conception of the character of him whom it is designed to honour. No graceful images hover before us; no felicities of contrast are remembered; no subtleties of inference, no visions whose congruity and symmetry awaken higher admiration, in proportion as they are more distinctly embodied and frequently recalled. On the contrary, we are sensible of having strayed through gaudy fields and sparkling grottos, where all has been gay, flitting, half-seen, and grotesque confusion: a masquerade, whose phantoms either do not linger long enough within our view to be examined, or, when scrutinized, are found to be made up of parts, dissonant, ill-assorted, and destructive of each other.

The following passage will serve as an example. It is certainly the most faulty in the poem. The candid reader, therefore, will not regard it as an adequate specimen of the whole performance.

"When Heaven's laſt trump creation's bonds ſhall *break*,
"And nature tumble one ſtupendous *wrack*,
"In lawleſs tumult worlds together ruſh,
"Suns fall on ſuns, and ſyſtems ſyſtems cruſh,

"From burſting craters flames reſiſtleſs riſe,
"And fiery ruin waſte through worlds and ſkies,
"An angel, darting from the realms of day,
"To Vernon's Mount ſhall wing his trackleſs way,
"Snatch the bright plate* that holds our hero's name,
"Preſerve *from wreck*, and reſcue from the flame.
"To Heaven's vaſt hall the prize immortal bear,
"To burn on high the brighteſt trophy there!"

To exhibit a coffin-plate, even of Washington, as the only thing rescued from the wreck of the universe, was a bold and a new experiment.

The following passages, taken from out of their connection with the preceding and following, and viewed without relation to the great theme of the poem, are beautiful.

"While, on an aged rock, by tempeſts worn,
"Pale Melancholy droops, in ſtate forlorn,
"Columbia's Genius ſat, with head reclin'd,
"And breath'd his fruitleſs ſorrows to the wind!
"With trembling hand, and viſage bath'd in tears,
"Turn'd Fate's ſtupendous roll of future years."

"In charge reſiſtleſs, dangerous in defeat,
"In victory clement, dreadful in retreat!
"Cradled 'mid arms, a ſoldier from his birth,
"He ſtood the awe and glory of the earth!"

In fine, if to take from the great store-house of language none but words authorized by poetical usage, and to arrange these in well balanced and musical numbers, make a poet, this writer's claim to be enrolled in the laureate fraternity must be admitted; but if just thoughts and congruous images be deemed requisites, we are afraid that he would run an imminent risque of being *black-balled*.

Art. XX.

A Funeral Oration, occasioned by the Death of Gen. George Washington; and delivered on the 1st of January, 1800, in the Episcopal Church at New-Rochelle, in the State of New-York. By Samuel Bayard, *Esq. New-Brunswick.* Blauvelt. *pp.* 24. 8*vo.* 1800.

WE are highly pleased with the chaste and temperate strain of this discourse. In many cases this theme has suggested the wildest flights of imagination that we have ever witnessed. The orators seem to have thought that no effort could equal the greatness of their theme. They have sparkled and glittered till our sight has been dazzled, and pained; and we light, with uncommon satisfaction, on a piece of smooth and unostentatious verdure like that before us. Our sight is invigorated and refreshed, and enabled to resume its gaze upon the glaring meteors which the fashionable rhetorick is constantly darting athwart our horizon.

Mr. Bayard seems to have reduced to practice the opinion which he delivers: "his own actions, and his own sentiments, recited with the symplicity which characterized his style of writing and speaking, will ever constitute the highest eulogium of Washington." Most other orators have stretched and panted after a style, figurative, audacious, and magnificent, and have painted the subject of their praise in colours flaring and gaudy to a grotesque and ridiculous degree—in colours from which, if Washington still possess consciousness and sensibility, he must turn away with disdain and regret.

---

* On the coffin in which General Waſhington was buried, was an eſcutcheon of ſilver, marked with the name and age of the deceaſed.

In the discussion of a theme like this, where the merits of the dead are so well known, and so many have undertaken to blazon those merits, it will be natural to expect the same facts to be exhibited, and the same inferences drawn. The events in Washington's life will, of course, be rehearsed and commented on, and his character be placed in the same points of view. Much novelty in the topics and reasonings will scarcely be expected, and the want of it will be readily forgiven by impartial readers.

Mr. Bayard has commented on the history of Washington with more sobriety and good sense than commonly occurs, though he has not exhibited his subject in any very new or striking lights. The general, statesman, and private citizen, pass in review before him; and, at each step, he speaks the language of a rational, though not of a dubious or dissembling eulogist, and evinces a mind fully apprized of the past and present state of his country—of the difficulties and temptations which beset Washington in his progress through the world.

The oration, like most others, opens with a somewhat needless and exaggerated picture of the *grief* which the death of Washington produced. We should be unworthy to be the countrymen of him whom we commemorate, if his death actually produced the grief which is ascribed to us. Sour and malignant is that heart who does not foster the image of this great and universal benefactor with gratitude, solemnity and reverence; but to realize the scene so glaringly depicted by his eulogists, would by no means redound to our credit, as rational, or social, or political beings. Such representations are undesigned satires on the dead and on the living, and tend to degrade, instead of exalting, *his* character and *ours*.—Rhetorick, like common discourse, is best employed in telling the truth, even when the truth is disadvantageous to us; but much more so when, as in the present case, the truth is more honourable to the subject, and the hearers of the eulogy, than fiction. We know the merits of the dead too well—we have too much reverence for our God, our country, and ourselves, actually to fell *horror*, *agony*, *despair*—to utter those *sighs*, and pour forth those *tears* which more than one orator has bestowed upon us. It is not an honourable, but a childish sensibility, that should thus manifest itself; and, accordingly, not one, perhaps, in one million, has felt what the orators impute to the whole community.

The following is a favourable specimen of the mode in which the conduct of Washington is exhibited by Mr. Bayard. It respects a very interesting period in our history. The concluding paragraph is not only just but elegant.

"The pay of this army was greatly in arrear. They had received already much of what was due to them in a depreciated paper currency. In discharge of what their country still owed, the same currency and remote, unsettled lands were to form the materials of their compensation. They were about to return to the pursuits of civil life, with only the shadow of reward, for years of danger and of toil; for health impaired, and the prime of life devoted to the public service. They expected *more* of their country. Their country [*countrymen*] regretted that their exhausted resources *then* enabled them to *do* no more. The army, urged by the artful insinuations of an anonymous writer, were on the point of rising, while yet embodied, and of wresting from their country, by force, that compensation which they had in vain demanded of its justice. Never did zeal for the welfare of his country, and the honour of his army, blaze forth with greater splendour, even in the actions of a Washington, than on this occasion. By private influence; by public persuasion; by an appeal to the honour of soldiers, and the patriotism of citizens; by the regard they owed to their personal character, and their country's good; by every motive that could influence a generous mind, he conjured them to disband in peace, and to expect from the justice and gratitude of their country, what they were instigated to extort by violence. His influence was triumphant. He succeeded in preserving the honour of his army and his country from an unnatural civil war.

"This great object accomplished, we see the American Hero resigning the chief command of the army, and retiring, in private life, amid the plaudits and benedictions of his admiring country. He hoped, he believed he had now taken a final farewell of public life. His glory seemed to be complete. It appeared to be placed beyond the reach of fortune's hand, and to have had the seal of immortality impressed upon it. But no; the will of heaven had otherwise decreed. New cares and new duties await him. Again his character is to pass through the furnace of general scrutiny, and his fame once more be launched on the restless ocean of popular opinion."

We earnestly recommend the judgment displayed in the following portrait to the imitation of other painters.

"Washington, whose fame adds lustre to his age and country; in whose character were combined more exalted virtues, unalloyed by the extremes to which such virtues are most exposed, than in the character of any man of whom we have heard or read. Never did any man better understand the human character, or employ more suitable agents for the accomplishment of his views and plans. In a remarkable degree, he united genius with judgment, the enterprize of youth with the caution of age. He was brave, but not rash; fearless of death, but not prodigal of life. He possessed zeal without intemperance, liberality without profusion, and economy without avarice. His piety was rational and sincere, tinctured neither with superstition nor hyprocrisy. His dignity never wore the garb of haughtiness, nor his modesty that of affectation. Moderate in prosperity, he never lost his equanimity in misfortune. Faithful to his friends, he pitied and forgave his enemies."

ART. XXI.

An Eulogy on George Washington, late Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America, who died December 14, 1799. *Delivered before the Inhabitants of the Town of Boston, at the request of their Committee. By* George Richards Minot, *A. M. A. A. S. Second Edition. Boston.* Manning *and* Loring. *pp.* 24. 8*vo.* 1800.

THE bill of fare contained in the title-page did not awaken very high expectations of the coming banquet. The Commander in Chief was only Lieutenant-General, and the day and year of his death would have been proper to identify his person, if he had been liable to be mistaken for another.

We find little to praise in this discourse. It is, indeed, an eulogy, but not embellished with the lustre of a learned fancy, or surrounded by the charms of composition. The strain sometimes sinks into the juvenile and superficial. There is sometimes a quaintness of allusion not very dignified. Thus Washington's retreat to Mount Vernon is compared to that of Moses. He is said "to retire, like that prince of meekness, to the *Mount*. We are told that "the eleventh day of February, 1732, was the birth-day of our illustrious chief, and the parish of his own name, in Westmoreland County, in Virginia, boasts itself the place of his nativity." We are likewise told, that "on the fifteenth day of June, 1775, Providence directed to his appointment as Commander in Chief of our revolutionary army." This, no doubt, was information equally desirable and new.

The following passages deserve to be distinguished as superior to the rest. He is commenting on the resignation of Washington.

"As obedience to the voice of his oppressed fellow-citizens drew his sword on the approach of war, so at the declaration of peace, by the same respected voice he restored it to its scabbard. He left them his blessing and their liberties. O human nature, how hast thou been traduced! With thee, has it been said, is essentially connected that lust of power which is insatiable; which restores not voluntarily what has been committed to its charge; which devours all rights, and resolves all laws into its own authority; which labours not for others, but seizes the fruits of their labours for itself; which breaks down all barriers of religion, society and nature, that obstruct its course; now art thou vindicated! Here we behold thee allied to virtue, worn in the service of mankind, superior to the meanness of compensation, humbly hoping for the thanks of thy country alone, faithfully surrendering the sword, with which thou wast entrusted, and yielding up power with a promptness and facility equalled only by the diffidence and reluctance with which thou receivedst it."

The closing scene is thus painted:

"Whilst we confide in his arm, and are marshalling our warriors to march under his banners, the God of armies, whose counsels are beyond the scrutiny of man, prepares for us the test of our submission to his chastising rod. It is decreed that our Washington shall die, but that his death shall be worthy of his life. He is to die by the hand of Virtue. The rapid disease which is selected as the instrument of his dissolution, instantaneously seizes him. His humanity delays the immediate aid to which alone it may yield. Inconsolable Domestics! what storms would you not have braved, what hazards would you not have encountered, to save that life which was sacrificed to your comfort and safety! At length Science flies to save him. Alas! what avails its skill against the mandate of heaven? It comes too late!— It is finished."

Art. XXII.

A Funeral Eulogy, occasioned by the Death of General Washington. Delivered Feb. 22, 1800, *before the New-York State Society of Cincinnati. By* William Linn, *D. D. New-York.* I. Collins. *pp.* 44. 8*vo.* 1800.

THIS oration is suitably introduced by reflections on the useful tendency of public acts of mourning, and monuments of gratitude, for such as have benefitted mankind, to inspire the living with similar virtues; and on the reference which ought always to be made, on those occasions, to our Maker, from whom every perfect gift is derived.

The orator then proceeds to express, in the name of his country, his veneration for the deceased, and does not scurple to set the merits of Washington above those of all others; while he paints the reverence of his countrymen as exceeding what has ever heretofore been paid by mankind to their benefactors. This reverence he applauds, as by no means disproportioned to the claims of him who is the object of it.

Praise is liberally bestowed upon the juvenile exploits of Washington; and the orator then hastens to depict his difficulties, dangers and merits, as the leader in the revolutionary war. He is then displayed in the character of civil magistrate; and, in each view, the circumstances necessary to support his claim to civil and military pre-eminence, are judiciously selected, and clothed in terms which evince the sincerity of the eulogist.

Dr. L.'s imagination catches fire from the greatness of his theme. Its light is strong, and sometimes, when reviewed in the tranquillity of the closet, may dazzle a steadfast eye; but allowances must always be made for the bold and ardent genius of popular rhetorick, and a scrupulous reader may detect errors which the hearer, yielding up his soul to a generous enthusiasm, will entirely overlook.

The following reflections on the character of Washington, will afford no unfavourable specimen of this performance.

"Though naturally reserved, yet he was not haughty. Though those who approached him felt his superiority, yet he did not assume. He blended dignity and condescension. The greatest and the smallest objects received from him a due attention. He never betrayed any symptoms of vain glory. When he was once asked, whether he had ever said, as was reported, "that he knew no music so pleasing as the whistling of bullets," he answered, "If I said so, it was when I was young."* Learning to estimate justly all human glory, and matured by experience; accustomed to lofty conceptions, and moving always in the important spheres of life; impressed with a sense that he derived all from God, and that all should be devoted to his service; his deportment was noble, equally removed from the supercilious and the vain. Some men have been great at one time, and despicable at another; some men have performed a single great action, and never rose to the like again; but to him great actions seemed common. Some men have appeared great at the head of armies, or when surrounded by the trappings of power, and little when stripped of these, and alone; some men have withstood the storms of adversity, and been melted by the sunshine of prosperity; some men have possessed splendid public talents, and disgraced these by sordid private vices; but it is difficult to determine when and where Washington shone the brightest. It can only be said, that he was *uniformly* great."

The following strains will show the strength of that fancy, which glows, with undiminished ardour, throughout the greater part of this performance.

"He was honoured even in death. After all his fatigues, and though he had arrived near to the limit fixed for human life, yet his understanding was not impaired, nor his frame wasted by any lingering disease. We did not hear of his sickness, until we heard that he was no more. His acceptance of the office of Lieutenant-General of the armies is a proof that "Save my country, Heaven," was his last. What would have been to most men the meridian of glory, was the setting sun of Washington. With an increased orb, its parting rays paint the clouds with brightest colours, and illumine all the mountain tops.—In the full possession of his reason, and without fear of death, which he had often faced in the field, he breathed his mighty soul into the hands of his almighty and merciful Creator."

---

* Gordon's Hiſtory.

The personification which follows, is one of the highest exertions of rhetorick. To call up the dead; to produce him on the visible stage, dictating consolation to his country, and inculcating the lessons of political morality, as an arduous province in which success would lay a strong claim to admiration, while not to have completely succeeded, is scarcely a topic of censure.

The profession of this orator will account for, and justify the religious cast of some of the sentiments, and occasional allusions to the scripture; but a scrupulous reader will, perhaps, object to the parallels suggested between Moses, Gideon, Joshua, and David, and the subject of the Eulogy. He will not have the *same* reason to object to the introduction of Fabius, Hannibal, Cyrus, Scipio, Philopemen, and Pompey, and other heroes of profane story, and will be disposed to admit that the excellence of these worthies, unattended by their faults, were combined in the character of Washington.

The sermons, orations, and eulogies that have been delivered in almost every town and parish in the United States on the death of Washington, are a proof, singular and pleasing, of the love and gratitude of a whole people, and of their respect to the memory of the man, under whose guidance they have acquired their national independence and prosperity. Most of these performances are of no other value, than as public expressions of the sentiments and feelings of those before whom they were delivered. A few may survive the day, and by their intrinsic merit, or the reputation of their authors, in connection with the great and illustrious name they commemorate, be transmitted to future times. Among these few will probably be numbered the present eulogy.

ART. XXIII.

An Eulogy on General Washington, delivered before the Inhabitants of the Town of Medford, agreeably to their Vote, and at the Request of their Committee, on the 13th January, 1800. *By* John Brookes, *A.M. M.M.S. and A.A.S. Boston.* S. Hall. 8*vo.* *pp.* 15.

THIS is a brief and simple narration of the principal events of the life of General Washington, from his youth to the adoption of the Federal Constitution, delivered in plain and perspicuous language.

ART. XXIV.

An Oration on the Death of General Washington; delivered in the Dutch Church, in New-Brunswick, on the 22d February, 1800. *By Major-General* Frederick Frelinghuysen. *New-Brunswick, New-Jersey.* Blauvelt. 8*vo.* *pp.* 23.

THE topics of this orator are in no respect different from those we have very often noticed in the numerous publications on the same occasion. There is nothing in his style and manner that merits particular attention. His effusions of admiration and grief are those of a grateful and virtuous heart.

ART. XXV.

The WILD YOUTH: *A Comedy for Digestion, in three Acts. Translated from the German of Kotzebue, by* Charles Smith. *8vo. pp.* 74. *New-York.* 1800.

The WILD-GOOSE CHASE: *A Play, in four Acts; with Songs. From the German of Augustus von Kotzebue. With Notes, marking the Variations from the Original. By* William Dunlap. *8vo. pp.* 104. *Printed by* G. F. Hopkins, *for* W. Dunlap. *New-York.* 1800.

AS both of these translations are from the same German play, our remarks on them, and the play itself, will be comprised under this article. Great liberty is allowable in the adoption of dramatic titles. The original words, WILD FANG, taken in their *literal* sense, mean WILD CHASE; but it is a phrase tantamount to *mad-cap*, or a wild, hair-brained young fellow. *Wild Youth* is well enough, but a *Comedy for Digestion* sounds oddly in our ears, and is somewhat equivocal in its meaning. In the preface to the former translation* of Mr. S. it was said, that this piece was intended *only* for a *Christmas-day*, and he might easily be led to adopt the other part of the title.

It is difficult, and, perhaps, not very important, accurately to define the limits which separate farce from comedy. The chief purpose of the former is to excite laughter. The latter, while it depicts characters, manners, and the mixed scenes of life, seeks to instruct as well amuse, by examples of folly and vice, wisdom and virtue.—Farce is never serious, and is therefore contemptible. Comedy may abound with wit and humour, or may be serious and sentimental. It may even exhibit scenes of the deepest distress, and, in pathos and feeling, possess an interest as powerful as tragedy.

The play now presented to the English reader, may be classed among the best *humorous* comedies.

Frederick, Baron Wellinghorst, the hero of the piece, is a young man, just of age, wild, ardent, and impetuous, who, having lost his father, succeeds to his title and estate. After travelling over Europe with his friend and guardian, Felix, he arrives at an inn, where the whole scene of the play is laid. Having seen Nannette at church, he becomes passionately in love with her, and resolves to marry her. He discovers that the mistress of his heart, with her mother, Madame Von Brumbach, lodge in the same inn.

The mother is one of those silly and vain women who cannot endure the thought of growing old, and seeks to disguise the progress of age, by affecting the manners, and aping the follies of youth, and by keeping her daughter in the leading-strings and ignorance of childhood. Desirous of a *second* husband, she commences her attack on Piffleberg, an old batchelor, who has an estate in the neighbourhood of the inn, and who thinks of nothing but of the pleasures of shooting and the chase. He is a true sportsman, whose rough, boisterous, and free manners, form an amusing contrast to those of the lady. Her servant, Molkus, is an old disabled soldier, faithful, honest and credulous, whose love of campaigns and battles renders him the dupe of Frederick. Lisette, the maid, is a character less original—shrewd, witty, full of gaiety and good humour.

The various stratagems of Frederick, to obtain an interwiew with, and gain possession of Nannette, constitute the *action* of the play, which abounds with humorous scenes, amusing incidents, and ludicrous mistakes. The contrivance of the plot is very artful; the dialogue is lively and spirited; and more comic scenes were never brought together in one piece. In the last scene, Felix discovers, in Madame Von Brumbach, his wife, from whom, on account of her intolerable temper and folly, he had been separated for many years; and, in Nannette, he finds his daughter, an only child, grown up a lovely woman, whose hand he cheerfully bestows on his friend and pupil, who is thus made happy by the attainment of the object of his pursuit. Most dramatists would have concluded, by exhibiting a sudden change in the character of the mother, and a reconciliation between her and Felix. This author does not violate probability or nature by adopting so commonplace a contrivance.

---

* Count of Burgundy. See Review for February.

Mr. Smith proposes to translate and publish all the plays of Kotzebue. We have already given our opinion of his talents as a translator, in our review of his *Count of Burgundy*. The *Wild Youth*, though it contains fewer errors than the other, is far too literal a version, and its language too flat and vulgar to afford us any pleasure in the perusal. Several passages of the original are omitted; but we do not observe that Mr. S. has exerted the undoubted power of a translator in rejecting such passages and expressions as might be unsuited to the taste and manners of his countrymen.

Mr. Dunlap is more bold and free; but this freedom is under the guidance of sound discretion. His experience, as director of the Theatre, has enabled him to discern what would be most acceptable, and to adapt his translation to the opinion and taste of the public.

He has divided the first act into two, and, by the addition of songs, made a comic opera of four acts. These songs are in the usual style of the English opera. The merit of their composition is unequal, but they contain pleasing sentiments, and the versification is tolerably easy and smooth. The alterations and additions are all duly acknowledged by him in the notes subjoined to the translation; and, as readers, or witnesses to the performance on the stage, we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the liberty he has taken.

Notwithstanding our partiality for the German dramatists, we must admit that their productions contain many sentiments and expressions, which, if literally converted into English, would be offensive and disgusting. Our attachment to the authors, or their language, is not so blind as to prevent our discerning faulty opinions, or coarse and vulgar language, which need the judicious application of the pruning-knife. Dramatic works, above all others, both on account of their double impression in the closet and on the stage, and their exhibition of manners and sentiments, demand a more liberal exercise of this freedom: and, among this class of performances, those of the German, perhaps, require it most.

We have taken up translations from some of their celebrated dramas, and have been wholly disappointed of that exquisite gratification which their high reputation led us to expect. It is sometimes true, that the humble translator is obliged to bear the faults of his author; but in those instances we thought our dissatisfaction might be justly attributed to the want of judgment, and the carelessness and haste which appeared in the translations.

The power of alteration and amendment ought, indeed, to be exerted with discretion and skill, and not wantonly, or with rash precipitation. The legitimate purpose of a translator should be to amuse or instruct his countrymen, by the transfusion of a foreign production into their native tongue.

If he cannot so instruct and delight them as to contribute to their moral improvement or innocent amusement, he ought rather to suffer the works to remain in the obscurity of their original language. He who has talents to attain that end, or to improve upon the author, or even to reflect his image in pure and appropriate colours, though he may not claim it, is certainly entitled to some share of the praise which is bestowed on the original writer.

When we admit that we derived higher pleasure from the perusal of *Wild-Goose Chase* than from *Der Wild Fang*, it will not be saying too much to ascribe that degree of credit to its translator.

We shall select, as a specimen, a scene in which most license has been used in deviating from the original: and, by comparing the same part with the *literal* version of Mr. S. the reader will be able to judge of the nature and extent of the alterations made by Mr. Dunlap and to form some opinion of the merits of both.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*Enter* FREDERICK *as a hair-dresser.*

'*Frederick.* Beg pardon, ladies; am I right? *(Putting his head in at the door.)*

'*Lisette. (Smiling)* Yes, indeed, in every possible form.

'*M. B.* Whom do you want, friend?

'*Fred.* The celebrated and amiable Madame Von Brumbach. *(Entering.)*

'*M. B.* I am Madame Von Brumbach.

'*Lis. (Aside to Nannette.)* It is the Baron.

'*Nan. (Shrieks.)* Ah!

'*M. B.* What ails the child?

'*Lis.* You have made her so afraid of lovers, that even this powder-puff frightens her.

'*Nan.* Must I run away, mamma, if I see one?

'*M. B.* Not if I am present.

'*Fred. (Archly)* I think, madam, they say that children cut their eyeteeth very soon in this country.

'*M. B.* Children are very forward. But pray, my friend, what do you want here?

'*Fred.* I wish to have the felicity of putting your silken hair in curls.

'*M. B.* Your trouble is in vain. I have a hair-dresser.

WILD YOUTH.

'FREDERICK *(dressed like a hair-dresser, with a powder-bag under his arm, puts his head into the door.)*

'*Fred.* I beg pardon; do I *come right here?*

'*Lis. (Laughing)* Indeed *in all manner of shape.*

'*Brumb.* Whom are you looking for, my friend?

'*Fred.* I am looking for the amiable Baroness Brumbach.

'*Brumb.* I am the same; but speak with reverence.

'*Fred.* In my country love and reverence are inseparable.

'*Lis. (Aside to Nannette)* Miss, this is the young Baron.

'*Nan. (Cries)* Ah!

'*Brumb.* What ails you?

'*Nan.* Nothing, dear mamma.

'*Lis.* You frighten her so much *about the lovers.*

'*Nan.* Must I then run away when I see one?

'*Brumb.* Yes, if I am not present.

'*Fred.* In this country children become knowing very early.

'*Brumb.* 'Tis so my friend; but what's your desire?

'*Fred.* I wish to have the honour to put your silken locks into curls.

'*Brumb.* You have taken this trouble in vain: I have a hair-dresser.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.	WILD YOUTH.
‘ *Fred.* Certainly, madam, he is my master. He is sick, madam, and has sent me in his place. ‘ *M. B.* Ah! so, so! What ails him? ‘ *Fred.* He is—sick, madam, sick—very sick. ‘ *M. B.* But his disorder? ‘ *Fred.* Yes, madam—true—he has the—the—broken-leg, madam—the broken-leg. ‘ *M. B.* Poor man! How did it happen? ‘ *Fred.* He happened to be—Heaven knows why—upon the top of St. Agathy's steeple, and, in descending, his foot slipped and he fell down seventy-seven steps. Seventy-seven—I counted them myself. ‘ *M. B.* Top of a steeple! Well, he that ascends high may fall low. But what business had a hair-dresser at the top of a steeple? ‘ *Lis.* They wish to be always busy about the head. ‘ *Fred.* Ha! ha! ha! The lady is right—even about the head of the church. *I* should be happy to take the Pope by the nose. *(Imitating the action of shaving.)* But my master was in the line of his profession, madam, even at the top of a steeple. Did your ladyship ever see St. Agathy's church? ‘ *M. B.* Lisette bring my dressing-gown. *(To him.)* Never. *(Lisette goes for the gown.)* ‘ *Fred.* Nearly at the top of the steeple is a statue of the Saint, with a beautiful fox-coloured wig, which, being out of curl, my master was sent by order of the vestry to put the holy hair in buckle.	‘ *Fred.* Quite right, he is my employer: he has been taken sick, and sends me instead *of him.* ‘ *Brumb.* So, so, what ails him then? ‘ *Fred.* He——has broke his leg. ‘ *Brumb.* Poor man: how did that happen? ‘ *Fred.* He went up the steeple of St. *Ann's* church: on his return he *glided*, and fell down seventy-seven feet. ‘ *Brumb.* Yes, yes, he that climbs high falls low——Lisette, give me my dressing-gown.
‘ *Lis. (Having put the gown over her mistress and seated her in front of the stage)* Good fellow, have you long exercised your profession?	‘ *Lis. (Bringing the dressing-gown)* My friend, have you been a long while at this trade?
‘ *Fred. (Beginning to dress)* I hope soon to be a master.	‘ *Fred.* I hope soon to be master——*(Begins dressing)*

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.	WILD YOUTH.
' *Lis.* Then I suppose you will marry?	' *Lis.* Then you'll marry, I suppose?
' *Fred. (Looking at Nannette)* If I can obtain the object of my love.	' *Fred. (Looking stealingly at Nannette)* O yes, if my love is not rejected.
' *M. B.* What countryman are you?	' *Brumb.* What countryman are you?
' *Fred.* From Alsace, my lady—an emigrant—if I should be known, I am undone.	' *Fred.* I am an emigrant from Alsace, if I am found out I am lost.
' *M. B.* You must be on your guard.	' *Brumb.* You must take care.
' *Fred.* I shall take care to deceive those who will suffer themselves to be blinded.	' *Fred.* I take all possible pains to deceive all those who want to be deceived.
' *M. B.* There you are right. Have you many customers.	' *Brumb.* You are right. Have you many customers in this city?
' *Fred.* I forget them all when with your ladyship.	' *Fred.* I forget them all when I am with you, Baroness.
' *M. B.* You are an odd fellow. Do you dress the Lady Hensberg?	' *Brumb.* You are a droll. Do you dress the Baroness Hengstburg?——
' *Fred.* The Lady Hensberg? O, yes.	' *Fred.* Baroness Hengstburg? O yes.
' *M. B.* How old do you think she is?	' *Brumb.* How old do you think that lady *may be?*
' *Fred.* How old? Why—a—your ladyship might be her daughter.	' *Fred.* Baroness Hengstburg?——how old?——You, my lady, might be her daughter.
' *M. B. (Smiling.)* Oh, no! not so much as that. She is some years younger than I am.	' *Brumb. (Smiling)* Not so old. She is a few years younger than *I.*
' *Fred.* Is it possible? *(He shews Nannette a letter. She appears anxious, pleased, and timid. Lisette takes the letter, and reaches behind Frederick to Nannette, who approaches and takes the letter from her.)*	' *Fred.* Is it possible! *(He shows Nannette his letter—Lisette takes it and gives it to her.)*
' *M. B.* But it is very natural that she should look so old; the dissipated life she leads———	' *Brumb.* But *it is natural that she looks so old. Irregular living.*
' *Fred.* Her husband ought to restrain her.	' *Fred.* If I was her husband, *I would keep her short.*
' *M. B.* She has no longer a husband.	' *Brumb.* She is a widow.
' *Fred.* True—true—that is true enough—she is a widow———	' *Fred.* True, she is a widow.
' *M. B.* No—she is divorced.	' *Brumb.* No, they are separated.
' *Fred.* Ah! true; divorced. A widow or divorced, or divorced or a widow, it's all one.	' *Fred.* Or separated, the same thing.
' *M. B. (To Nannette, who is going off with the letter)* Where are you going child?	' *Nan. (Is going away with the letter.)* ' *Brumb.* Where are you going?

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.	WILD YOUTH.
‘*Nan.* To my room, mamma.	‘*Nan.* To my room.
‘*M. B.* Stay here. There is nothing for you to do there. Stay here. *(To Frederick.)* So, the revolution drove you from home?	‘*Brumb.* Stay, you have nothing to do there. *(Nannette opens the letter slily.)* ‘*Brumb.* Has the revolution driven you from your country?
‘*Fred.* Yes, madam. They wanted to force liberty down my throat; but I *(looking significantly at Nannette)* prefer slavery.	‘*Fred.* To my sorrow! They wanted to force liberty upon me, and *(casting a glance on Nannette)* I love servitude so much—
‘*M. B.* Why, certainly, hair-dressers are the servants of luxury———	‘*Brumb.* Hair-dressers are the slaves of luxury.
‘*Fred.* I would willingly fly to England, but since Pitt has laid a tax on hair-powder, the English have all become crops; and, unless wigs can be brought in, the profession must starve.	‘*Fred.* I intended to fly to England; but since Pitt has laid a tax upon hair-powder, not much is to be gained there.
‘*M. B.* Lisette, pray give me——*(As she turns she sees Nannette reading the letter.)* Pray, Miss, what have you got there?	‘*Brumb.* Lisette give me—*(Turning her head she perceives Nannette reading.)* He—Miss, what have you got there?
‘*Nan.* *(Frightened)* Nothing, mamma—nothing.	‘*Nan.* *(Frightened)* Nothing, dear mamma.
‘*M. B.* Nothing. Let me see, immediately, what nothing looks like. Bring it hither instantly.	‘*Brumb.* Nothing? I will see it. Here with it!
‘*Nan.* It is not nothing, mamma. it is—it is--*(Distressed.)*	‘*Nan.* It is———it is———.
‘*Lis.* It is—a paper—*(Confused.)*	‘*Lis.* It is a paper————
‘*M. B.* Will you not obey me? *(Rises.)*	‘*Brumb.* Will you obey?
Fred. O ho! What, Miss, have you got the letter out of my powder-bag? that's a good joke—Ha! ha! ha! *(Takes the letter.)*	‘*Fred.* Ah! most likely the letter I had in my powder-bag.
‘*M. B.* What letter?	‘*Brumb.* What letter?
‘*Fred.* I don't think the young lady would have done it, but that little thief of a chamber-maid of yours has taken it out———	‘*Fred.* Your roguish chamber-maid, I dare say, has stole it out of the bag.
‘*Lis.* *(Taking the hint)* Little thief, indeed—a pretty appellation: though I did take the thing out of your nasty bag, I won't be called thief, so I won't. *(Pretending to weep.)* You powder-puff: you wash-ball: razor-strap——*(Pretending rage, and following him as if to box his ears.)* Bravo, Baron, it will do!	‘*Lis.* You might have chosen a more civil expression.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

‘ *M. B.* Am I to know the meaning of all this?

Fred. Sit down serene lady, and compose yourself: you shall know all, though I betray my indiscretion.

‘ *M. B. (Sits again)* Well, well!

‘ *Fred.* I rely upon your generosity—you shall know all.

‘ *Nan. (To Lisette, who now stands with her)* Sure he won't tell, Lisette?

‘ *Lis.* I think we may trust him: he has taken his degrees, and is *master of arts* tho' only a *bachelor*.

‘ *Fred.* Between ourselves, my lady—but for heaven's sake do not betray me—this letter is addressed to the Lady Hensberg. I saw it this morning, as I went to dress her: it lay open on her toilette—my eye caught a phraze—curiosity was awakened—and, in short, I whipt it into my powder-bag. If you will permit, I will read it to your ladyship.

‘ *M. B.* You may read it my friend—you may read it. Nannette, go to your chamber.

‘ *Fred.* O dear! my lady—a little girl like that would not understand it.

‘ *M. B.* I am unwilling to let children hear such things. But, however, you may stay and take a lesson against the wickedness of the world, and the impudence of lovers.

‘ *Fred. (Reads, and addresses the whole to Nannette.)* “ Beautiful and amiable creature”—

‘ *M. B.* “ Beautiful!” See, Nannette, what gross flattery.

‘ *Fred.* “ I have only seen you once, but my heart is yours forever. As you came out of church yesterday”——

‘ *M. B.* That's all she goes to church for.

‘ *Fred.* “ Leaning on the arm of your ugly old mother”——

WILD YOUTH.

‘ *Brumb.* Shall I soon be informed of the thing in question?

‘ *Fred.* Between us, madam; but you must not betray me: it is a letter to the Baroness Hengstburg.

‘ *Brumb.* To that lady? Let me see it.

‘ *Fred.* When I dressed her hair, this morning, I found it upon the toilet.

‘ *Brumb.* How imprudent!

‘ *Fred.* And in that instant it was in my bag. With your permission I'll read it to you.

‘ *Brumb.* Read my friend. Go to your room, Nannette.

‘ *Fred.* Why? the young Miss will not understand any thing of it.

‘ *Brumb.* Children should not hear such things. Yet you may stay to draw good advice from it.

‘ *Fred. (Reads, throwing glances at Nannette)* “ My dear amiable creature!”—

‘ *Brumb.* Very fine! she has grey eyes, and freckles in her face.

‘ *Fred. (Reads)* “ I saw you but once, but my heart is yours for ever”—

‘ *Brumb.* The fool! what is his name?

‘ *Fred.* The letter has no signature.

‘ *Brumb.* Read on.

‘ *Fred. (Reads)* “ When you came from church yesterday”—

‘ *Brumb.* From church! that woman never goes to church.

‘ *Fred. (Reads)* “ At the side of your ugly old mother”——

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*M. B.* That's true enough, the mother is an ugly old woman, and as mischievous as a cat.

'*Lis.* And as vain as a peacock.

'*Fred.* And as stupid as a goose.

'*M. B.* Mischievous, stupid, and vain. An excellent picture. Ha! ha! ha! Go on.

'*Fred.* "You looked like Hebe, led by the old Cybele. I am young, rich, and love you unspeakably. Accept the hand of a youth who means honourably, and will deliver you from the tyranny of a mother."

'*M. B.* That I never heard of the mother—she does but too much as the daughter wishes.

'*Fred.* "Let us endeavour to deceive her"—

'*M. B.* That will not be difficult.

'*Lis.* I think not, my lady.

'*Fred.* "And if she continues her odious tyranny and preposterous jealousy, fly into the arms of him who adores you."

'*M. B.* An elopement too! How I shall laugh at the old woman!

'*Lis.* I think the young gentleman has explained himself clearly enough.

'*Nan.* Very clearly.

'*M. B.* *(To Nannette)* It must be clear, indeed, if you could understand it.

'*Lis.* What would you say, Miss, if any one should write you such a letter?

'*Nan.* I would not suffer any one to laugh at my mother.

'*Lis* Then you would dismiss the flaming youth?

'*Nan.* Why—no—not so—

'*M. B.* How can you embarrass the poor child by such questions?

'*Nan.* Indeed, mamma, I am very much embarrassed.

'*M. B.* So, lady Hensberg is in a secret correspondence with a young unknown. Ha! ha! ha!

'*Fred.* I have found him out already.

WILD YOUTH.

'*Brumb.* True; her mother is an ugly old woman, and as malicious as a cat.

'*Lis.* And as vain as a peacock.

'*Fred.* And as stupid as a goose.

'*Brumb.* Malicious, vain and stupid, an excellent picture, ha! ha! ha!

'*Fred.* and *Lis.* Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

'*Brumb.* Proceed.

'*Fred.* *(Reads)* "I am young, rich, and in love with you"—

'*Brumb.* Three fine things.

'*Fred.* *(Reads)* "I love you inexpressibly"—

'*Brumb.* My God! it becomes quite flat.

'*Fred.* *(Reads)* "Give your hand to a young man, who means it honest"—

'*Brumb.* A lover's honesty is suspicious.

'*Fred.* *(Reads)* "Whose birth is equal to yours, and who will deliver you from your mother's tyranny"—

'*Brumb.* I don't know that. The mother complies with every thing her daughter wants.

'*Fred.* "Let us try to deceive your mother"—

'*Brumb.* That's not very difficult.

'*Fred.* "And if all is in vain, then you fly to the arms of him who adores you."

'*Brumb.* Even an elopement? This was yet wanting?——How I shall laugh at the old woman!——Is that tender pallaver at an end?

'*Fred.* Not a syllable more.

'*Lis.* But I think the young gentleman has been very explicit.

'*Nan.* Very explicit.

'*Brumb.* He has, indeed, if even you have understood it.

'*Lis.* What would you say, Miss Nannette, if such a letter was written to you?

'*Nan.* I would not suffer my mother to be made a jest of.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*M. B.* Indeed! Who? who?

'*Fred.* A certain Baron Wellinghorst.

'*M. B.* Well, I must mention this to three or four of my most intimate friends.

'*Enter* HAIR-DRESSER.

'*Hair.* A ha! me lady, pardonnez moi, I hope you have not vait.

'*M. B.* Bless me! monsieur, are you out of your bed?

'*Hair.* "Me bed!" Ma foi, vy I av a been up—up—up———

'*M. B.* Yes, I know it—up to the top of the steeple.

'*Hair.* Steeple!

'*M. B.* To dress St. Agathy's wig.

'*Hair.* Parblieu! me lady, vat vig?

'*Lis.* Did you not put her holy hair in buckle?

'*Hair.* Vat buckle?

'*Nan.* And fall down seventy-seven steps?

'*Hair.* Seventy-seven?

'*Lis.* And broke your leg?

'*Hair.* Diable, vat you mean?

'*Fred.* You might have broke your leg, ha! you *might* have broke it.

'*Hair.* Me broke a me leg? A ha! *(Capers.)*

'*Fred.* But you happily escaped with a sprain. A sprain; ha?

'*Hair.* Sprain! Vat you call sprain?

'*M. B.* Why then did you send your journeyman?

'*Hair.* Me shoorneyman?

'*Fred.* *(Making signs to him)* Yes, sir, you know you sent me to dress this lady.

'*Hair.* For vat I sent you, ven I have a good pair of legs myself; ha?

'*Fred.* But you do not dress hair with your legs, sir.

'*Hair.* Me lady, dis is some treek—dis a fellow is imposteur.

WILD YOUTH.

'*Lis.* Then you would reject the ardent youth.

'*Nan.* Not just that.

'*Brumb.* How can you put the poor child in such a confusion?

'*Nan.* I am confused, indeed, dear mamma.

'*Brumb.* And so Baroness Hengstburg entertains a secret correspondence with a young unknown one.

'*Fred.* I know who he is.

'*Brumb.* Well, quick!

'*Fred.* A certain Baron Wellinghorst.

'*Brumb.* Baron Wellinghorst? aye! aye! at our tea-party this evening I must communicate it to four of my most intimate friends.

'SCENE X. *Enter a Hair-dresser.*

'*Hair-dresser.* Madam, your most humble servant.

'*Brumb.* My God, sir, have you not broke your leg?

'*Hair-dr.* Broke my leg?

'*Lis.* Did you not get upon the steeple of St. *Ann's* church?

'*Hair-dr.* Upon St. *Ann's* steeple?

'*Nan.* And fell down seventy and seven feet?

'*Fred.* But you might have broke your leg?

'*Hair-dr.* Might have broke my leg?

'*Fred.* This time he got off with a bruise.

'*Hair-dr.* With a bruise? I do not understand a word of all that.

'*Brumb.* Why, then have you sent your journeyman to me?

'*Fred.* *(Winking to him)* My dear master have you not ordered me to dress this lady?

'*Hair-dr.* Not at all! as long as I have a sound pair of legs I can serve my customers myself.

'*Fred.* But you do not dress hair with your legs———

'*Hair-dr.* This fellow is an impostor.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.	WILD YOUTH.
‘ *Fred. (Getting before him, and offering him money with his hand behind)* Understand me.	‘ *Fred. (Tries to put some money in his hands)* You do not understand me right.
‘ *Hair.* For vat I understand? Get out of de vay. I understand you for von dam impudent fellow. Ma foi! Vere is your certificate?	‘ *Hair-dr.* There is nothing to understand. I see you are a stupid fellow; where are your customers?
‘ *Fred.* Here, here. *(Endeavouring to put money in his hand.)*	‘ *Fred. (Endeavours again to put money into his hands)*——Here, here.
‘ *Hair.* No here, here; nor dere, dere—I vont sell a de trade to vagabon—I vont sell a de bread out a me mout.	‘ *Hair-dr.* Nothing here! I have a few sixpences yet to drink a pot of beer with.
‘ *Nan.* Oh, Lisette! I am in an agony.	‘ *Nan. (Aside)* I am frightened to death!
‘ *M. B.* This man then is not your journeyman?	‘ *Brumb.* He is then not in your employ?
‘ *Hair.* No more dan is your lap-dog ma shoorneyman. He is imposteur—vagabon—	‘ *Hair-dr.* No more than your Mops. He is an impostor, a vagrant.
‘ *M.B.* What has induced you to intrude yourself into my presence?	‘ *Brumb.* Young fellow! what has put it into your head to intrude yourself into my house?
‘ *Fred. (Somewhat in caricature)* It is vain any longer to attempt to deceive a lady whose penetration would baffle the art of the most experienced in the wiles of Cupid, much more of me a simple youth. I will confess, my lady——	‘ *Fred. (Collecting himself)* Well, I will confess it: I am an unfortunate youth——I saw you, madam!——I saw you!——is not that saying all?
‘ *Nan.* It is all over with us, Lisette.	
‘ *Fred.* I am a poor unfortunate lad. I saw you, my lady, in your yellow sattin gown—I had a glimpse of you—need I say more?	
‘ *M. B.* What do you mean?	‘ *Brumb.* And what is that to signify?
‘ *Fred.* I remembered the old saying, “a cat may look at a king.” I gazed and was undone. If it is a crime to love, let nature bear the blame, who gave *me* such a heart, *you* such a face.	‘ *Fred.* If love is a crime, then may he pardon me who made my heart so feeling and you so charming!——I was seized with the most violent passion, yet I did not lose sight of modesty. The only wish I had was to see you; to be near you. I meditated on the means, and fell upon this innocent disguise. But my lips would never have uttered, what forever may drive me from your presence. *(He kneels down.)* Punish me now! punish in me the power of your attractions!
‘ *M. B.* Lisette give me my fan.	
‘ *Lis.* To hide her blushes or her wrinkles? *(Brings the fan, while Frederick proceeds)*—	
‘ *Fred.* My passion went hand in hand with discretion. I only wished to see you; to be near you: and, as the means, fell upon this innocent stratagem.	

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

‘ *Hair.* Innocent! Ma foi! take a de bread out a me mout!

‘ *Fred.* But never should my lips have uttered these words, but for this untoward discovery. For now I must be banished forever from your presence. *(Kneels.)* Punish me now! Complete the work your charms have begun!

‘ *M. B.* You are a foolish young man. But rise. I pardon you.

‘ *Fred.* Alas!—I must then go! *(Looking at Nannette.)* But I leave my heart behind.

‘ *M. B.* Who told you you must go? You are a foolish youth, but you may be improved. You see, monsieur, there is nothing to be done with this young fellow.

‘ *Hair.* Nothing to be done? Ma foi! I go to de magistrate, and put him in de ouse of correction.

‘ *M. B.* If I pardon him, surely you may.

‘ *Hair.* He take a noting from you me lady, but he spoil a me trade. Pity me me lady—Listen and pity.

‘ SONG. HAIR-DRESSER.

‘ **Tink, me lady, only tink,**
‘ **Take avay me meat and drink;**
‘ **How ſhall make de kittle boil?**
‘ **Vat ſhall do for vife and ſhile?**
‘ **Do I havn’t break me leg,**
‘ **I ſhall have me bread to beg.**

‘ **Den he tell de lie ſo big;—**
‘ **Say I dreſs de ſteeple vig.**
‘ **Now, me lady, as I live;**
‘ **As I hope me ſin forgive;**
‘ **De only vig I dreſs in town,**
‘ **Gracious lady, is—your own.**

‘ *M. B.* Vulgar fellow! In short, sir, here is your money. I have a right to be dressed by whom I please, and I take this young man for my valet de chambre.

‘ *Fred.* *(Kisses her hand)* You give me life again!

‘ *Hair.* He dress hair? Only see vat a fright he as made of your vig.

WILD YOUTH.

‘ *Brumb.* My friend, you either tell a lie, or you are a fool. Get up, I pardon you.

‘ *Fred.* *(Rises)* Ah! I must be gone! *(With a glance at Nannette.)* But my heart remains behind!

‘ *Brumb.* Who tells you that you are to go? You are a young good-for-nothing fellow, who might be mended by reasonable correction ———You see, dear Mr. Hair-dresser, that nothing can be done with this young man.

‘ *Hair-dr.* Nothing be done? he must go to Bridewell.

‘ *Brumb.* If I excuse his boldness you may do the same.

‘ *Hair-dr.* Your ladyship does not lose a single cent by it, but he quacks into my business.

‘ *Brumb.* In short, master, there is your money. I have a right to be dressed by whom I please; I take this young man into my service, as valet de chambre.

‘ *Fred.* *(Kisses her hand with ecstacy)* You restore me to life again.

‘ *Hair-dr.* But he does not understand hair-dressing. Only see how he towzed your hair.

WILD-GOOSE CHASE.

'*M. B.* That's nothing to you, fellow. Begone!

'*Hair.* I vill complain to de police—

'*Lis.* Do you not hear, fellow? Begone!

'*Hair.* I vill ave you vipt out a town.

'*M. B.* My valet de chambre whipt? You are an impudent fellow.

'*Lis.* A fool!

'*Nan.* A brute!

'*Fred.* An envious fellow! *(Pushing him.)*

'*Hair.* You take a de bread out a me mout—

'*Fred.* Away!

'*Hair.* As to de lady, you ver velcome to dress a her old stinking hairs—

'*Fred.* Out of the house!'

WILD YOUTH.

'*Brumb.* That's nothing to you, Be off!

'*Hair-dr.* Take care, young fellow; I shall complain to the police of you.

'*Lis.* Don't you hear? you are to go.

'*Hair-dr.* I shall get you drummed out of town.

'*Brumb.* Drum my valet de chambre out of the city? you ruffian!

'*Lis.* He is a fool!

'*Nan.* An unpolished fellow!

'*Fred.* An envious rascal!

'*Hair-dr.* You are a *bread thief!* a good-for-nothing rogue!

'*Fred.* and *Lis.* *(Pushing him towards the door)* Go! go! out with you!'

Mr. D.'s plan of translation is more extensive than that of Mr. S. It comprehends all the German plays which are or may be exhibited on the New-York Theatre. The *Wild-Goose Chase* is the first of the proposed series, which it is intended to publish under the title of the GERMAN THEATRE. The literary life of the author, written by himself, is perfixed by Mr. D. and will be acceptable to the admirers of Kotzebue. Those who are fond of handsome books will be gratified with the style in which this appears, and with the engraved heads of the author, and Mr. Hodgkinson, the principal performer.

ART. XXVI.

A Discourse, delivered December 29, 1799, *the Lord's-Day immediately following the melancholy Tidings of the Loss sustained by the Nation, in the Death of its most eminent Citizen,* George Washington. *By* David Osgood, *D. D. Pastor of the Church in Medford.* 8*vo. pp.* 19. *Boston.* S. Hall. 1800.

THIS is a plain, serious, and sensible discourse. Among the numerous publications which have been made on the same subject, it does not rank very high. Still, however, we do not think it falls below mediocrity. Dr. Osgood's mode of depicting General Washington's character, though not very discriminating or new, has little of that affectation and extravagance which we have too often seen displayed. On the whole, he treats the character, and the dispensation of Providence, on which his discourse is founded, in a manner becoming a minister of religion, who, while he gives due praise to the creature, ascribes all the glory ultimately to the Creator.

In Mr. O.'s style there is nothing remarkable. It is, in general, perspicuous and forcible. A few sentences are perplexed, tedious and feeble; but the greater part of the discourse is not chargeable with these faults in an unusual degree.

The following is a specimen of Mr. O.'s manner of writing:

" Characters like these, my brethren, will bear the closest scrutiny. The more minutely you examine them, the more rigidly you try them by the test of reason, truth and rectitude, the more you will be constrained, in your hearts, to admire, reverence, esteem, and love them. The lustre of their most splendid actions, instead of being lessened, is heightened and increased by taking into view the excellence of their motives.

" Some such characters, my hearers, through the different ages, and among the different nations of the world, have exalted and adorned human nature, and shed a benign influence on human affairs. So seldom, indeed, has been their appearance, that they have been mere phenomena in the earth. With such a phenomenon, however, in its most full and perfect state, it has pleased the Almighty to bless, honour, and distinguish the inhabitants of this new world, above all modern nations. Nay, I do not remember to have read in any volume of profane history, whether ancient or modern, nor even in the fictions of romance, of a single character so exempt from every spot of vice, every shade of weakness or indiscretion; so complete in the abilities of a General, in the talents of a Statesman, in the virtues of a Citizen, and, in all other respects, equal to Him, who, at the call of his country, headed our armies through the long series of trying scenes, which attended our revolution; whose influence saved our all from being lost by division; held together, or, at least, was the most important tie in preventing the disjunction and dissolution of the first slender and ill-cemented union of these States; who presided on the great occasion, when, by an ameliorated national compact, they were consolidated; when the admirable machine of our present general government was constructed; who put this machine in motion, and, through the course of eight years, so guided its operations as to enable his fellow-citizens fully to enjoy all its signal advantages; and after having retired, with the utmost dignity and honour, from the cares of state, to spend the short remains of life in preparation for its closing scene; foreign violence and intrigue, combined with the turbulent, malignant spirit of domestic faction, rearing their gorgon form, and menacing the fair fabric which his labours had been so instrumental in raising, his patriotic ardour grew indignant; stepping back from his beloved retreat, he again brandished his sword; and, with all the majesty of heaven-inspired virtue, frowned on the rebel-rout of ' demons let loose.' At this awful juncture, Divine Providence removed him from a world no longer worthy of such goodness."

Miſcellaneous Articles of Literary and Philoſophical Intelligence.

DOMESTIC.

A TREATISE concerning Political Enquiry, and the Liberty of the press, by Tunis Wortman, Esquire, has just been published by Mr. Samuel Campbell.

Mr. Folwell is printing the Journals of the Old Congress, and of those under the new Constitution, together with the reports of the several officers of departments, and select committees. The work will be completed in thirteen volumes 8*vo*.

Chancellor Livingston, in a letter to Dr. Mitchill of the 14th March, asserts his claim as original discoverer of the use of the *Conferva rivularis* in making paper. He states that about nine or ten years ago, he remarked on the bed of a rivulet, which was then dried, some of the conferva which had become whitened, and good paper, though brittle. Some of this *ſelf-formed* paper he deposited, the enſuing winter, in the Muſeum of Mr. Gardiner Baker in this city, and though he often mentioned the discovery to his friends, the experiment of manufacturing the paper was not made until Auguſt, 1799.

From the circumſtances mentioned by Chancellor Livingston, as well as from the teſtimony of Mr. Delabigarre, to whom he communicated the discovery in 1797, there can be no doubt that he was wholly ignorant of a similar discovery made by *Mr. Senger*, of *Weſtphalia*, and has, therefore, an independent and juſt claim to all the merit that may be attached to the invention.

The Chancellor states the conferva used by him, to be a large species of the *conferva fluviatalis*, growing to many feet in height, in Hudson's river.

The Booksellers of Philadelphia, are seeking to rival those of London, in elegant editions of valuable works. *Mr. James Humphreys*, is printing by subſcription, "Mungo Park's Travels in the interior of Africa," in large 8vo. on the best paper, with a large map of the route of Mr. Park through Africa. An abstract of this work has been given in the first volume of this Magazine; and our readers will now be gratified with the whole of this very interesting performance, which will make its appearance in May next. Mr. Humphreys has also issued propoſals for publiſhing, in Weekly Numbers, "The History, civil and commercial, of the British Colonies in the West Indies: In two volumes 4to. By Bryan Edwards, Eſquire; to which will be added, from the pen of the same author, an account of the proceedings in regard to the *Maroon Negroes* in Jamaica, with obſervations on their character and manners, and a detail of the origin, progreſs, and determination of the *Maroon* war in that Island: Also, an Historical view of St. Domingo, its political state, population, productions and exports, and the events which have happened there to the end of the year 1794." This edition will likewise be illustrated with a large map of the West Indies, and ten other maps of particular Islands, and embelliſhed with eight copperplate prints.

This publication will be completed in fifty numbers, the price of each 25 cents. The very high and deserved reputation this work has long enjoyed, and the present additions and embelliſhments, will strongly recommend it to the American reader, to whom the information it contains is peculiarly valuable and interesting.

Meſsrs. Dickins and Maxwell are reprinting, in an elegant manner, from the last London edition, the *Purſuits of Literature;* a work which has attracted more attention, and received higher praise, than almost any other literary performance in the present age.

The moderate price of two dollars, at which this edition is offered, will extend its circulation in the United States, where it is little known. The author is said to be *Mr. Matthias*, a Clerk in the Queen's Treaſury.

POETRY.

ODE

On HOME.

By JOHN DAVIS.

DEAR native ſoil! where once my feet
Were wont thy flow'ry paths to roam,
And where my heart would joyful beat,
From India's climes reſtor'd to home;
Ah! ſhall I e'er behold you more,
And cheer again a parent's eye?
A wand'rer from thy bliſsful ſhore,
Thro' endleſs troubles doom'd to ſigh?

Or ſhall I, penſive and forlorn,
Of penury be yet the prey,
Long from thy grateful boſom torn,
Without a friend to guide my way.
Hard is the hapleſs wand'rer's fate,
Tho' bleſt with magic power of ſong;
Succeſſive woes his ſteps await,
Unheeded by the worldly throng!

ODE

To a MEDICAL FRIEND.

By the ſame.

SINCE on the ocean's boundleſs deep
Once more impell'd by fate you go,
The muſe the trembling wire would ſweep,
And ſoft invoke each gale to blow.

Long has it been our lot to roam,
With hearts by friendſhip's cement bound,
(The world at large our only home)
O'er many a wide expanſe of ground.

At PHILADEPHIA's ſad confine,
Where death ſtalk'd round with aſpect wild,
We ſaw the widow vainly pine,
And heard the mother mourn her child:

While deſolation mark'd the ſcene,
And groans of dying fill'd each gale,
Where dance no more rejoic'd the green,
Nor ſong re-echo'd from the dale.

May no ſuch griefs again demand
The ſigh of pity from thy breaſt,
But jocund pleaſure's mirthful band,
Sooth ev'ry baleful care to reſt.

Then feſtive let thy moments flow,
While round thee roars the briny flood;
May ev'ry breeze auſpicious blow,
And nought provoke the wat'ry god.

ODE

To the MOCKING-BIRD.

By the ſame.

SWEET bird, whoſe imitative ſtrain,
Of all thy tribe can perſonate the note,
And with a burthen'd heart complain,
Or to the ſong of joy attune thy throat;
To thee I touch the ſtring,
While at my caſement, from the neighb'ring tree,
Thou hail'ſt the coming ſpring,
And plaintive pour'ſt thy voice, or mock'ſt with merry glee.

Thou bringeſt to my mind,
The characters we find
Amid the motley ſcenes of human life;
How very few appear
The garb of truth to wear!
But with a borrow'd voice, conceal a heart of ſtrife.

Sure then with wiſdom fraught,
Thou art by nature taught
Diſſembled joy in others to deride;
And when the mournful heart
Aſſumes a ſprightly part,
To note the cheat, and with thy mocking chide.

But when, with midnight ſong,*
Thou ſing'ſt the woods among,
And ſofter feelings in the breaſt awake;
Sure then thy rolling note
Does ſympathy denote,
And ſhews thou can'ſt of others' grief partake.

---

* It is a fact that the mocking-bird ſings beſt at midnight, which I am enabled to affirm *de ipſo facto*.

Pour out thy lengthen'd ſtrain,
With woe and grief complain,
And blend thy ſorrows in the mournful lay;
Thy moving tale reveal,
Make me ſoft pity feel,
I love in ſilent woe to paſs the day.

PLAGUE *at* PHILADELPHIA.

Quæque ipſe miſerrima vidi!

By the ſame.

Here, penſive muſe, in pity drop the tear
O'er the dead body, o'er th' untimely bier,
To parent, kindred, tune thy plaintive ſtrains,
That felt the peſtilence conſume their veins;
Their loſs deplore! and raiſe the penſive ſigh
For thoſe who mourn with ſorrow-ſtreaming eye,
A father, child, a brother, or a friend,
That healing pity once themſelves could lend.

If o'er this ſcene a retroſpect we take,
How ev'ry object ſorrow doth awake!
Here! in the ſolemn ſtillneſs of the night,
The bleeding heart wept o'er the chilling ſight
Of victims ſeiz'd with peſtilential blaſt,
In painful anguiſh breathing out their laſt:
In each ſad ſtreet was heard the dying moan,
And ev'ry gale came loaded with a groan!

Here widows' weeping o'er their huſbands' bier,
With looks diſtracted drop the briny tear;
Or rend the air with pity-moving ſtrains,
That echo from the walls, the hills, the neighbouring plains!
There tender mothers act a feeling part,
And mourn their children with a burſting heart;
While friendleſs orphans in the ſtreets are found,
Who view their parents lifeleſs on the ground.

Sad was the ſcene! dejecting was the ſight,
Of bodies carried by the moon's pale light,
Where the drear church-yard's ſatiated cave,
At ev'ry part diſplay'd the riſing grave!

IN ME-IPSUM.

By the ſame.

Should ſome lone trav'ller, that delights in ſong,
Aſk on what ſpot my lays I did recite,
From thoſe who live theſe gloomy woods among,
Where neither hill nor dale rejoice the ſight;

Haply the genius of the place may ſay—
"'Twas here he ſought in poeſy relief,
"And oft in mournful mood ſigh'd out the day,
"Or touch'd the lyre to ſimpleſt ſounds of grief.

"But yet his pipe of rudeſt minſtrelſy,
"No heart to tender ſympathy could move,
"For here no breaſt e'er felt the ecſtacy
"Which thoſe partake, who Phœbus' favours prove.

"Along the road, near yon deſerted grove,
"Where ſcarce a footſtep e'er imprints the green,
"Muſing, at early dawn, he lov'd to rove,
"And ponder o'er the ſolitary ſcene.

"One morn I miſs'd him in his cuſtom'd walk;
"His lyre, neglected, lay beneath a tree;
"No more in ſecret did I hear him talk,
"Nor at the grove, nor on the road was he.

"May each ſweet muſe collect her ſcatter'd flow'rs,
"To weave a vernal garland for his head,
"With nightly viſitations cheer his hours,
"And ſmooth the rugged path he's doom'd to tread."

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. II.] APRIL, 1800. [No. 4.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

The SPECULATIST.

No. I.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

AS I am a man of leisure, I frequently amuse myself with turning over the pages of your Magazine. I conceive your undertaking to be highly laudable, and wish you all success; notwithstanding, I perceive that you and I differ materially in our opinions respecting the true purposes of such a publication. According to my opinion, a Magazine is not a volume from which, by laborious research, the divine, the philosopher, or the politician may extract materials to build some abstruse hypothesis, but a book whose every page should be fraught with some simple truth, some touching, moral precept, which comes home to the understanding and the heart; a book to which the studious man may have recourse in a moment of relaxation, and from which, even the idle and the dissipated shall not rise without improvement. Since, then, not only to inform the understanding, but to delight the fancy, is the double purpose of the Magazine essayist, he is not always obliged to ransack the store-houses of memory and reflection; not to march, with metaphysic gravity, through a long series of inductions and conclusions: his task is sometimes more pleasing and less arduous. The wide theatre of life and manners is displayed before him, and the individual actors may be compelled to labour for the promotion of that end to which his efforts are directed. Nor is he confined to real life: the flowery fields of imagination are open to his researches; and they may, by judicious cultivation, be made to yield a plenteous harvest of wholesome fruits.

If, with this diversity of opinions, you think that my leisure hours may be made subservient to your purposes, you shall sometimes hear from me. But I am apprehensive that the dissipated, or the contentious world, will be but little amused by the miscellaneous speculations of an old man, whose bosom has long ceased to be warmed by the smile of beauty, or to flutter at the call of what is falsely termed pleasure; who is retired from the walks of business, and who hears the hum of politicians as at a distance. Your young, and your voluptuous readers, will think me splenetic; and your learned ones will turn, with a sneer, from my lucubrations. To instruct, or to please extensively, is the lot of but few, and is far beyond my utmost expectation. I therefore beg the scientific gentlemen not to be disturbed by me, but quietly turn to another page. I do not even claim attention from the vain, the licentious, or the fashionable; they are too much occupied by noisy amusement to listen to my simple narrations, or to be edified by my antiquated precepts. If my efforts serve to corroborate one just sentiment, or one worthy purpose of an individual of the few who read my reflections, I shall be amply recompenced for my labours.

Perhaps it is incident to all men to grow a little cynical, when, like me, they have outlived that buoyancy of youthful spirits which gives to social and colloquial pleasures, a peculiar relish. They are apt to forget, that in the course of nature, their own powers of enjoyment are impaired; and absurdly imagine, that of the race who at present occupy the scene of action, the women are less beautiful, and the men less accomplished, than their uncles, aunts, and grandmothers. Possibly the same error may extend to moral considerations, and that those who have discovered the deceptions to which the ardour of youthful benevolence may have sometimes exposed them, who are detached from society by age and infirmities, and so situated as to be, in some degree, able to penetrate into the motives of the actors or speakers, may too hastily conclude that the general mass of virtue is less than it was fifty years ago. The vigour of hope is impaired by reiterated disappointments, and the warmth of confidence abated by multiplied instances of treachery. Men no longer indulge feelings which they have so frequently proved to be fallacious, but, by degrees, learn to compare that which is indirectly known with that which is directly visible, and thus form their general estimate of those around them. By this regular operation of the judgment, society loses the magic charm which it derived from novelty and juvenile ignorance; and hence our representations of life will be less glowing, but more accurate. Something of this asperity may, at times, be visible in my remarks; if it should, let it be placed to the account of age and misfortune.

In this introduction to your notice, I confess I feel at a loss what appellation I shall bestow upon myself. If I mean to confine myself to observing men and manners, and simply relating the facts I witness, I might call myself an observer. But as I shall sometimes go further, and attempt to decorate the pictures of fancy with truth-resembling hues—as I shall not only relate, but frequently examine and compare facts by the standard of my own principles and opinions, and as my systems may, by the bulk of your readers, be stiled Utopian, I am content to usher them to the world as mere speculations. Call me, then, the

SPECULATIST.

New Mathematical Questions.

Question 1. *By* G. BARRON.

AN old mathematician being asked the time of the day, answered, "It is past nine; the hour and minute hands of my watch are past their point of coincidence for the present hour, and the angle subtended by the hands, is now equal to one third of the angle subtended by the hour hand and the line of twelve." Required the time.

Question 2. *By* J. COMMERCE.

Five merchants, A, B, C, D, and E, resolved to trade in company, and agreed that A should advance $\frac{3}{7}$ of their capital, B $\frac{5}{21}$, C $\frac{1}{9}$, D $\frac{2}{15}$, and E the rest. By an unforeseen accident, C was prevented from joining the company; but A, B, D, and E advanced their respective shares according to agreement, and in one year, the profits of their trade amounted to 100,000 dollars. How must this sum be divided among A, B, D, and E?

Question 3. *By* ANALYTICUS.

A young lady's age in years, is to her height in inches as 5 to 16, the square of her age is to her fortune as 25 to 37044, and her fortune, in dollars, is equal to the cube of the sum of her height and age. Required her height, age, and fortune.

Remarks on a Passage in Virgil.

VISITING my friend Crito, lately, I found him in his closet poring over a collection of metrical romances, by some of the old Troubadours. I could not help censuring that perverse taste which could find pleasure in the monsters and prodigies of the Gothic romance, and expressed much contempt for their incredible exploits, their absurd images, their lame allegory, their spells, and giants, and winged dragons, their halls of gold, and their bridges of glass.

"How can I help myself?" replied my friend. "I love poetry. If I cannot find it separate from these follies and absurdities, I must take them together. I am shocked by the incongruities you mention; but since every maker of verse supposes himself under a necessity of spurning at probability and common sense, and adorning his tale with the creatures of vulgar superstition, I must indure it as well as I can, and draw pleasure from his vivid colouring, his prolific invention, and the music of his numbers."

"Surely," said I, "all poets are not liable to this censure. You have been unlucky in your choice. You waste that time among the rabble of Provençal ballad-mongers, which should be devoted to the great masters of the art; to those who join a pure taste with their rich invention, enlightened principles of morals, thorough skill in pourtraying the passions, and knowledge of the laws of composition; whose descriptions flow from observation, whose images are chaste and correct, and whose language is, at once, musical and picturesque."

"And pray, where are such people to be met with?"

"Your question surprises me. If I did not know that you are a classical scholar, and if I did not see Virgil and Lucretius lying on that shelf, I should be less surprised."

"Virgil and Lucretius? Are these then your patterns of enlightened morals, pure taste, and immaculate chastity?"

"Assuredly. Have you any fault to find with them?"

"Nay, I should be glad to know wherein the Æneid is superior to the stories of the Tuscan and Provençals, and particularly to the fairy tale of Spenser. I grant you, it is longer and more complex than the plots of Gothic story-tellers generally are; but in dignity of moral principles, in congruity of metaphors, and the consistency of their incidents with probability and truth, I am far from perceiving the superiority of Attics and Romans to the historiographers of Arthur and Roland."

"I know your temper," said I, "you love paradox and singularity; but surely you have chosen an unlucky topic, on which to display your singularity."

"Very likely. I am no classical scholar. I read Virgil with unlearned eyes. Being gifted with no preternatural sagacity, and having no prejudice in favour of one scheme of superstition and folly over another, I regard the miracles and fictions of the Roman poets, just as I do those of the Saxon or Welsh. I find in them both puerilities and contradictions, ridiculous solemnity, and misplaced reverence; but am far from discovering less impertinence and nonsense in Virgil than in Spenser. Creatures in human shape that ride in chariots through the air, or sit in a circle at the bottom of the sea, singing songs and knitting flowers, or that glide along the surface in a two-wheeled carriage, drawn by dolphins: trees that bear apples and peaches of gold, that distil human blood, and that speak: giants with one eye in their forehead: a witch that can shew the way to hell, and unfold future events: dogs with three heads: arms forged by a god: omens, predictions, and oracles without number: men that are carried from place to place through the air, and that can make themselves visible or invisible at pleasure; that visit, while alive, the abode of the dead, and see and converse with not only those who died an hundred years before, but those who are destined to come into existence *a thousand years after!* All these are silly incongruities, which do not the less offend me because they are found in the Æneid of Virgil.

"There is the book: take it down and read a passage. Perhaps, with your assistance, I may discover beauties and graces that are invisible to common and unlearned eyes."

I took down the book as he directed, and opening it, at random, lighted on the description of Æolus and the prison of the winds. "Here," said I, "is a description which is much celebrated. I would be glad to hear your opinion of it. Being ready and willing to detect its faults, you will, no doubt, find or invent some; and I shall, at least, be amused with an uncommon spectacle. Readers, hitherto, have only sought for objects to admire and applaud, and hence all have conspired to exalt the merits of this poet. He has faults, no doubt, but they have been solicitously disguised or overlooked. Listen." I now read aloud, pausing at every sentence to afford him an opportunity of commenting.

Talia flammato ſecum Dea corde volutans
Nimbor' in patriam, loca fœta furentilbus
auſtris,
Æoliam venit.

"Well," said Crito, "the goddess, full of her new scheme, posts away to Æolia, which, it seems, is the native country of *rainy clouds* and *south winds*. I am not wise enough to say why Æolia was originally fixed upon as the birthplace of *Auster* and *Nimbus*, and as their head-quarters, whence they might make occasional excursions, and to which, when they were tired of raining and blowing, they might return. Æolia, we all know, is a maritime province of the lesser Asia. It lies *northward* of the Mediterranean sea, on which the Trojan fleet was sailing; and, to no part of that sea, has it a *southern* bearing.

"It is allowable, perhaps, to personify the wind; but how? Shall we, as usual, place fans upon his shoulders, and thus represent him as producing gales by a motion similar to that of a fan? In this case the figure need not be necessarily in motion: the motion of his wings is sufficient. If these be flapping, the god himself may be perched upon a rock or hill, and he may merely turn himself round to make the gale proceed from opposite quarters.

"If our personification omit the fans, and, by puffing up his cheeks and opening his lips, depict him as occasioning commotions of the elements, by the mere breath of his mouth, we shall produce a more analogous image. He may still be described as stationary, but his position, with regard to us who feel his breath, must correspond with the course of the wind. A south wind cannot justly be described as placed upon a northern mountain, nor a northern blast to come from the south. The dreams of a barbarous superstition had given body, soul, and name to the winds, and shut them up in caverns on the coast of *Asia Minor*. Their king, according to the legend, was Æolus, who let them loose, or kept them fast, according to his pleasure. When another god had a selfish end to answer, by raising a storm, he prevailed on Æolus to unchain his winds, by the tempting offer of a splendid robe, or a beautiful female; but our poet wanted to raise a storm, and, in doing so, thought it best to stick to this crazy and chimerical system. Hence his machinery is grotesque, puerile, and ridiculous. Who but must laugh when he sees that this marvellous tale was designed to enforce the pretentions of a tyrant to a divine pedigree? Cæsar was fond of tracing up *his house* to a certain emigrant from Troy, who was the fruit of an amour between a goddess and a mortal. Octavius hugged the same phantom, and Virgil's business was to write a legend, in which the whole marvellous adventure was recounted, and was copiously intermixed with prodigies and miracles.

"So fond were the Romans of their Trojan ancestry, that, as is well known, the project was once soberly adopted by Augustus, of transferring the seat of the empire to the scite of the old town of Illium. This prejudice kept such long, and such fast hold, that three hundred years after the scheme was revived by Constantine, and considerable progress was made in re-edifying Troy, which was to be, thenceforth, the mistress of the nations. But let us return to our text.

"You, who are a Latinist, may be able to explain the use of the word *secum* in this passage. To mere English ears, it is a manifest redundancy. 'Volutans flammato corde,' seem to be sufficient without secum. She revolves, she *rolls over* in her *heart*, *with herself*.

"The nimbi and austres are, in this place, persons. The austres are made to *rage* (furentibus). The Roman word patria, has no corresponding word in English. The word *country* does not so strictly reply a social and political relation as patria. Loca fœta is an enforcement of the metaphor, and is beautiful.

"Having finished her journey, what is the next proceeding of the goddess?

> Hîc vaſto rex Æolus antro
> Luctantes ventos, tempeſtates que ſonoras
> Imperio premit, ac vinclis et carcere
> frænat.

"A new personage," resumed the critic, "is now introduced to our acquaintance. It is Æolus. His office is described. In the first place, he appears to be a king (rex). The objects of his government are the winds. Consistently with these ideas, it may be said that *imperio premit*.

"This general description soon becomes particular; but the particularity belongs to a totally new scene. From a king, by whom a mere *imperium* is exercised, he suddenly sinks into a jailer, or rather a mad-house keeper. A vast cave, which serves as their dungeon, and in which they are chained, succeeds to those beneficent images connected with *locum fœtum* and *patria.*

"The subjects of this restraint are here described under two names: venti, tempestates. I shall not inquire how far precision of language or ideas is here preserved. These conditions of the air are personified. To describe the winds as struggling and impatient (luctantes), is just and forcible. But what shall we expect of tempests? If the measure of his verse induced the poet to subjoin some epithet to tempests, we might naturally imagine that some one would be used denoting a still higher degree of turbulence and opposition, and not that the metaphor should be suddenly dropped; that tempests from mortal beings, indignant of oppression and restraint, should sink into mere blasts, and be distinguished by nothing but sound (sonoras). The austres furentes and venti luctantes, gave us reason to expect somewhat very different from, and far less tasteless and trite, than tempestates *sonoras.*

"It is common to represent moral restraint metaphorically, as *bridling* or *curbing* the passions (frænatio), in allusion to the mode of restraining an horse; but our metaphor should be, at least, consistent with itself. We surely cannot say that we *bridle* men with *chains* (frænat vinclis), much less can we talk of bridling or curbing them with a *prison* (fræ nat carcere). But go on.

Celsâ ſedet Æolus arce
Sceptra tenens: Mollit q' animos et temperat iras.

"King Æolus is here displayed to our view, sitting on a high peak (arx celsa), holding the ensign of royalty, a sceptre. A sceptred figure, sitting alone upon an high rock, constitutes a grotesque picture. Such a throne seems unsuitable for majesty. We should not expect that a king, without visible attendants or ministers, should sit in state upon an hill, with a sceptre in his hand.

"The monarch thus tricked out with the emblems of royalty, was just depicted as a jailer, and as superintending a prison where certain maniacs were shut up in dungeons, and bound down with chains. Is not this incongruous? But, not to dwell upon this, the poet, not satisfied with the description already given of his functions, now adds that 'Mollit animos et temperat iras.'

"In the first place, these terms would aptly enough describe the influence exerted by a sage, who employs only arguments and intreaties, but are wholly unsuited to the office either of a king, who is shewn to us sitting in idle state; or for a jailer, who governs the refractory by means of bolts and chains.

"We owe much of poetry not to the spontaneous impulse of genius, but to the necessity of prolonging sentences and filling up vacuities. So many syllables are required to complete a line of six feet. These syllables must be short or long, and must succeed each other in a certain order. Instead, therefore, of merely seeking terms which convey our thoughts, we are hunting for thoſe which have two or three syllables, and whose syllables dispose themselves into dactyls and spondees.

"If, after having fully conveyed our thoughts, the line is incomplete, what is to be done? Shall we begin a new sentence, or shall we contrive to piece out the former one? The first expedient may be sometimes practised, but a frequent recurrence would break up our style into discords and fragments. The last mode, whatever puzzlings and delays it cost us, we shall be obliged, generally, to adopt. This seems to be often a dilemma in which our poet was entangled. On numberless occasions, methinks I see him, after the fit of inspiration has past, and been insufficient to supply the due number of syllables, painfully searching for a new epithet, or a new form of expression, by which the last thought may be repeated without sameness and monotony, and drawing out the wire, already slender enough, into greater tenuity. We had just been told, concerning the empress Juno, that

Necdum etiam cauſæ irarum—*ſævique dolores*
Exciderant animo.

"In this line, our bard, not content with fully expressing his meaning, must fill up his verse with vague repetition, or ambiguous redundancy. Juno's imagination is fraught with 'causæ irarum,' and they were all that belonged to her, but the line demanded that she should likewise have 'sævi dolores.' The 'luctantes ventos,' were suitable enough, but the line was incomplete, and the 'tempestates sonoras' were added. The office of king Æolus, had been previously described, both generally and circumstantially. We have now his throne, his posture, and his ensigns of command, but these do not fill up the verse. Instead of leaving it unfilled, as is done in many other places in this poem, the poet, or some of his wise commentators, has recurred to the old ideas of his *office*, and repeated them once more, unseasonably and out of place, and in terms remarkably vague. The whole clause is impertinent; but the clause, itself, consists of two parts, of which one is a sort of echo to the other. What should we think of the precision of an English poet, who having said of some body that *he mollifies our passions*, immediately adds, *and tempers our rage?*

"If you look a little forward, you will find another example of the same looseness and repetition. Speaking of an orator, addressing a mob, he says that

Ille regit dictis animos—

"Very well; and what else?" "Why—

Et pectora Mulcet.

"In short, I question whether any passage in this poet, if scrutinized with equal care, would be found less defective than this. Perhaps, indeed, you have been unlucky in falling upon this passage, where so many defects in composition, imagery, and sentiment are evident, and where there is nothing unexceptionable but the metre. Whether the music of these lines flow from the peculiar art of the poet, or merely from the necessary structure of the Roman tongue and the hexametrical variety of dactyls and spondees, I cannot, for my part, decide. Certain it is, that the music is exquisite. In that respect I might prefer the legend of Æneas and Dido to that of Britomart or Paladour; but, in other requisites of poetry, in luxuriance of invention, in lustre of description, in tenderness and eloquence of sentiment, I shall still assign the palm to the pastoral, elegiac, and heroic of my own 'Colin Clout." X.

*Séjour dans les Bois de la Caroline du Sud.**

Par J. Davis.

SUR la route de *Charleston* à *Savannah*, & presque à moitiè chemin, se trouve un petit village qu'on appelle *Coosohatchie*. Ce fut à cinq milles de cet endroit que je

---

* This eſſay has been examined by a French gentleman of learning and taſte, who has expreſſed his opinion of the ſtyle in theſe words, "I'ai plutôt devoré que lu cette production, qui m'a enchanté par le naturel & les graces du ſtile." E.

passai l'hiver de 1798, & la plus grande partie du Printemps de l'année suivante. Le souvenir de ce sejour m'est bien doux, & je voudrois le decrire. C'etoit une chose toute nouvelle pour moi que de vivre dans la solitude des forêts de la Caroline du Sud. Mais outre cela le gout de la Poesïe commençoit dès-lors à se manifester en moi. Il s'étoit peut-être annoncé avant cette epoque, mais il n'avoit pas pris sur moi son empire absolu. Ayant toujours sous mes yeux les ouvrages des meilleurs Poetes Anglois, & passionné pour la lecture des Collins & des Gray, je fus tenté de m'essayer dans la poesïe lyrique. Mon premier sujet fut celui de l'amour. Enfermé dans ma chambre, je passois souvent des nuits entieres en songeant à Eléonore, qui étoit belle sans orgueil, aimable sans coquetterie, & instruite sans pretensions. C'étoit une fille parfaite à tous égards. Sa figure réunissoit ce que les brunes ont de plus piquants, & les blondes de plus voluptueux. Combien de fois me suis je rapellé avec un vrai attendrissement ses beaux yeux noirs baignés de larmes de la plus douce sensibilité; son sourire mêlé de l'inquietude; le ton harmonieux de sa voix que je ne pus jamais entendre sans la plus vive emotion.

Ma demeure étoit chez un planteur qui m'avoit proposé l'education de ses enfans. La famille de Monsieur D——, etoit composée de Madame son espouse, de cinq filles, & d'un garçon qui avoit à peine atteint sa quatorzieme année. En un mot, c'étoit une famille assez agréable dans son ensemble pour un Precepteur, mais non pas pour un homme de lettres. Quant à la maison la situation en étoit toute sauvage; mais il y avoit une si grande monotonie dans l'aspect du pays que je ne pris pas grand plaisir à le contempler. C'etoit un Pays de plaine, qui m'inspira un sentiment de tristesse. Cependant je me plaisois à errer dans les bois vers le soir, & à perdre la vue de la plantation que j'habitois. Il est si doux de se trouver seul dans des lieux peu frequentés, & de s'abandonner à ses rêveries! Je prolongeois ainsi ma promenade, sans m'appercevoir que la nuit régnoit deja depuis long tems. Qu'il est delicieux de jouir du spectacle d'une belle nuit quand un beau clair de lune partout repandu donne aux objets champêtres un charme nouveau!

Qu'il me soit permis de parler ici d'une liason dont le souvenir me sera toujours bien precieux. J'avois fais connoissance à *Charleston* avec une jeune Irlandois appellé M. *George*, & cette connoissance devint ensuite un veritable attachement. Avec beaucoup d'esprit & un genie exquis pour la poesïe, M. *George* avoit les manières & l'air distingué. Nous etions aussi liés par le gout de caractère que par la sympathie de l'ame. Nous ne nous entretenions que de la literature, & je m'y livrai tout de bon. M. *George* étoit passionné pour la lecture de Virgile, & ce fut un bien pour moi. Enfin il fallut nous séparer, mais ce ne fut pas sans faire le serment de nous entretenir par lettres. Cet entretien par la poste etoit mon unique consolation à *Coosohatchie*. Que les epîtres de mon ami etoient charmantes. Tout y respiroit le bon gout. Jamais personne n'a su mieux se servir de la finesse qui saisit les ridicules. Tout ce qu'on peut rassembler d'esprit & de delicatesse est repandu dans ces epanchements de son cœur. Combien de fois me suis ecrié, la lettre à la main.

Ces entretiens charmans, ce commerce
ſi doux,
Ce plaiſir de l'eſprit, plaiſir vif & tranquille
Eſt à ma triſteſſe le ſeul remede utile,
Ah! que j'aurois ſouffert ſans vous!

Quant à sa poesïe, elle est pleine de graces, & fait un des charmes les plus puissants de ses lettres.—Tels étoient les agréments de ma liason avec M. *George;* auquel je voudrois consacrer un Souvenir dans une langue qui le fera connôitre partout.

Ma vie à *Coosohatchie* étoit celle d'un solitaire. Je ne prenois pas plaisir à la chasse, & on ne parloit à table que de Negres & de Coton. L'espect affreux des esclaves, qui m'entouroient en foule, me faisoit mal au cœur; & je soupirois pour la terre òu regnent l'humanité & l'independance. Dieu! avec quelle horreur j'entendois les cris des pauvres negres de tous côtés. Etre supreme! m'écriai je, que mon oreille n'entende plus les gemissemens du desespoir; que mes yeux ne tombent plus sur l'homme égorgeant son semblable!

Cependant je n'apperçus qu'avec plaisir le retour de la belle Saison, & le chant varié de l'Oiseau Moqueur etoit nouveau pour moi. Ces oiseaux se faisoient entendre de tous côtês dans la Plantation,* & sembloient se plaire à contrefaire le ramage de tout autre oiseau, qu'ils imitoient de la maniere la plus reconnoissable. Il est digne de remarque que ce bel oiseau chante la nuit quand il fait clair de lune. . . . . Je passois ordinairement les dimanches a parcourir le pays. C'est-la, selon moi, la seule manière de voyager dont un Philosophe doive se servir. Soit en Angleterre, soit en Amerique, je n'ai jamais pu me resoudre à voyager autrement. Combien d'agréments se rassemblent dans les voyages pedestres! Que le piéton est gai, leger, content! On observe tout le pays, on part, on s'arrete sans assujetissement aux autres. On ne depend ni des chevaux, ni de l'equipage, ni du postillion. Quel bon appétit on gagne en marchant. Combien le cœur rit quand on approache du gîte. Quel doux sommeil on fait sur un grabat. Chacun à son gout; moi, quand je voyage, je voudrois faire route à pied. . . . . .

Les dimanches je prenois plaisir à m'égarer dans les bois. Ca & là je passois près d'une maison, ou plutôt d'une Plantation; mais frapper à la porte & demander l'hospitalité, c'eût été manquer à l'etiquette, ce qu'on ne pardonne pas volontiers dans ce pays-la. On n'étoit plus au temps d'Homere, où les voyageurs étoient reçus avec cette bonté qui protege. Cette remarque servira à faire connoître un Pays, où les hommes, dispersés dans les bois, ont emporté de la ville les façons du grand-monde. O mon lecteur, si vous êtes Européen, n'attendez pas non plus de l'Amerique la simplicité des mœurs, même dans les bois: n'en attendez que le luxe, la vanité, l'orgueil. Tout y est routine.

Voici un souvenir bien distinct qui me rest d'une de mes promenades solitaires. C'étoit le matin. J'étois sortis de bonne heure pour voir le lever du Soleil. On le voyoit s'annoncer de loin par les traits de feu qu'il lancoit au devant de lui. Ses premiers rayons doroient la terre, dont la verdure étoit couverte de la rosée qu'elle avoit recue durant la nuit. L'oiseau Moqueur, dont le gazouillement étoit encore foible, saluoit de son propre chant le pere de la vie. O! que le spectacle etoit beau, & que ma jouissance etoit pure! Comment le parfum des fleurs, le charme de la verdure, l'humide vapeur de la rosée, enchantoient mes sens! Quelle emotion voluptueuse me causoit le ramage des oiseaux. De retour au logis, j'entrai dans la salle, où trois enfans aussi beaux que le jour se trouvoient autonr de leur Maman, dont les propos caressants ajoutoient au spectacle un charme nouveau. Quel tableau riant pour un peintre! Les enfans m'accueillent avec des sourires enchanteurs. On m'appelle par mon nom. Que leur babil étoit charmant! Que leurs jeux folâtres étoient l'innocence même! Où est l'homme dont le cœur dur & froid ne se sente vivement emu aux mœurs de l'enfance.

---

* J'emploie ce mot dans une acception angloiſe, faute de lui trouver un ſynonyme en françois.

Je m'accoutumai peu-à-peu à mon emploi de Precepteur. Tout alloit à merveille. J'etudiois l'esprit de mes éleves, & je réussissois auprès d'eux. J'en avois trois, dont deux etoient filles. La Cadette, qui pouvoit bien avoir neuf où dix ans, etoit d'une vivacité charmante. Son sourire exprimoit d'avance ce qu'elle alloit vous dire. Ses beaux yeux bleus peignoient toujours la situation de son cœur. C'étoit un charmant enfant, dont la beauté naissante promettoit d'egaler celle de sa Mere. Sa sœur plus agée de cinq ans, quoique moins jolie, avoit ce qui peut faire valoir la beauté. Elle étoit douce, aimable, sans etourderie. A l'égard de Monsieur le frere, c'ètoit un garçon très-interessant; l'esprit ouvert, vif & joyeux. Je voulus m'attacher à ce petit bon-homme, le former, travailler à son education, mais sans me donner un air imposant, un œil severe, ou une voix rude & menaçante pour me faire redouter. C'est à vous, O Maîtres d'ecole, d'exercer la tyrannie d'un pedagogue importun. Pour moi, qui n'ai que l'honneur d'être simple Precepteur, je me garderai de vous imiter. . . . . Mon eleve aimoit la chasse en vrai Americain. Je me souviendrai des battemens de cœur qu'il éprouvoit au vol des premiers canards, & des transports de joie avec lesquels il tuoit un cerf dans les bois. Seul avec son chien, chargé de son fusil, de son fourniment, de sa petite proie, il revenoit le soir aussi heureux qu'il soit possible de l'être.

Pendant que mon éleve s'amusoit à la chasse, je me livrois aux objets purs & simples de la Nature. Avec quel transport je suis allé dans les bois d'alentour chercher la première violette, & épier le premier bourgeon. Que le chant de l'Oiseau Moqueur me faisoit tressaillir d'aise! Combien de fois ne me suis-je pas surpris dans mes promenades solitaires l'œil humide, & le cœur comprimé de la volupté de douleur. Oh! qui n'a point eprouvé cet excès de sensibilité que les merveilles de la Nature inspirent en se promenant seul dans la Campagne! . . Qui ne s'est point arrêté, interdit, devant un horizon couvert de forêts immenses. Dans ces momens d'extase les mains se levent vers le Createur de l'Univers, le cœur bat, & l'esprit contemple en silence. . . . . Revenons à mes occupations. Depuis le jour où j'arrivai chez M. D—— jusqu'au retour du printemps, je passai toujours la nuit & une partie du matin soit à lire où à ecrire devant un bon feu dans ma chambre. Je commencois par quelque livre latin, comme Horace, Virgile, Ovide; & finissois par les Confessions de l'éloquent Citoyen de Geneve. Un des plus grands ecrivains du dix-huitième siécle fut assurément M. de Rousseau. Que ses recits sont touchants quand il parle de ses chères Charmettes, de ses bosquets, de ses ruisseaux. On est toujours présent à chaque scene dont il fait le tableau. Que le caractère de Maman est peint d'après la Nature. Il met tout ce qu'il raconte sous les yeux du lecteur. On ne croit plus lire, on croit voir. Le goût que je pris à la lecture des Confessions m'inspira le desir à ecrire en francois; dont les qualités distinctives sont la clarté & la precision. Je ne sai si j'y ai reussi.

Outre les écoliers dont j'ai parlé, Madame leur Mère me faisoit l'honneur de se proposer d'être elle-meme du nombre. C'étoit une personne à citer pour l'esprit orné, & pour l'élegance des mœurs. Nous lisions ensemble Gil Blas, & quelques Contes de Marmontel. C'étoit un spectacle singulier, du moins pour un etranger, que de voir une Dame des manieres les plus polies s'occuper des belles-lettres au milieu des bois les plus sauvages. Elles avoit de la lecture, & s'exprimoit avec grace. Du reste, la meilleure femme, & la mere la plus tendre que j'ai connue de mes jours.

Que ma vie eut été heureuse au sein de cette famille, si j'avois su en jouir. Mais il me resoit encore une humeur un peu volage, un desir de voyager & de parcourir le monde. Enfin degouté de ma vie, & plein des plus beaux projets pour l'avenir, je partis de la Caroline du Sud vivement emu des larmes de mes eleves qui je quittois pour toujours.

Coosohatchie adieu! O demeure tranquille, chambre où j'ai tant écrit, planchers que j'ai tant arrosés de mes pleurs, je vous salue! Je vous quitte, calme retraite, ou j'ai vecu loin du tumulte & du bruit. Restez toujours ouverte au voyageur egaré; recevez-le; qu'il trouve sous votre toît un abri contre la persecution, & que ce Monument que je vous ai erigé dans une langue etrangere, fasse connoître à son cœur attendri que vous fûtes habitée par un infortuné.

The Difference between History and Romance.

HISTORY and romance are terms that have never been very clearly distinguished from each other. It should seem that one dealt in fiction, and the other in truth; that one is a picture of the *probable* and certain, and the other a tissue of untruths; that one describes what *might* have happened, and what has *actually* happened, and the other what never had existance.

These distinctions seem to be just; but we shall find ourselves somewhat perplexed, when we attempt to reduce them to practice, and to ascertain, by their assistance, to what class this or that performance belongs.

Narratives, whether fictitious or true, may relate to the processes of nature, or the actions of men. The former, if not impenetrable by human faculties, must be acknowledged to be, hitherto, very imperfectly known. Curiosity is not satisfied with viewing facts in their disconnected state and natural order, but is prone to arrange them anew, and to deviate from present and sensible objects, into speculations on the past or future; it is eager to infer from the present state of things, their former or future condition.

The observer or experimentalist, therefore, who carefully watches, and faithfully enumerates the appearances which occur, may claim the appellation of historian. He who adorns these appearances with cause and effect, and traces resemblances between the past, distant, and future, with the present, performs a different part. He is a dealer, not in certainties, but probabilities, and is therefore a romancer.

An historian will relate the noises, the sights, and the smells that attend an eruption of Vesuvius. A romancer will describe, in the first place, the *contemporary* ebullitions and inflations, the combustion and decomposition that take place in the bowels of the earth. Next he will go to the origin of things, and de-

scribe the centrical, primary, and secondary orbs composing the universe, as masses thrown out of an immense volcano called *chaos*. Thirdly, he will paint the universal dissolution that is hereafter to be produced by the influence of volcanic or internal fire.

An historian will form catalogues of stars, and mark their positions at given times. A romancer will arrange them in *clusters*, and dispose them in *strata*, and inform you by what influences the orbs have been drawn into sociable knots and circles.

An electrical historian will describe appearances that happen when hollow cylinders of glass and metal are placed near each other, and the former is rubbed with a cloth. The romancer will replenish the space that exists between the sun and its train of planetary orbs, with a fluid called electrical; and describe the modes in which this fluid finds its way to the surface of these orbs through the intervenient atmosphere.

Historians can only differ in degrees of diligence and accuracy, but romancers may have more or less probability in their narrations. The same man is frequently both historian and romancer in the compass of the same work. Buffon, Linneus, and Herschel, are examples of this union. Their observations are as diligent as their theories are adventerous. Among the historians of nature, Haller was, perhaps, the most diligent: among romancers, he that came nearest to the truth was Newton.

It must not be denied that, though history be a term commonly applied to a catalogue of natural appearances, as well as to the recital of human actions, romance is chiefly limited to the latter. Some reluctance may be felt in calling Buffon and Herschel romancers, but that name will be readily conferred on Quintus Curtius and Sir Thomas More. There is a sufficient analogy, however, between objects and modes, in the physical and intellectual world, to justify the use of these distinctions in both cases.

Physical objects and appearances sometimes fall directly beneath our observation, and may be truly described. The duty of the *natural* historian is limited to this description. *Human* actions may likewise be observed, and be truly described. In this respect, the actions of *voluntary* and *involuntary* agents, are alike, but in other momentous respects they differ.

Curiosity is not content with noting and recording the *actions* of men. It likewise seeks to know the *motives* by which the agent is impelled to the performance of these actions; but motives are modifications of thought which cannot be subjected to the senses. They cannot be certainly known. They are merely topics of conjecture. Conjecture is the weighing of probabilities; the classification of probable events, according to the measure of probability possessed by each.

Actions of different men, or performed at different times, may be alike; but the motives leading to these actions must necessarily vary. In guessing at these motives, the knowing and sagacious will, of course, approach nearer to the truth than the ignorant and stupid; but the wise and the ignorant, the sagacious and stupid, when busy in assigning motives to actions, are not *historians* but *romancers*.

The motive is the cause, and therefore the antecedent of the action; but the action is likewise the cause of subsequent actions. Two contemporary and (so to speak) adjacent actions may both be faithfully described, because both may be witnessed; but the connection between them, that quality which constitutes one the effect of the other, is mere matter of conjecture, and comes within the province, not of *history*, but *romance*.

The description of human actions is of moment merely as they are connected with motives and tendencies. The delineation of tendencies and motives implies a description of the action; but the action is describable without the accompanyment of tendencies and motives.

An action may be simply described, but such descriptions, though they alone be historical, are of no use as they stand singly and disjoined from tendencies and motives, in the page of the historian or the mind of the reader. The writer, therefore, who does not blend the two characters, is essentially defective. It is true, that facts simply described, may be connected and explained by the reader; and that the describer may, at least, claim the merit of supplying the builder with materials. The merit of him who drags stones together, must not be depreciated; but must not be compared with him who hews these stones into just proportions, and piles them up into convenient and magnificent fabrics.

That which is done beneath my own inspection, it is possible for me certainly to know and exactly to record; but that which is performed at a distance, either in time or place, is the theme of foreign testimony. If it be related by me, I relate not what I have witnessed, but what I derived from others who were witnesses. The subject of my senses is merely the existence of the record, and not the deed itself which is recorded. The truth of the action can be weighed in no scales but those of probability.

A voluntary action is not only connected with cause and effect, but is itself a series of motives and incidents subordinate and successive to each other. Every action differs from every other in the number and complexity of its parts, but the most simple and brief is capable of being analized into a thousand subdivisions. If it be witnessed by others, probabilities are lessened in proportion as the narrative is circumstantial.

These principles may be employed to illustrate the distinction between history and romance. If history relate what is true, its relations must be limited to what is known by the testimony of our senses. Its sphere, therefore, is extremely narrow. The facts to which we are immediate witnesses, are, indeed, numerous; but time and place merely connect them. Useful narratives must comprise facts linked together by some other circumstance. They, must, commonly, consist of events, for a knowledge of which the narrator is indebted to the evidence of others. This evidence, though accompanied with different degrees of probability, can never give birth to certainty. How wide, then, if romance be the narrative of mere probabilities, is the empire of romance? This empire is absolute and undivided over the motives and tendencies of human actions. Over actions themselves, its dominion, though not unlimited, is yet very extensive.

X.

A LITERARY WARE-HOUSE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

PERIODICAL works are intended to amuse the serious, relieve the diligent, fix the giddy, and employ the idle. Variety of topics is the first ingredient, and excellence in each kind cannot be dispensed with. There must be many subjects discussed. They must be discussed in a light, familiar, and attractive manner. Elegance at one time, and profoundness at another, must be studied. Humour must be mingled with pathos; seriousness with gaiety; poetry with narrative; argument with ridicule, and eloquence with wit.

A *Magazine* ought literally to be a *shop* where stuffs of all conceivable or vendible kinds, where hemp from Russia, linen from Connaught, leather from Tunis, cotten from Hoquang, and silk from Aleppo, should be offered for sale, wrought into all textures, dyed of all colours, and cut into all shapes.

The austere or covetous œconomist, who seeks only what necessity requires; the man of taste, who is willing to purchase elegance at any price; the prodigal, who values a stuff in proportion to its cost; and the devotee to fashion, with whom novelty is all in all, should be readily and liberally supplied. The ware-house should contain the cheapest and expensivest, the coarsest and most delicate, most rare and most common, most necessary and most fashionable, ready made and to-be-made, far brought, and home-wrought commodities.

Thus supplied, the shopman may look for reputation, custom, and gain. He may expect his door to be crowded, his compter to be heaped, his ears to be dinned, his hands to be full, his eyes to be busy, and, last and *best* of all, his *till* to be overflowing.

A literary ware-house should be merely a type, on a larger scale, of a literary magazine. The shelves of one, like the pages of the other, should have something to answer the call, provoke the wishes, gratify the taste, and open the purse of the dealer in old coins, the enthusiast in broken freezes, and the porer upon musty rolls; the inquirer into ancient, and searcher into modern lore; the devotee to *Mathesis*, the votary of politics, the inamorato of the muse, the scholar of Heine, the disciple of Machiavelli, the follower of Newton, the partizan of Condillac, and the copyist of Rumford.

Riddles and connundrums to puzzle the fair; tales to transport the passions of the young, to call forth, at one time, laughter, and, at another, tears; dialogues, by turns, merry and grave, satyrical and monitory; portraits of gossips and statesmen, of students and foplings; disquisitions upon gazeous fluids, and patterns of vests; upon Egyptian battles, and new-fashioned saucepans; on the origin of pestilence, and the mechanism of a tooth-pick; on the theory of punishment, and the price of butter; on the topography of Saturn, and of Owyhee; on Tautochronous curves, and the era of Calioughan; gay epigrams, doleful elegies, apologues, prologues, ballads and enigmas, lyrics and heroics, should all be found alike in the greater Magazine, and in the less.

And now, having explained what a periodical work like yours ought to be, what general readers will naturally expect to find, and what your reputation and your interest equally command you to furnish, I might proceed to state how far you are actually deficient, and how much is wanting before your shop can hope to be frequented. This, however, would be an invidious, and I am afraid, a useless task. Your poverty and dullness are manifest enough, but, I fear, cannot be cured. It is a vice of nature, which art, therefore, which admonition and rebuke will avail nothing to correct.

I would gladly keep you to that zeal, wit and versatility; that power of changing colours and shapes; that store of practical and speculative knowledge, requisite to make you, by turns, and within the compass of thirty days, and eighty pages, a story-teller, dramatist, and *argumentalists;* a critic, poet, and statesman; a weigher of fluids, a dissector of ores, a guager of the stars, and a tryer of syllogisms. I would give you all this power if you were capable of receiving it, or, what is of no less moment to be considered, if I had it to give. Be content, therefore, with my good wishes and my pity, and rank me with those who are inclined to wink at your defects. You will never, at least, be valued for less than you are worth, by

CANDIDE.

On the Means of Destroying Caterpillars.

Philadelphia, March 25, 1800.

SIR,

AGREEABLY to what I said to you on the subject of destroying the caterpillar in fruit trees, I now sit down to reduce to writing, the substance of that information, and the experience I have had of its beneficial effects.

Previous to the spring of 1793, I had made use of almost every method to destroy those insects, which I had seen published or heard of; but I found, on trial, that none of them answered the purpose effectually. In April, 1793, on my way to Edenton, I stopped at Mr. John Gray Blount's, at Washington, North-Carolina, and, speaking to him on the subject, he informed me that he had, after many trials, found an effectual remedy; which, he told me, was spirits of turpentine. It being too late in the season when I returned home, no experiment was made that year; but the next, about the last of March, I found my apple-orchard full of caterpillars, and immediately had recourse to the spirits of turpentine. The method I pursued was as follows: I took a syringe, and when I could reach the nest with it, squirted it once or twice full, according to its size, into the body of the nest; and when they were too high to be got at by the syringe, I put a piece of rag, or sponge, on the end of a reed or long light pole, dipt it into the spirits of turpentine, and thrusted it once or twice through the nest. In this manner, with two hands, I had an orchard of thirteen hundred trees gone through in about three hours, and in the space of three or four days not a caterpillar was to be seen in the orchard, nay, some scattering trees at the distance of forty or fifty yards from the other trees, which were full of caterpillars, and had no spirits put on them, were likewise cleared of them. I have every spring since 1793 made use of this remedy in my orchard, and never knew it fail of success. Last year I communicated this method of destroying that noxious insect to the Philosophical Society in this city, through Alexander Martin, Esq. but have not heard of any person being the better for it. You are at liberty to publish this method of preserving an orchard from their annual ravages, in any manner you think proper.

I am, Sir,
Your most obliged servant.
RICHARD DOBBS SPAIGHT.

Mr. J. Sharpless.

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from page 30.]

"A WIFE! Clelia Neville a wife! She belongs to another! The obstacle, indeed, is not to be surmounted. My happiness is gone; my trust in the sincerity of others, in the blandishments of fortune, in the fictions of probability, in the suggestions of my own dicernment, in the consolatory accents of hope, is gone.

"*A wife!*" That little word was sufficient wholly to reverse my sensations; to throw me from my pinnacle of joyous confidence, and leave me whelmed in the utter darkness of despair. I can scarcely tell what were my first gestures, or what were the words I uttered after my senses had been struck by this fatal intelligence. My heart swelled with horror, indignation, and grief; with indignation at that hypocrisy which I imagined to have been exercised to entice me to the verge of this precipice; horror at the guilt to the commission of which I seemed to have been rushing; grief at the closing of my prospects; at the fruitlessness of all my efforts after happiness; of all those humiliations and artifices which I had employed to prolong the ignorance and elude the suspicions of my cousin. Thus had the wiles of the deceiver thrown back upon himself the well-earned penalty of disgrace, disappointment, and despair.

I broke from her presence in a mood half made up of sullenness and rage. I shut myself up in solitude. I avenged myself by curses on my evil fortune; by muttering to the unconscious walls my abhorrence of her dissimulation and concealment; by half-formed vows of abjuring the society of mankind; of flying from my hated country; of withdrawing from life.

From upbraiding Clelia, my infatuation passed to wreaking my impotent resentment on my cousin, whose perverseness, by driving me to search elsewhere for happiness, exposed me to this misery and ignominy. Sydney was likewise detested as the primitive cause of my misfortunes; as the great dispenser of ill, whose malignant agency would never fail to blast my most auspicious and best-concerted projects, and from whose wanton persecution I could only hope to escape by placing oceans and continents between us.

This fit of passion gradually remitted its violence. After some hours, spent in a kind of phrenzy which only wanted duration to be as ferocious and destructive as any that receives the name, my thoughts began to flow in a more equable course. Time hushes every storm, and when the hurricane has ended its career, every flowing of the billows is less impetuous than the last; till, at length, the tranquillizing power "summâ placidum caput extulit undâ." Thus it is in the tempests of the mind. Hope breaks through the cloud which hung over us and shut out the day, and brings back serenity and radiance.

Insensibly my mind reverted to the contemplation of those events which preceded my first meeting with Miss Neville. I called back my ancient feelings with regard to my cousin. From regretting the artifices and concealments of which I had been guilty, I began to regard them as having been prudent and wise. I blessed myself for having thus long delayed the disclosure of my intercourse with this foreigner; and determined, henceforth, to act as if she had never been known to me; to resume my visits to my cousin; and find, in her ingenuous confidence, her artless affection, and the effusions of her pure and upright mind, a recompense for my recent disappointments.

You will ask if my passion for Clelia was thus easily annihilated; if the lapse of a single day or week was sufficient to free me from shackles which are usually the strongest which nature has imposed upon youthful hearts; if the extinction of desire thus rapidly followed the extinction of hope. This inference would be very wide of the truth, yet it was the inference which was drawn, at that time, by myself. My state was like that of a person who had rashly entangled himself in a fen, and, after panic fears and vehement struggles, has safely reached the firm ground. Exhausted by my efforts, I stood still to retrieve my composure and strength, and found a nameless delight in comparing my present safety with my past danger.

Such is the nature of passion; and, especially, of this passion. Our views of things are perpetually varying; and our feelings, conforming themselves to the change, are tranquil or stormy, torn by regrets or soaring into tranquillity. The first belief that succeeded to the rage of disappointment, was that of being free from the enchantments which had hitherto seduced me. I imagined that my love for Clelia was at an end; though my new emotions, with respect to my cousin, were merely those of brotherly esteem, and such as to enable me, with sincerity and cheerfulness, to conform to those conditions which she imposed on our intercourse.

In this state of fleeting and delusive calm, I resolved to visit my cousin. Almost a fortnight had passed since I had seen her last. By indirect expressions, I had given her reason to suppose that this interval would be passed at Calverton. She had remonstrated against so long an absence; but my state of mind made my interviews with her irksome and embarrassing, and I readily seized any means of avoiding them. I pleaded some necessity for staying at this farm, and, in truth, the intervals between my visits to Miss Neville, had been chiefly spent in that retreat. Sydney was still abroad, and Louisa was still with her friends on the bank of Schuylkill; and to her, on the approach of evening, I repaired.

I found her pensively walking in an embowered alley of the garden. At my approach, pleasure took place of all other emotions, and she stretched out her hand—"Have you come at last, my dear cousin! Let me first bid you welcome, and then demand from you the cause of this unfriendly absence."

I stammered out some poor apology, and promised more attention for the future.

"Nay," she replied, "let your inclination guide you. Much as I love your company, its value must depend upon being cheerfully and willingly bestowed. And yet," continued she, checking herself, and after a moment's pause, "what a foolish saying was that! What a criminal effusion of selfishness and pride! I want your company much, and will solicit it, and claim it, even should you be averse or reluctant. It becomes me to vanquish that aversion and contend with that reluctance. I have wished for you, and looked for you every evening this week. I have thought of you very much, and longed to communicate my thoughts. Go, sit down upon that bench, and I will tell you all that I have been thinking."

Being seated, she took up a book that lay upon the bench—"See here, what I have been reading this afternoon. How hard beset will you think me, to find it necessary to resort to Mademoiselle Scuderi for entertainment. I found the volume in a garret. It was new to me. I never heard of it, or saw it before, and my curiosity, I promise you, was highly gratified by the first score or two of pages. Look at it."

I took the book, and the first words I met with were Statira, Lysimachus, Perdiccas. I closed the volume with a deep sigh.

She darted piercing eyes at me, and said, "Why that sorrowful air? Do you know the book?"

"Full well," I answered. "If I ever grow old and reflect upon the events that formed my character, I shall mark out this book as the most powerful of all the agents who made me what I am. If I am fickle and fantastic, not a moral or rational, or political being, but a thing of mere sex, *this* it was that fashioned me. I almost predict that I shall owe an ignominious life, and a shameful end, to this book."

I again opened the volume, carelessly. A letter appeared between the leaves. It was superscribed "Louisa Calvert," and the hand writing was Sydney's. Something like jealousy and envy just then twitched me at the heart.

"Ah!" said she, "that is what I want you to read. It talks a great deal about you, and has told me something that has furnished its chief employment to my mind for these several days. It is that which has made me so impatient for your coming."

At these words my heart misgave me. Is it possible, thought I, that this audacious intermeddler has betrayed me? But it cannot be. He is too far off to be acquainted with my movements.

I unfolded and read with some hurry and trepidation. All the while, the eyes of my companion were fixed upon me. They were usually languid and inexpressive, but now they had a strange and fascinating power. Full of conscious purity and benevolent meaning, she seemed prepared to read my inmost soul, and yet, not as a censor or accuser, but as forgiving and compassionate.

Angel of a woman! Methinks I see thee at this moment! Thy virtue was sufficient to irradiate even thy homely features! But I must not call thee thus vividly to my remembrance. I must forget that cruel fate that made me the engine to destroy thee. All is now past; and my story will benefit others, though it plunges me again into anguish and repining. That persuasion shall support me in relating it; in exhibiting my guilt and folly in their genuine colours, and in doing justice to thy memory.

The first part of this letter related to himself, his own situation and employments; but presently he proceeded to a new topic, and continued in these words.

—"You tell me that your time is chiefly spent without visitants; that Felix himself has deserted you; that he finds full occupation for his time at Calverton; and yet, you add, that you wonder what entertainment he can find in that unsightly and unwholesome spot, surrounded by black faces, parched fields, and long grass.

"Your wonder is very natural; but in this case it proceeds from your ignorance: Calverton, in truth, has no charms for your cousin. Few of his hours are spent there. They are much more agreeably devoted to a new acquaintance in the city. This is some lovely female from abroad, on whom our young friend has already bestowed his heart. What is the exact nature of their intercourse I am not informed, but it is intimate and frequent. I greatly fear that the impetuosity of Calvert has carried him forward with too much speed, or with too little circumspection. I shall very shortly return and council him as a friend; meanwhile, I would have you procure a meeting with him, extort from him some hints respecting his genuine situation, and be that guardian of his virtue and happiness for which your good sense, and your affection for him, so eminently qualify you."—

During the perusal of this, my confusion was inexpressible. Shame, at this detection of my imposture, and rage against the author of it, filled my heart almost to bursting. I threw the paper on the ground, and felt myself prompted to rush out of the garden. I turned my eyes from my cousin, and wished that some power would suddenly strike me deaf, that I might be screened from her reproaches. I expected nothing but the keenest rebukes, or the most contemptuous raillery. A pause of some minutes ensued. At length my cousin spoke.

"Why, my friend, are you thus disturbed? Have you been unfortunate? Is any disaster connected with your intercourse with the person here alluded to? Let me comfort you; let me counsel you. Tell me who she is, and what has passed between you; perhaps I may assist you. If your happiness requires it, I will be your intercessor, and your advocate."

"Good Heaven! Do you not then upbraid me? Do you not scorn me, drive me from your presence as a villain and betrayer?"

She shuddered at these words. She looked at me with eyes of terror and pity, and clasping her hands, "Have you, indeed, betrayed her? Have you debased yourself? Have you acted vilely by a woman and a stranger?"

I saw the nature of her error, and made haste to remove it. "No, no. She has received no injury from me. Her character, her innocence, are pure as they ever were. I have not betrayed or deceived her."

"Do you speak true? I beseech you, I conjure you, tell me the truth. Have you not injured her?"

I averred my innocence once more.

"Why then charge yourself with villainy, with deceit? Whom have you deceived?"

These words involved me in new perplexity. Was she not aware of my imposture with regard to herself? Had I not encouraged her fallacious inferences as to the state of my mind, and allowed her to ascribe appearances, which flowed from my affection for another; from fear and remorse, to emotions connected with my former pretensions to herself?

Observing my silence, she continued: "Have you been guilty of deceit? Whom have you deceived, and on what account could you persuade yourself to act so base a part?"

"Have I not concealed from you even the existence of Clelia Neville?"

"Alas! You did not deem me worthy of your confidence. The interest that I take in your welfare, you rated too lightly. I have not succeeded in convincing you that I am worthy of your trust. You impute to me indifference, or selfishness, or envy, and hence have arisen your concealments. You imagined, perhaps, that I should be weak enough to derive unhappiness from your attachment to another, though I had, of my own accord, and against your inclination, unloosed all the ties that bound you to me—though I had voluntarily given up my claim to your heart, or wicked enough to hinder your success. You were reluctant, therefore, to make me unhappy, or to raise obstacles in the way of your wishes. Ought I then to blame you for concealment? Ought I not rather to regret the failure of my own efforts, to evince the consistency and rectitude of my sentiments, and to be more diligent for the future?

"Let me, then, persuade you to lay aside disguise, and to confide in me. Depend upon my council and aid in any good cause. Who is the woman that Sydney speaks of? Do you love her? Is she worthy? What wishes or views do you form respecting her? How arose your acquaintance, and whither does it tend? Pr'ythee tell me the whole. Without scruple or evasion tell it me, my more than brother—my friend!"

Was it possible to resist this bewitching frankness? To listen to such accents and not be brought a penitent confessor, to her feet? The motives of my former conduct had indeed been various and mixed. Those which she just ascribed to me, had some part in swaying me to secrecy; but these were not the whole, nor the chief. I feared the imputation of caprice; my doubts of the ultimate decision of Clelia made me hold fast my former claim upon my cousin; a claim which my frank avowals, I imagined, would weaken or wholly take away. But these were impulses of which her generous mind was not aware. She was prone to find in others, and especially me, a purity and self-oblivion like her own.

Should I now disclose to her the full extent of my versatile and sordid temper? Should I give her the pain of knowing the depth and number of transgressions, of which I sincerely repented, and of which, with the usual temerity of inexperience, I ardently vowed never more to be guilty? Equally humiliating to me, and useless to her, would be such confessions. If hitherto I had not merited her good opinion, hereafter I would do nothing to invalidate my claim.

In this state of mind, I adventured to recount to her my introduction to Miss Neville, and the incidents that had since occurred. My narrative was somewhat different from that which I have just related to you. Incidents were truly related, but falsehood almost spontaneously and insensibly insinuated itself into the statement of my motives. The picture was incomplete, inasmuch as certain lineaments and shades were left out, but no spurious addition was admitted; no positive, though untrue assertion was made. How subtly modified are self-delineations, by vanity, or shame, or misjudging interest! How invisibly faint are the boundaries of truth and falsehood!

She listened with great earnestness. When I brought my story to a close, with the confession of Clelia, that she was already a wife, my cousin started and shuddered. A pause of deep abstraction and silence ensued; at length, she said;

"A wife! So long concealed her marriage from you! To mark the tendency of such intercourse, the progress of your feelings to love! To hear the confessions of that love without reluctance or sorrow! To sanction them, to meet them with corresponding confessions! To grant you those proofs of tenderness which, in a wife, are surely unwarranted and culpable! Strange deportment!

"To the accents of love, she listened with complacency. By offers of marriage, she was terrified. Surprise was the master-passion for a time. Why should she be surprised? Did she imagine you acquainted with her true state? And could she cheerfully receive offices of tenderness from one whom she knew to be apprized of her marriage? What rashness! What blindness to consequences!

"You say that she followed her aunt to America; that her coming was unexpected and unwelcome. It must, then, have been criminal, or, at least, indiscreet and rash. Could she have fled from her husband? Perilous, indeed, my brother, has been your situation. Let this event contribute to inspire you with caution. Be grateful to that succouring Providence which has saved you from ruin; and be, for the future, less prone to confide in the illusions of beauty, and the flattery of first impressions. What have you resolved to do? I hope this has been the last interview."

I assured her that it was so, and that I had unalterably determined never to see the foreigner again. She expressed the utmost satisfaction at this promise, and urged various considerations to strengthen my adherence to it. That evening was spent in her company, and I did not return to the city till next day.

When I retired to rest, my meditations were active and vivid. The events of this evening had given a new soul to my frame. I caught the sweet whispers of self-approbation, and had a glimpse of that felicity which is a stranger to foreboding and remorse. I admired the means by which this transition was effected, and contemplated my cousin's conduct with astonishment and reverence. Judging of others by myself, I had not preconceived the possibility of such sentiments and such deportment. It seemed to be a different person to whom I had been introduced; and my earliest impressions, with regard to her, those which existed before our first meeting, and which arose, were generated by fancy upon rumour, seemed to be revived. My cousin's homely features and diminutive form gave place to symmetry and dignity, and I wondered at myself for having so long overlooked her loveliness.

Next day, after promising to repeat my visit very speedily, I parted from her, and returned to my lodgings in the city. For a time, I was sensible of no decay of my newly acquired zeal. I reviewed late incidents with satisfaction and tranquillity. My fancy was engrossed by the looks and words of my cousin. Gradually, however, my attention reverted to the topics of our late conversation; and these recalled to my view, Clelia and her train of charms.

I mused upon the progress of our acquaintance; the delight which she seemed to receive from my discourse, and the fatal disclosure of her marriage now occurred to me, attended with all the indications of grief which were visible on that occasion. From an object of indignation, she insensibly appeared before me as entitled to compassion. That she had eloped from her husband, was sufficiently apparent; but it did not appear that she had fled with a seducer: on the contrary, she had sought protection in the arms of an affectionate and virtuous aunt, whose grief might have been excited, not by the crimes, but by the misfortunes of her neice; and who had, surely, afforded some proof of her parental confidence and love, by bequeathing to her so large a property. Besides, what reprehensible or suspicious had been discovered in the conduct of Clelia since her arrival on these shores? The friends of Mrs. Keith were her friends. Her mode of life was a chaste seclusion, unapproached by any whose intercourse might contaminate her purity. She was free, not from actual degradation merely, but from slander and suspicion. Were not these circumstances of some weight in the scale?

True it is that she is married; yet she has confessed her love for me, and is that so henious an offence? If it may claim to be forgiven, surely that claim may be made with most reason on him who is the object of her love. Persecution and resentment, from any quarter, may be undeserved; but from him to whom her heart is devoted, and for whose sake her guilt, if any guilt has been contracted, would be, in an uncommon degree, barbarous and perverse. The motives of her flight may possibly have been such as to be excused, if not justified by a candid arbiter; and why should I decide upon these motives, and on the equity of her conduct, before I am acquainted with them?

I had withdrawn from our last interview in rage. Was this the treatment she had merited? What was her crime in suppressing the mention of that which possibly she imagined to be known to me already? My conduct was precipitate and cruel, but it cannot now be repaired. I have vowed never to see her more. My promise to Louisa is sacred, and must be preserved.

With these reasonings passing through my mind, I reached home. I had scarcely entered the house, when a letter was presented to me by my landlord. I started when I saw that the superscription was in the same hand with that in which the billet formerly received, was written. "So!" said I, "a letter from Clelia herself! This is an evil omen." I hastily opened, and read as follows:

"*To* Felix Calvert.

"You left me in anger and contempt. What has happened to lessen me in your esteem? I deserve nothing but your pity. I demand your pity.

"Your proposal astonished and grieved me. It astonished me because I had good reason to believe you acquainted with my situation, and because it was inconsistent with those opinions you had previously avowed. You taught me to believe that you could love me with the same passion with which you could love a friend of your own sex.

"I am grieved to find you a stranger to my real condition. Had I supposed that ignorance, I should long ago have hastened to remove it. I beseech you, afford me the opportunity of justifying my conduct. You know me merely as a fugitive from my husband and my country, and you impute to me all that is criminal and odious; but the true reasons of my actions will shew you that I am not without excuse. I request one last interview, that I may lay before you these reasons.

"I invite you not to a renewal of intercourse. Neither my happiness nor yours will permit that. I would see you once more, that I may convince my benefactor that I am not altogether as unworthy as he thinks me; but, thenceforth, we must part for ever.

"I will expect you at the customary hour this evening.

C. N."

Was this summons to be obeyed? Compliance was but just. An invitation to a single interview, for a purpose like this, was innocent and laudable. What but good could flow from compliance? I had promised my cousin not to visit Miss Neville (for so I will continue to call her); but she, herself, would readily absolve me from this promise, were she apprised of the purpose of the desired interview. I will go.

My conjecture had been right. She supposed me acquainted with her marriage; yet, how could that knowledge have been obtained? Perhaps from her aunt's friends, with whom I might be naturally imagined to have some intercourse.

I paid my visit at the appointed hour. I found her as usual when the evening was serene, in the garden. She received me with some marks of confusion and distress. As I approached the house, my placidness and courage began to yield place to dejection and restlessness. These increased on entering the alcove, where so many pleasureable moments had passed; and the sight of her pale hues and downcast eyes, completed the subversion of my fortitude. My sensations on leaving her, at the former interview, returned upon me with scarcely less force.

I did not speak. I did not seat myself beside her, but opposite. I folded my hands upon my breast, and waited, mournfully, for what communications she should please to make. After some pause, she said, in a tremulous tone:

"I have invited you hither, without knowing whether you had any desire for the interview. I have offered to communicate the knowledge of events, which, perhaps, are to you indifferent. What I tell you, may only, in a slight degree, lessen your disapprobation; but I would fain restore myself to the esteem of one who has saved my life. I would elude the charge of having seduced your affections, by appearances of being willing to accept them, without the violation of my duty.

"It is true, alas! that I am married; but the man who claims my person, has no claim upon my esteem and my love. I have fled from his house, because it was a scene of depravity and tyranny. I have exercised no other liberty than that of forbearing intercourse with a wretch, polluted by the blackest guilt. To withdraw from his power, to regard him with aversion instead of love, was no crime. To feel gratitude for real services; to give esteem, confidence, and love to another who deserves it, is consistent with every duty to my husband; and I have fostered these emotions towards you without remorse.

"My father was a banker of Dublin. My mother died a few hours after my birth, and left me, the only consolation of my father. My early years were spent without any remarkable occurrence. At the age of fourteen I was permitted to take up my abode with my father's sister, Mrs. Keeth, who, at that period, came from America, and was left lonely and disconsolate, by the death of her husband. She adopted, and treated me as her own, and I was not wanting in filial affection and gratitude.

"I had passed my eighteenth year, not without many suitors. None of them were such as obtained, at once, my own approbation, and that of my two parents: and their concurrence, as well as that of my own heart, was an indispensible condition of success. I was an only child, and the heiress of both my father and his sister, and both were deemed rich. Hence there was no want of amorous protestors, and disinterested wooers; but I erected a standard, by which to judge of their sincerity, that none of them could endure.

"At length one was introduced to me, by name Belgrave. His family was ancient, and much superior in dignity to mine. He was possessed of great fortunes, which he spent with magnificence, but without visible profusion. He was in the bloom of youth, graceful, elegant, insinuating. He had received the usual education, and spent the usual time in foreign countries, from which he had returned, with all that speciousness and gloss about him, which converse, on equal terms, with the great and the gay, are adapted to produce.

"He quickly selected me for the object of his devotion, and employed every means of gaining my esteem. He conformed to all my pursuits and opinions; applauded and condemned according to the example which I set him, and made himself, as nearly as possible, a copy of that model which my fancy had most delighted to contemplate.

"His efforts were in some degree successful. His manners, and his general conduct, were such as I readily and ardently approved. His external circumstances were liable to no exception; but still there was a nameless something in his countenance and carriage, which I could not prevail upon my heart to love. When called upon to state the grounds of my aversion, I could mention no strain of discourse, no mode of conduct which I disapproved. His tongue was fluent, and always prodigal of generous feelings, and heroic ardours, and his features were flexible and animated; and yet the look of true benevolence—an eye, ingenious and benignant, were never to be found by me. Doubts, misgivings, proneness to shrink, to cover up my feelings, as from one incapable of sharing in them, always swayed me in his presence, and when my attention was fixed upon his face. They were instinctive, and inexplicable. I could not clearly define them to another, and produce in another the same emotions with regard to him.

"After a due period of assiduity he besought my hand. It was refused. His humiliation and grief were unaffected, but wrought no change in my resolutions. My aunt and my father were engaged as his advocates. I could convince neither of them of the propriety of my objections. In their eyes, my scruples appeared absurd and capricious. They were hearkened to with disgust, and censured with asperity. Solicitations and commands, menaces of separation and displeasure, were liberally employed to vanquish what was called my infatuation and my folly.

"Hitherto I had known little but happiness. My aunt's and my father's approbation and love, had amply compensated me for the few ills and privations which had fallen to my lot; but these consolations were now withdrawn. I reverenced their judgments; but their arguments, while they taught me to mistrust my own impressions, did not weaken these impressions, or prevent me from sinking into grief, at the prospect of becoming the wife of Belgrave.

"This state of fluctuation continued for several months. Belgrave was indefatigable in his importunities, in his appeals to my compassion, and my reason, in his vows of eternal gratitude, and boundless devotion; and my parents were no less urgent in contending with scruples, which they deemed fantastic, ridiculous and criminal.

"I will not dwell upon the feelings with which I endured this conflict. They cannot be described. They cannot be conceived but by one who loved with gratitude and fervour like mine, devoted to a revered parent, and idolizing the penetration and generosity of my friend. Their rebukes became daily more severe, and my fainting courage became every day more unequal to resistance. My father, at length, disclosed obligations under which Belgrave had laid him, and which, as they had saved him from bankruptcy, had preserved me from indigence. These demanded every grateful service; and my refusal to become Belgrave's wife, would offend my father and my aunt beyond forgiveness. Subdued, at length, I resigned myself to my fate.

"Too soon were the forebodings of my fears realized. Those appearances were laid aside, which he had deemed necessary for the attainment of his purposes. Cohabiting with him, I became acquainted with transactions and scenes, which, at a distance, could not possibly have been suspected. Under a veil of darkness, propensities were indulged by my husband, that have not a name which I can utter. They cannot be thought of without horror. They cannot be related.

"In the bosom of my aunt, I was unacquainted with the existence of half the vices and evils which infest mankind. For some enormities, which my subsequent experience brought within my observation, so far from knowing them by name, they had never occurred to me as possible. In brooding over my suspicions with respect to Belgrave, I fashioned, as I imagined, the most horrid images of voluptuousness and insensibility; but far different, far more flagrant was the guilt, far more savage the pollutions to which he was habituated.

"My detection of the truth was gradual. Quickly did indifference and inattention succeed to insinuation and warmth; but these slowly gave way to peevishness, impatience, and, at length, to undisguised disgust. Momentary returns to kindness became fewer. Bursts of contempt and resentment became more frequent. Hasty intimations that my pride and my obstinacy, in so long resisting his entreaties, merited punishment, and that his perseverance was dictated by a desire of revenge, sometimes escaped him.

"This vengeance he proceeded to inflict, by treating me with rudeness and contempt; by thwarting all my most trifling wishes; by forbidding his servants to bear my messages, or execute my orders; by affronting my friends and visitants; by interrupting me in my favourite employments of music and reading, or depriving me of the means of pursuing them. My father was shortly taken away by a sudden death, and his property, of course, devolved upon Belgrave. This property enlarged his gratifications, but contributed, in no degree, to my comfort or my deliverance from mistreatment; nor did he strive to conceal from me that my wealth had been the great inducement in applying for my favour, and that the pecuniary assistance which he had given to my father, was merely designed to benefit himself, and to preserve, unimpaired, that fortune which he expected would one day come into his own hands.

"These evils were endured with some degree of fortitude. There were, indeed, moments of agony, of hopeless distress, and of complaint; but my complaints were poured into no ears but those of my aunt. She mingled her tears with mine. She expressed her regrets at her former importunity, but endeavoured to console me by pointing out the path of duty, and shewing me the consequences of adhering to it in the approbation of my conscience and the smiles of a protecting God.

"At length, various circumstances set the depravity of my husband in a new light. For a long time I was blind to the obvious inferences which a person, much acquainted with the world, could not fail to have drawn from appearances. My husband's negligence of me I naturally ascribed to his attachment to some other woman. I could not readily believe what yet appeared to be true, that his associates were wholly of his own sex; and I gave him credit for a rectitude of conduct, in one respect, which was little in unison with other parts of his deportment.

"This illusion came, at length, to an end. Belgrave's contempt and hatred of me exceeded even his regard for his own reputation, and to his own safety, from the animadversions of the law. So open, so shameless was his conduct, that, at length, my own eyes were allowed to witness——.

"I cannot utter it—I was frozen with horror. I doubted whether hideous phantoms, produced by my own imagination, had not deceived me; till my memory, putting past incidents together, convinced me that they were real.

"My husband's presence—his house, became loathsome and intolerable. I flew to my only comforter, my aunt. I related what I had seen, and declared my desperate resolution never more to return to his house; to brave the contumelies of the world, which would never believe the wrongs which I had endured, and which, indeed, would never know the most odious of these wrongs.

"She contended with my despair. She joined with me in my abhorrence of Belgrave, but she endeavoured to reconcile me to my fate; to wean me from reliance on the world's opinion and the world's goods; to seek, in religion, a balm to my wounded spirit, and a basis for hope which the depravity of those around me could never shake.

"My aunt's exhortations were always earnest and pathetic to a degree that never failed to conquer my despair, at least, for a time. Her lessons instilled into me patience, at least, to sustain the miseries of my condition. I consented to return to an habitation polluted by abominable crimes; to hush my murmurs, and to meet the wretch who called himself my husband, without invectives.

"My aunt, shortly after, thought it necessary to return to America. She was the only friend which, in spite of the tyranny and malice of Belgrave, I had preserved. It was she only whose accents had any power to inspire me with fortitude. Her counsels and admonitions were perpetually necessary, and in her bosom I poured my sorrows, and found comfort. She was now going to desert me. She would pass into a distant world, from which she designed never to return. All useful intercourse between us would be cut off.

"I endeavoured to persuade her to relinquish her scheme, and urged the necessity of her presence to prevent me from committing some fatal act of despair or resentment. She resisted my intreaties, and shewed me the weakness of dependance on a fellow creature, whom so many accidents might snatch away from this state of existence. She urged anew the duty of seeking strength from an higher source; and, after many efforts on my side, and many arguments on her's, I consented, with a bleeding heart, to her departure, and to the loss of the only comfort that remained to me.

"I will not dwell upon the incidents that ensued her departure. My husband's conduct became more atrocious than ever. My life became more burthensome. My customary source of fortitude was withdrawn. I was overwhelmed with a consciousness of solitude and wretchedness. I endeavoured, in vain, to practise the lessons of resignation and devotion which my aunt had taught me. I looked after my beloved friend with unspeakable longings. My fancy accompanied her across the inhospitable ocean, and took up its abode with her on the shores of this new world. This employment possessed a strange power of delighting and tormenting me. I pursued it incessantly by night and by day. I loved to sleep, for my dreams were sure to unite me with my absent friend, and to annihilate that dreary interval by which we were severed from each other. I awoke to sorrow; to sorrow that the scene was visionary and fleeting.

"By perpetually musing on the forlornness of my condition, the inquiry was gradually suggested, Is it without remedy? Has my friend gone whither it is impossible to follow her? The ocean is passable by me as well as by her. What should hinder me from pursuing the same track? From seeking deliverance from the tyranny under which I now suffer, by flying to a distant land.

"This thought had not now occurred for the first time. When my aunt's voyage had first been mentioned, my heart involuntarily exclaimed, 'O! that I could be her companion; that I could fly from my country forever, from the power of my bitterest enemy, and the most profligate of men, and hide my head in a remote land of tranquillity and innocence!' This desire I never dared to utter, and made haste to stifle so flattering a gratification.

"To a scheme like that, I knew that my aunt would never consent; that to know that it was harboured for a moment in my bosom, would give her exquisite pain, by shewing her the futility of all her efforts to convince me of my sacred duty and irrevocable obligations. Now this scheme was anew suggested to my thoughts with more attractions than ever. The more I revolved it, the more practicable and eligible it appeared.

"What," said I, "are the impediments that hinder me? Cannot I withdraw from this habitation and this city, without exciting my husband's opposition? He little suspects that my despair could prompt me to an action like this. He will, therefore, employ no precautions against it. If I conceal my name, assume a different and plainer garb, and retire to some obscure sea-port in the north, I may embark for America without molestation, and my place of refuge will never be suspected by those whom I leave behind.

"My flight will be regarded with pleasure by Belgrave, more than with anger. He will not know whither I have fled. He will suppose me lost in obscurity and indigence, and his savage heart will derive satisfaction from reflecting on the humiliations and embarrassments to which he may imagine me subjected. Instead of diligently pursuing my footsteps, and reclaiming possession of my person, he will be contented with my property, and rejoice at being freed from that restraint which my presence could not fail, in some degree, to produce.

"He may propagate some tale injurious to my honour, and my reputation may be blasted; but, free as I am from reproach, and notorious as my husband's vices have at length become, what have I to fear from his aspersions? On what ground has my conduct afforded him the possibility of building slanderous insinuations? And will he not be deterred by the uncertainty of my condition, and the likelihood, therefore, that I live to confute his falsehoods, and to avenge my injuries, by unfolding to the world those enormities which would not only cover him with infamy, but expose to danger his liberty, and even his life.

"My friend will be grieved at my conduct; but, surely, if it cannot be justified, it is yet not without excuse. Her wisdom will reconcile her to an event which cannot be recalled, and she will not refuse me her protection and her love.

"This scheme, after many difficulties and delays, was carried into execution. I escaped from Dublin without warning any human creature of my design, and without leaving behind me any traces of my flight. After a tempestuous voyage, I arrived in this city. Having found my aunt's habitation, I burst into her presence, and, throwing myself into her arms, poured forth tears of joy and shame.

"My maternal friend easily forgave the errors of her child, when it was no longer in her power to prevent them; but her wisdom could not reconcile her to an act which she deemed a violation of the most sacred duty. Long have I wept over her grave, and my grief has been embittered by the thought that my misconduct contributed to cloud the evening of her life, and, perhaps, to hasten that event which has robbed me of a guide, a protector, and a parent.

"I have no correspondence with my native country. I know not the condition of Belgrave, or the effects which my disappearance has produced upon him or upon others. I have had no desire but to live unmolested and in privacy; in the indulgence of mournful recollections, and in the moderate use of that liberty and those enjoyments which are within my reach, and which are innocent."

Here the narrator paused. I had listened with the deepest interest. I continued to listen. I readily acquitted her of all blame for leaving her country; but how were these events likely to be known to me, when it had probably been her earnest wish to hide them from all mankind, and when, indeed, her own silence, on the subject of her own adventures, had never been broken?

I did not conceal from her these thoughts. Her countenance betrayed embarrassment and perplexity. She hesitated to answer me, and, at length, said:

"It is true. I imagined you to be acquainted with my condition. I found in you one whom I wish to call my friend, because my unhappy situation will not allow any nearer claim. I am content to be the object of your fraternal love; but this is not sufficient for your happiness. I must, therefore, consent to lose the pleasures and advantages of your society; but I thought it due to myself to explain the reasons of a conduct which to you might appear culpable.

"I have suppressed the mention of my own misfortunes, at first, because the subject is painful in remembrance; because suitable occasions for the mention of them never occurred; because your curiosity never appeared to be awakened with regard to them; and you never, even indirectly, and at our most confidential moments, questioned me as to my former or actual condition."

"But that deportment," replied I, eyeing her steadfastly, "might arise from diffidence or false delicacy; from a thousand causes different from my knowledge of your true condition. Besides, how was I to obtain that knowledge? Who was there, beyond these walls, able to communicate it, and from whom I was likely, in my present situation, to obtain it? I have told you that I am nearly a stranger in this city; that there is none of its inhabitants but you with whom I have frequent or friendly intercourse."

Her embarrassment was increased by the steadfastness of my scrutiny. She answered, "I thought you knew it. It was vague conjecture, and fallacious, as the event has now proved. Perhaps I may have found such place in your esteem that you will credit my assertion without knowing the grounds of my opinion. I will not hide from you the existence of such grounds, which, at the same time, I cannot now disclose to you. The time will, perhaps, come, when the disclosure may be possible. Now it is not."

I renewed my questions, but she repelled them in the same manner. To tell her reasons for supposing me more knowing, in relation to her, than I was, was not fit for this time. The consequences of this error were not more to be lamented for my sake than for her's. It had deprived her of a friend.

"Why do you speak thus? Why must this discovery raise an insuperable bar between us? Why should we not interchange our feelings and ideas as formerly?"

She cast at me looks of surprise, mingled with affection—"Have I not betrayed you? Have I not misled you by false pretences, by appearances which did not correspond with truth? Is not this the light by which I am regarded by you?"

"Not if I confide in your assertions that you meant not to deceive me; that you imagined me aware of that obstacle which forbad any intercourse but that of friendship between us?"

Her eyes sparkled with delight at these words. "And do you trust me? Do you confide in me? Will you still be my friend? Will you add another and a greater benefit to that which you bestowed on me in saving my life, by allowing me the affections, the caresses, and the counsels of a brother?"

Such looks and tones accompanied these words, that I yielded my assent, not coldly or reluctantly, but with undisguised and immeasurable fervency.

"I am a forlorn girl," she resumed. "I am an exile and a recluse. I have been the victim of imposture and cruelty. I desire not to mix with the world, or to disclose my condition. I have resumed my father's name, and disown the condition of a wife. What expedient the malice of Belgrave may employ to hurt my reputation, or regain his power over my person, I know not; but I know that my safety depends upon his ignorance of my retreat. My heart is formed for all the tender sympathies of nature. My soul melts when the images of wife and mother occur strongly to my fancy; and I sink into repining at the hardness of my destiny which has cut me off from all these duties and enjoyments.

"Since I have known you, my regrets are less painful. I love to paint myself as owing life and all its enjoyments to your hand. I love that boundless gratitude which swells my heart at the sight of you, and which your estimable qualities have converted into affection and esteem. My love for you is tender; but that love demands nothing but your affection, your society, and your happiness. On my own account, I scarcely regret those bars which hinder you from standing in any nearer relation to me. How happy shall I be if there be no reason to regret it upon your account; if you can cheerfully consent to be my friend—Can you consent? Cheerfully?"

At that moment, and while listening to such accents, it was impossible not to repeat my concurrence. For some hours, my cousin was forgotten. My indignation was dismissed. My horror at the name of wife, my aversion to restraint, was no longer felt. I regarded my companion as a martyr to an ill-fated marriage. Her misfortunes, her desolate condition, her dependence upon me for happiness, and the obstacles to our union not arising, as in my cousin's case, from her own perverseness, but from causes whose existence was as deeply deplored by herself as by me, added to the enchantments of her features and the graces of her demeanour, made me willingly renew my homage at this shrine.

When the interview was at an end, I began to review these incidents with more sobriety. I was struck with wonder at the difference between the consequences of this meeting and those which I had previously imagined would flow from it; at the rapid transitions which my feelings had undergone from indignation and horror, to complacency, and even rapture. "Is there an human heart," said I, "fashioned like mine; susceptible of such extremes; shifting guises and forms with such celerity, and delivering itself up to such opposite emotions within the same short period? And what is now to be done?

"I promised my cousin never to repeat my visit to Miss Neville. Ten hours have scarcely passed since the promise was made, yet I have paid this interdicted visit, and have promised to be more assiduous in my attentions than ever! Will this disobedience be excused by my cousin? Shall I not disclose all that has passed? And will not Clelia be regarded by her as worthy of affection and pity?"

I acquiesced in this resolution; yet I was not in haste to execute it. My hours of leisure I felt most disposed to devote to Miss Neville. The distance from my lodgings was less, and the attractions of her company far more powerful. "I will see my cousin," I said, "shortly, but not to-night. To-morrow will be time enough." When the morrow arrived, my visit was again postponed. I readily admitted a stormy atmosphere to plead my excuse; and even the likelihood of rain was sufficient to reconcile me to delay. Thus day after day occurred; new impediments arose in my way to the Wallace's, and apology for absence became, at once, more necessary and more difficult.

My intercourse with Clelia was such as to intoxicate my juvenile feelings, and to shut out all foreign images. No pair of tongues were ever more voluble when they were set at liberty; and yet, on my part, I never made my own history the theme of my discourse. I loved to paint my visions of fancy; the images collected from books; but, chiefly, I was fond of questioning my friend in relation to her past life, and to the formation and the progress of her sentiments. On this subject she delighted to dwell. Her memory appeared to retain all the impressions of the past. The terms of every interesting dialogue; the looks, gestures, and minutest incidents accompanying it; every hue of the quickest and most mutable feeling, were exhibited with all the graces of a lucid elocution.

These topics were not of an exhaustible kind. They were more acceptable to me than any other. Others were excluded, not so much from any antipathy conceived against them, as because the time was more delightfully engrossed by these.

One evening, entering with my usual carelessness, I discovered Miss Neville in her drawing-room, earnestly contemplating some object which she held in her hand. Her attention was so much absorbed by this object, that she did not notice me till I touched her elbow. She started, thrust something into her bosom, and averted from my eyes a face suffused with the deepest crimson.

"What," said I, "have I caught you? Why is that something so hastily thrust out of sight?"

She stammered out the usual evasions of "Nothing—nothing at all—a matter of no consequence," and made strong efforts to regain her composure.

I grew importunate. A sort of vague suspicion darted through my mind, and whispered me that this was a picture—a picture which was not to be shewn to me, though proper to be gazed at when alone. I ceased to importune. I allowed her to change the conversation; but disquietude rankled in my heart, and I suffered the discourse to languish.

She quickly perceived the cloud upon my brow, and asked, tenderly, the cause.

"What is that," I answered, "which you put into your bosom?" Her confusion returned, and my anxieties increased. She refused to produce it. She was too honest to mislead me by direct assertions, but she besought me to excuse her.

"Readily," said I, gravely, "I excuse you from performing what will give you pain."

She again attempted to engage me in sprightly talk, but my heart was pained. The gloom upon my countenance became more deep. I even made a motion as if I would go away.

"My friend, what is the matter with you? Why this sedateness, this reserve?"

"It is your reserve that occasions mine. You will not tell me what you put into your bosom."

"Must you know?"

"If it be not disclosed, I shall go away less happy than when I came."

After visible embarrassment and struggle, she drew it forth. It was, indeed, a picture. My heart sunk still lower. I had scarcely courage to examine it. What was my surprise and pleasure when, on glancing at it, I beheld—my own image.

"And what need was there of concealing this?" said I. "How could I fail to derive pleasure from this proof of your attachment?"

By this time she had recovered her tranquillity. "It was mere folly, I own. I am a wayward creature; but your kindness will forgive me. In time, I shall become more reasonable and consistent. I have just been altering it."

"Altering it?"

"Yes: when first taken, I committed some egregious mistakes. How I could fall into them, is incomprehensible. I thought I had obtained a perfect image; but, on closer scrutiny, I found I had strayed wide from the true proportions. Your hair is a shade darker than at first sight, and your eyes, instead of being of an heavenly blue, are of an hazel cast."

"Strange mistakes, indeed," said I. "But why did you not order me to sit while you copied my real face?"

"There is reason for that," she replied, casting down her eyes and blushing with bewitching significance.

"Certainly; but what was the reason?"

Half sportively—"I will not tell you. That is still to be a secret. The time will be, I hope, when that and many other kindred mysteries will shew themselves without disguise. Let it content you that the face is your's, and that I wear it *here*, within all these folds, and have worn it. Do you know how I have been employed to-day?"

"No."

"I have been writing. An history. A secret history. Though I have prated so much about myself, I have not told you all. I cannot utter every thing, and what I cannot, I have consigned to the pen. You know nothing yet of my secret history. That will be a feast for you which I mean shortly to set before you."

"Pr'ythee make haste, then, I shall have no rest while a secret remains. But who are the actors in these mysteries?"

"Myself, to be sure, and another."

"What other?"

She cast most expressive looks

at me, yet I could not satisfactorily interpret them—"Cannot you guess?"

"I should hope that in a drama where two characters only are exhibited, and you were one, that I should be the other."

"You have guessed aright. And yet you know me not. I was masqued. But what am I doing? You will rifle my box of secrets before I am aware. I am telling you what I meant you should read. O! let me ask you how came that scar upon your left cheek?"

"In leaping from an hay-mow I fell and struck my head against the edge of a mattock that lay concealed beneath a wisp of straw."

"When did that happen?"

"In my childhood."

She expressed much surprise. "In your childhood? And has it always been thus?"

"Always since my tenth year."

She suddenly became thoughtful, but presently resumed her sprightliness: "This, likewise, was omitted in your first portrait, which is very strange. Methinks the mark is sufficiently conspicuous."

"At our very first interview this scar was noticed by you, so that I conclude my portrait was taken before we met in this house."

This hint was followed by deep confusion—"Talk no more of the portrait. I was an unskilful artist, it is true."

She now called away her own thoughts and mine to some other topic, and I did not muse on these occurrences till we had parted. It was then that her secret history, her masquerade, the portrait formed previous to my knowledge of her, and concealed from me with such solicitude, occurred to my thoughts. My reflections were unattended by pain. They set me to conjecturing what had passed between her escape from the house in flames, till our actual meeting. I had spent that interval chiefly in the city, and many occasions might be conceived on which a glimpse of me might have been afforded her. These surmises were flattering to my vanity, and shewed the deep impression which gratitude had made upon her.

On my return home, I found a billet from my cousin, couched in these words:

"Why do you forget your promise? I want to see you. Come to me to-morrow morning, and make amends for this forgetfulness or negligence. I shall fully expect to see you, so that you must not disappoint me."

This billet threw me into some perplexity. I was conscious how culpable I had been, and was at a loss what apology to make. I could not, however, hesitate to comply, and went next morning to Wallace's. My cousin received me with her usual frankness and affection, and, after a few minutes conversation, in which her friend bore a part, she invited me to walk with her. The air with which this invitation was made, convinced me that something extraordinary engrossed her thoughts. This belief increased my embarrassments.

After a few turns in the garden, and when we appeared at a sufficient distance from interruption, she spoke with great earnestness; and, looking at me steadfastly, "Sydney returned home last week, and spent yesterday here. He tells me that you visit Clelia Neville frequently. You told me, when I saw you last, that you designed to have no more intercourse with that person. What has happened to change this resolution?"

I was silent. She noticed my embarrassment, and resumed, in a tone of irresistible tenderness, "Let not my brother deem me selfish and impertinent. My inquiries are dictated by regard for your welfare. That welfare I believe to be, in some danger. Forgive me, then, for taking you thus to task. You have overlooked your promise to me, but that promise was exacted not merely or chiefly to gratify myself, but to screen you from the most formidable danger which can assail your youth. Far am I from intending to upbraid you for any negligence of me. I have, of my own accord, given up my claims upon your faith; and cannot wonder that beauty, gracefulness, intelligence, and sensibility, far superior to what I possess, have enchanted you in another. For this you are not to blame. You are not to blame for any thing; least of all for withholding your confidence from me, and declining to seek my advice. As soon as I can thoroughly convince you that my regard for you is void of selfishness and jealousy, this reserve will disappear, and I *will* convince you of it.

"You are the son of my mother. She who saved me from indigence and suffering, who took me to her home and her bosom, and gave me all the happiness that I possess, lives in your form, in your features, in your voice. When you are present, she is always before me. You are the pride and the hope of her life. Shall I not love you, then, for her sake?

"But that love is small in proportion to that which I bear you for your own sake. My woman's heart is yours. My very soul reposes in your bosom. I know no happiness but as you are happy. Are the transports of a wife and a mother not to be found in your arms? Are your affections to be given to another? It is well. I unmurmuringly acquiesce. I adopt that other for my substitute. I am anxious, only, that she merits your devotion. To see you betrayed, connected with a specious imposter, with a faithless wanton, would break my heart; indeed it would.

"You are mine," she continued, putting her arm round my neck, and in a tone of new sweetness, "you are mine, and I will not part with you but to one that well deserves the precious gift. Beloved Felix! Clelia Neville deserves you not."

What were my feelings during this address? My heart was fickle and inconstant, but not yet callous. Tears rushed to my eyes. I was subdued. I was torn with remorse for my past insensibility to such excellence. I said, "I have wronged you. Henceforth I put my fate in your hands. Direct me as you please. I will worship and obey you as my better angel."

"That is a good youth; but be not prodigal of promises. Shew your sincerity by disclosing your feelings and motives. Give me a just account of what has happened during your absence. Why, on the evening of the very day we parted, did you go to Miss Neville? Why has so many evenings since been spent with her? From twilight to ten, twelve, and even two o'clock? And why, on leaving this enchantress, instead of seeking your repose, have you rambled to Schuylkill, and descried the dawn from the verge of *Quarry-hill?*"

I started. "How came you acquainted with these incidents?"

"They came to me from Sydney, who gained them from a friend who lives not far from Miss Neville's."

Sydney and his friend, thought I, are officious, and had better be employed about their own concerns. I suppressed these thoughts, and produced the letter which I had received from Clelia. "There," said I, "was my inducement to renew my visits."

She perused the letter. I then recounted the substance of Clelia's narrative. I mentioned the compassion which this story had excited, and my readiness to maintain a friendly intercourse with her. Nothing had since passed unsuitable to those duties which were incumbent on her as a wife. I regarded her as such, and was not ashamed to confess that I delighted in her company. I saw nothing in this intercourse that ought to offend the most scrupulous.

My cousin's eye was full of suspicion and uneasiness. After a pause she said, "She once confessed that she loved you?"

"She did."

"Has she retracted that confession?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"She repeats still that she loves you?"

"She does not deny it."

"She is not particularly circumspect? Reserved?"

"Certainly she is; as much as she ought to be."

"More so than before the discovery of her marriage? Than when she demeaned herself as lovers are used to do?"

"Not more so. In that respect, I see no difference."

"When you offer—she does not decline; she does not shrink from your caresses? She does not manifest displeasure?"

"No; she is as affectionate in her deportment as you are."

"But I am your sister. I am more than your sister. I am not—*a wife*. Has she never wept at those ties which oblige her to treat you merely as a friend? Has she never painted the felicity attendant on indissoluble union with you, and maligned the power which forbids it?"

I could not deny that she had.

"Have you never concurred with her wishes and her tears? Have you never sought relief from impatience and dejection in reflecting that every man must die? That Belgrave's vices will probably expedite his death, and that then you may seek the hand of this woman without a crime?"

"It is true."

"Do not these fits of impatience increase in frequency and obstinacy?"

"I cannot tell. They are more easily removed at one time than at another."

"At moments when your feelings are most active, does not a momentary doubt insinuate itself as to the validity of that bond which inthralls your Clelia to another? It was not strong enough to bind her affections and person to a ruffian. It hinders her not from imbibing and avowing an attachment to one more worthy, and whose heart gives her all its treasures in return. Why, then, (do you not sometimes ask) should it hinder her from giving the natural proofs of that attachment? Conjugal duty, it seems, has not prevented her withdrawing from Belgrave her love, her confidence, and her society. It has not hindered her from bestowing all these upon another. Having given thus much, the seal surely is broken, and duty will permit her to give all. Have not such reveries as these sometimes, however rarely, fluctuated in your thoughts, and rendered you insensible to midnight damps?"

I was silent.

"Have not soliloquies escaped you, at moments when memory was most full of the blandishments and graces of this friend, in which an hearer would distinguish such sounds as 'Unnatural restraints! Arbitrary institutions! Capricious scruples!' tell me, honestly, Felix."

I could not speak.

"But these were merely creatures of a fancy, which, in being ever busy in creation, and always hovering round the image of this girl, must be expected to produce every shape, and to sport with every possible phantom. These images are fleeting. They are chastised and banished by wiser thoughts, which shew you that the effusions of the heart, the interchange of sentiments, and the acceptance and return of chaste caresses, are all that is of lasting value, even in wedlock. With these you resolve to be content, and to wait till circumstances arise that will sanction a closer intimacy."

"There," said I with eagerness, "you do me justice."

"And yet—how often does that officious phrase 'And yet,' interfere to break this equable tenor, to call up a regretful sigh? 'And yet—it is a pity. Life is wasted in delays. Belgrave may survive an half-century.' How often, at the conclusion of an interview, has a contempt of remote consequences, a faith in concealment, indignation at imaginary restraints, and the unjust obloquy of mankind, insensibly gained the upper place in your mind! How often have you noted the repose of nature, the security of solitude, and whispered in her ear, 'Why must we part? Why should we be separated an hour; and why should *this* hour sever us?' And do you not still hear that sweet voice, which sighingly and whisperingly answers, 'Alas! it must be so!"

I was overpowered with confusion. I shuddered as if a witness had really been present at our interviews. I was astonished and abashed at so faithful a picture.

"I forgive your silence," resumed my monitress. "You need not answer me. I see that my conjectures are true. Such must ever be the reveries of one young as you, with principles versatile, ungrounded in religion, or on that morality which is the growth of experience. And the tendency of these things, if not to undermine your virtue, to make you dissolute and callous to reproach, yet, to unnerve your courage, to enfeeble all your energies, to divert your attention from useful knowledge, the service of your friends and your country, you do not see!

"Clelia has hitherto been, in your opinion, blameless. She has been the victim of treachery and cruelty. She fled from the mistreatment of a monster. She stands in need, and she is deserving of a friend. Are not these your opinions?"

"They are."

"And on what evidence are they built?"

I was disconcerted, and at a loss for an answer. At length I said, "I have no evidence but her own assertion. I have told you the story which I heard from her."

"And is that evidence sufficient? How numberless and irresistible are the inducements to conceal what, if known, would redound to our shame! How easy to disguise the real motives of our conduct! Belgrave may have been the inhuman and depraved wretch which he is said to be. Aversion to his features, and impatience of his tyranny, may have existed; but were these the only motives to object to marriage and to abandon her country? Might not her abhorrence of Belgrave partly have arisen from an unauthorized attachment to another? Might not his cruelty partly proceed from reasonable jealousy? And might not that attachment have been one of the inducements to elopement?"

These insinuations startled me. I had no time to weigh their truth. These being admitted by one of my cousin's candour and discernment, entitled them to some regard from me. I besought her to be more explicit. Were these her suspicions? On what grounds were they built?

"You know that she has friends and associates in this country. You know that there are many who have constant intercourse with Dublin. Have you made inquiries among these respecting your friend? Possibly some one might be able to corroborate or confute her story."

I confessed that I had made use of no such expedients.

"But ought they not to have been used? Would they not have naturally occurred to a cautious temper?"

I answered, "that my recent arrival in the city hindred me from forming acquaintanceships with many persons; that, however strong my doubts might have been, and my desire of foreign information, I was wholly at a loss to whom to apply for this end."

"Say rather, my friend, that your devotion to this girl absorbed every thought, and all that time that might have been employed in enlarging the number of your friends, and in supplying you with materials of observation and reflection. You were a stranger to suspicion, and, therefore, reflected not that Mrs. Keith had been much known and respected in this city; that persons existed who had been serviceable to her in the management and disposal of her property; that her will, by which she made this girl her successor, must have had executors, and witnesses, who, probably, knew the character and condition of Miss Nevile, and to whom one like you, might easily have found access. Ought not your caution to have suggested these expedients?"

I could not but acknowledge it.

"And these expedients which you ought to have pursued, would naturally be pursued by those who love you. Would they not?

"And have they been pursued?"

"Sydney has obtained, from authentic sources, some information respecting this woman, which has just been communicated to me."

I was anxious to receive this information. I entreated her not to withhold from me what she had heard.

"Alas! my friend, this woman, thus amiable, thus studious, thus unfortunate, is—a profligate. Her husband had some reason for his persecution. His character is wholly opposite to that which she has described. His reputation has fewer blemishes than are incident to most men of the same riches and rank. Before marriage, she bestowed her heart and her person upon a young man, insinuating and elegant, but, unprincipled and dishonest. He was her father's clerk. Her attachment to this youth was shameless, and overstepped all bounds of decorum. It has, indeed, been proved, that the first overtures to an illicit intercourse came from her. This intercourse continued after marriage, and she, finally, to secure his company, eloped with him.

"These truths are notorious in her native city, and have been circumstantially related to Mr. L***, whose brobity you well know, in a letter from an Irish friend, whose intergrity and means of knowing the truth, are unquestionable. Mr. L***'s modes of thinking are singular. He had much respect for Mrs. Keith and his widow, and is named *trustee* in the will of the latter. During her abode here, the young lady's conduct has been free from reproach. She has shunned almost all intercourse with the world, since the decease of her aunt, probably from a consciousness of her guilt, and of the danger of detection. Mr. L*** has disclosed his knowledge to no one, but has kept a vigilant eye over her. He is unwilling to destroy her reputation, as long as she acts with circumspection.

"You know Mr. L***'s friendship for Sydney. A meeting took place between them a few days ago. Clelia was mentioned by the former, and the assiduity of your visits; some connection being known to subsist between Sydney and you was likewise mentioned. Sydney was desired to exert his influence to induce you to break off so dangerous an intercourse. For some time the true character of Miss Neville was concealed, notwithstanding Sydney's endeavours to extort from him his knowledge; but, at length, these facts were stated, and the letter containing them were shewn, on condition that the discreetest and most sparing use should be made of them. They were communicated to me, that I might guard you against consequences so much to be dreaded from the uncommon fascinations of this woman.

"How very slender must be those talents which will not enable their possessor to frame a plausible tale; and how easily may looks of innocence and candour be assumed by a guilty heart?

"This woman is eminently lovely: her attractions and accomplishments are dazzling, but she is sensual and fickle. No doubt she is susceptible of gratitude. No doubt your mind and person have enchanted her. She loves you as one like her is capable of loving—with impetuosity. Marriage is no bar and no requisite to the gratification of her passion, and her deportment to you has hitherto been such as no heart of true delicacy and chastity would ever have adopted. It has been skilfully adapted to your constitution and temper, and, if you do not instantly change your course, will lead you to ruin. I shudder to think how near you have already been to the verge of guilt. That you have not fallen, was owing not to her virtue, but to yours.

"She has artfully spread her wiles for you. She has chosen scenes and hours for your intercourse, most favourable to the oblivion of conscience and foresight. The songs which she adapts, according to your own account, to her magic instrument, tend to move the soul to love, and inculcate contempt of the future, and forgetfulness of virtuous restraints. Thank heaven! in spite of her enchantments, your integrity is yet safe. Are you not, at length, convinced of your past danger, and determined to exercise more caution for the future?"

What could I say? These tidings sunk me into grief. The evidence thus produced, appeared to me incontestible. Clelia then was an adultress, and a profligate! With such an one, it was impossible to hold converse. That love, to which I confided my hopes of happiness, could never lodge in the bosom of a sensualist and hypocrite. Her passion for me might lead to extravagance and phrenzy; but without the ornament of chastity, or a basis in integrity, it was to be shunned and abhorred.

My courage wholly deserted me. I melted into tears. I became, to my cousin, an object of commiseration. I became flexible and pliant to all her wishes, and readily consented to avoid this unfortunate girl in future.

My grief at this discovery, after the first burst of conviction was past, and when solitude afforded me leisure to think, led me to investigate Sydney's evidence more closely. I said, "Is it right thus hastily to condemn a being, whose situation necessarily exposes her to calumny and misapprehension? Am I sure that the whole is not a wicked artifice of Sydney's, to thwart my projects of happiness? That L*** has not invented this tale to blast the character of Clelia? That L***'s correspondent has not been a deceiver, or been himself misled?"

She has given me proofs of tenderness; but, admitting them to induce her to bestow tenderness and confidence on me. To suppose her affections thus equally divided; thus daily changeable; to suppose her, with regard to me, a dissembler, was, to the last degree, absurd! Why should she devote her time to any other besides him who possessed her affections? Why solicit and encourage visits, when those visits would merely interfere with, and tend to the detection of her intercourse with one whose society must be infinitely preferred. I saw her not at stated hours, or concerted intervals. Half the evenings of the week were devoted to her, but they were not pre-appointed. My approach was hailed with delight, and my departure witnessed with reluctance. No; this was a manifest calumny. I did not disclose all my reasons for denying my faith to this story, but I did not conceal my disbelief, and inquired what were the proofs?

"My evidence I cannot produce. The information was given on condition that the authors were concealed. I promised concealment more readily, because, if the intelligence were true, its truth might easily be ascertained. I, for my part, entertain no doubts. The evidence was such as not to be resisted: *I* am convinced of her depravity. Without this evidence, I neither desire nor expect you to believe it, but it must always be in your power to ascertain its truth by other means."

"Be good enough to tell me how."

"The path is obvious. By charging her directly with this misconduct, she will hardly fail of tacitly confirming it. Besides, you know whether she has any acknowledged visitants besides yourself."

"She has none; none, at least, but of her own sex."

"If she denies herself to him, in the presence of another, she must often deny herself to you. So much of her time must be shared with him, that your visits must be very unfrequent not to interfere with his."

"My visits," said I, "are not unfrequent, and they take place at seasons utterly inconsistent with the existence of such a connection."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Sydney, in a tone of surprise and disapprobation, "it grieves me to hear that. If this woman be criminal, it matters little whether it be with you or with another."

I was disconcerted and abashed at the inference thus drawn from my words. The inference was false, but such as a mind fastidious in its maxims of decorum, might easily draw from the frequency, the loneliness, and protraction of our interviews. I was unwilling to state the truth, in this respect, for fear of creating one suspicion, by the means employed for removing another. Meanwhile anxiety was strongly painted in my friend's looks. He resumed:

"Your visits must, indeed, be frequent and unseasonable if they interfered with his. Such intercourse loves to hide itself beneath the veil of darkness. It is awake and active when the rest of the world are asleep. Sufficient caution is, indeed, employed to prevent intrusion in the present instance. Should you call at the hours devoted to him, you would be turned away with, 'She is indisposed;' 'She is not at home;' 'She is engaged.' Doors and windows are closed and fastened, and the porter is commissioned to exclude every comer."

"And pray, you, what are those seasons?"

"They begin at eight or nine, and end—before morning."

My heart now misgave me. Such were the periods of my own visits, but I saw her only thrice or four times in the week. The intervals, indeed, were regular, though that regularity had been accidental. Could those nights when I was absent be thus devoted? And what were my claims? I was no more than her friend. My pretensions interfere not with those of such a one as this. To me she gave her confidence and esteem, on another she bestowed her love.

"How often," said I, "does this intercourse take place?"

"Not every night, but thrice a week at least."

This tended to confirm my fears. Indignation began to rise with my grief. "I will burst upon her," said I, "when she expects me not. I will detect her in the very arms of her seducer. This will be ample proof, and this proof is in my power."

Sydney marked the disquietude which these thoughts produced. He regarded me with looks of compassion. "Come," said he cheerily, "things shall all be set right. You and I, Felix, shall know each other better. Your cousin shall join us in a scheme from which we will contrive to extract pleasure as well as benefit. If you will spend this evening with me, I will disclose my plan."

"I am in no mood," said I, "to adopt new schemes. This unhappy mystery must be cleared up before I can take repose."

"Whence does this interest in a stranger arise?" said he. "Is it a disinterested zeal for the honour of a female, who, in consequence of being a wife, is culpable for maintaining intimacy with *any one* but her husband? But this mystery is easily removed. It might have been removed last evening."

"How?"

"If, instead of pushing pieces of wood over a chequered table, you had applied at her door for admission——."

"What then?"

"You would have been dismissed with a false, or evasive answer."

"Last evening? Was this profligate in her company last evening? For how long?"

"From ten o'clock till one, at least."

These few words instantly revived my fainting hopes. Evidence of the treachery employed against my friend could not be stronger than this. These hours were spent in my company. The grossness of the calumny was therefore apparent. My features brightened with confidence and exultation. "Your informer has assured you of this? Or is it a conjecture? Is it built upon the same authority with the rest of the story you have told?"

"I have no better evidence for any thing respecting this woman."

"Then you are deceived," cried I vehemently. "Your informer is a lying and perfidious wretch. It is some wicked agent of her tyrant, who has endeavoured to abuse your ears, and to blast the reputation of an helpless and unfortunate woman."

He still preserved an air of doubt and anxiety. "I fear that you pronounce too hastily," said he.

"No. The falsehood of this assertion, at least, I have the means of discovering incontestibly."

"What means?"

"Such as are more to be relied on than vague and anonymous insinuations. Nothing less than the testimony of my own senses."

He looked at me with new disquietude. "You talk in riddles. How could the testimony of your senses inform you in what manner, and with whom, this woman spent the last evening?"

"Because I was neither blind nor deaf; because, at the very time you mention, from ten o'clock till one, at night, I was her companion. There was not an interval of ten seconds in which I did not see or hear her."

"You mistake me," said he; "I speak of *last* evening; of Saturday evening."

"Certainly," returned I, "and I rejoice that you do, otherwise I might have wanted so unerring proofs of the falsehood of the tale."

He rose from his seat, and fixing more steadfast looks upon me, repeated, "Last evening, you tell me, was wholly spent by *you* with this woman."

"It was."

He now turned away from me, and walked to and fro, with a troubled face. I imagined that I understood these tokens. He inferred an improper intercourse, from an interview thus unseasonable. I was embarrassed in my turn. I was fearful of this inference, and therefore confessed thus much, with some faltering and reluctance, which inevitably tended to confirm his suspicions. Still the strongest emotion in my heart was delight, in discovering the falsehood of the charges made against Miss Neville.

"Felix," said Sydney, solemnly, and with a deep sigh, "I love you much. I think upon the danger which besets you, with pain, arising not only from the love that I bear you, but from my affection for your cousin, whose happiness is interwoven with yours. Till this moment I was not aware of all your danger; of the frailty, the fickleness, the pliancy of your mind." There he stopped.

"Your fears," said I, "on my account, are generous, but groundless. This woman is nothing to me, but a friend, from whose society I collect greater pleasure and instruction than any other source will supply. She is a sufferer whom it is my duty to cherish. She has been maligned and persecuted; and while I am convinced of the iniquity with which she has been treated, ought I to act as if my convictions were opposite? Ought I to shun the society of one whom I know to be innocent and excellent, or refuse her conversation and her confidence, on terms consistent with every duty?"

He seemed to pay little regard to these words, but, advancing towards me, with new solemnity, said: "Let me again ask you; let me conjure you to tell me the truth. How, and where did you spend last evening?"

"Innocently, as I hope for mercy from a righteous and omniscient judge. I spent it innocently. Nothing passed between us; nothing has ever passed between us, inconsistent with her obligations as the wife of another; nothing but what a sister might laudably bestow."

"But how, and where was it spent? In the presence of the same righteous judge, tell me how, and where was it spent?"

"I have already told you. It was in my own lodgings till nine o'clock; from that hour till one in the morning, in the house, and by the side of Clelia."

Surprise, indignation and grief were mingled in the features of Sydney. He could with difficulty articulate, "Is it possible? So young, trained up in habits of sincerity and purity, and yet capable —under a tremendous sanction— thus deliberately capable! Felix, I dismiss my hopes of you. This instance of depravity and falsehood exceeds what my worst fears had painted."

"Falsehood! Depravity! What words are these? How have I deserved the charge?"

"Enough. Nothing need be said, unless it be to retract a falsehood so hateful! so audacious!——"

My blood began to boil. "I have nothing to retract. I can only aver my truth and my innocence. If surmises and rumours, or fallacious inferences, are of more weight than my solemn declarations, I have, indeed, fallen low in your esteem. I disdain to expostulate with you. I shall make no efforts to retrieve your good opinion. If it can thus easily be lost, to gain it is impossible, and when gained, it is worthless."

What followed, tended only mutually to exasperate. We parted in anger.

My mind was full of vexation and uneasiness. I was oppressed with the proofs of Sydney's general integrity; persuaded of my own innocence; wounded by the charge of having basely lied, though conscious that the charge was unmerited; alternately consoled by the approbation of my own conscience, and afflicted by perceiving that I had lost the esteem of one whose discernment and integrity I had been accustomed to revere; and dubious of the grounds on which I stood, I was fearful that the evidence which swayed his belief was, in itself, sufficiently plausible and intricate to govern a dispassionate observer; fearful that the same evidence, and even the mere authority of Sydney, would undermine my reputation in the hearts of others; of the Wallaces; of my cousin; of my mother.

For the present, I felt no inclination to visit Clelia. I wanted some one in whose ear I might pour my whole soul; in whose bosom I might disburthen my heart of its vexations. No one was more entitled to this confidence than my cousin, and to her I accordingly, on the next morning, repaired.

She received me without her usual smiles of affability. She had been weeping. She acceeded to my wishes to walk in the garden, with half disguised reluctance. When alone together, she seemed disinclined to speak. I was chilled with a thousand different apprehensions. I already perceived that her mind was poisoned by what I deemed the artifices or malignities of Sydney. My courage forsook me at the thought of contending with an adversary so formidable.

At length I broke silence, and complained of her reserve.

"My reserve," she answered, "flows from my sorrow. What can I say to you? It is not my province to rebuke, or to censure you. Perhaps, if I once had acted differently, things would not have been thus. I acted, as I thought, for the best, but you will be of a different opinion. Your vices and your miseries you will not scruple to lay at the door of my pride and obstinacy. And how shall I repel the charge?"

"Do you then believe me to be vicious?"

"I cannot but believe it."

"Good heaven! What is the ground of your belief? You will not surely condemn me unheard?"

"I have no doubts."

"No doubt of my depravity?"

"Alas! none."

"Let me then take away from your sight, a wretch who is not even worthy to be heard in his own defence."

She wept, and sobbed. "Go, my once loved brother, the joy of my heart, leave me; your presence is a source of pain too exquisite to be borne. Go, and may your eyes be opened to the ruin which lies in your path soon enough to shun it!"

"And is it come to this? Shall I not, at least, know my crime?"

"Your crime cannot but be known to you. Would you have me blast my own ears by repeating it? To connect with the name of Felix Calvert the odious appellations of *villain!—liar!*—'Tis too much! I beseech you leave me! never see me more!——"

"This," said I, "is the fatal treachery of Sydney. It is he who has shut your ears against the claims of justice."

"Speak not of Sydney thus. You misapprehend, you know him not. Would to heaven there was more affinity between you; that a portion of his noble and enlightened spirit had fallen on my brother. But to hope is vain! Such felicity is not reserved for the lost Louisa!"

"And is the word of Sydney to condemn me to infamy and exile? As an human creature, is it impossible for him to fail in knowledge, or in virtue? May not some unhappy error have misled him?"

"No: there is no alternative. Either you or he is a perjured villain. Can I believe that Sydney hates my brother; that he deliberately utters abhorred falsehoods? *That* I must believe, or suppose you to be guilty of the like. I cannot hesitate which to choose, which to condemn." Her grief was now mingled with impatience. She continued, "I will not hear you. I will not see you more. If you continue here, my heart will burst. Go, ill-starred youth! Go—the sight of thee reminds me of thy mother, and I cannot bear to think——."

My thoughts insensibly acquired firmness and consistency. Of those atrocious charges I was innocent. I knew not what these charges were. I cared not to know. If I were not worthy to be heard, to be informed of my offences, I would trample, in my turn, on such injustice; I would leave my vindication to time, to chance. It was enough that my own heart acquitted me of guilt.

After incoherently muttering these ideas, I left the garden, and the house, and once more set my horse's head towards the city.

(To be continued.)

On the STUDY *of* GERMAN.

Dialogues of the Living:

DIALOGUE III.

Tom. WHAT have you there? *Harry.* A German Grammar.

T. What use make you of it?

H. To learn the language.

T. What! Are you going to Germany?

H. Not I.

T. You are going to wed into a German family, perhaps?

H. No.

T. You expect, I suppose, to associate with Germans?

H. No. There is none of that race here, worth conversing with, or none that do not speak our own language.

T. Perhaps you mean to make a trade of your knowledge; to qualify yourself for teaching others?

H. No: that would be a poor trade; could hardly subsist, even in my frugal way, on the earnings of a teacher; besides, could hardly deem myself qualified, unless I *spoke* the language with correctness and propriety, and that cannot be hoped without visiting Germany, or frequenting the company of Germans here. I cannot do, nor do I wish to do the first. The second is impracticable, since none can be found here who have not good reason to devote themselves to English, and would, at any rate, be a waste of time, and abuse of the social principle. Power to *talk* would, in the most favourable circumstances, be difficult of acquisition, and when procured, could be retained only by the same means; by incessant converse with Germans.

T. What then do you propose?

H. Merely to read and understand their authors.

T. Perhaps you mean to gain something by translation?

H. No. Of all trades, *book-mak-*

ing is, in our own country, the most wretched. That branch of it, at least, relative to sentiments, and language, and translation, unless with a view to filling the purse, is but a tame and servile kind of business. I meditate nothing but intellectual pleasure and improvement.

T. By reading German authors? Which of them, and of what class?

H. I scarcely know; of all classes—worth the study. Poets; historians; play-writers and romancers. This Kotzebue, they talk so much of; this Gesner; this Ifland; this Weiland; this Haller; this Schiller; and this Göethe.

T. You are right. Having exhausted the writers of your own country; having talked till weary with them; being master of all the epithets and images, ratiocination and description, of its dozen of philosophers, its score of historians, its hundred poets, and its innumerable story-tellers; you, of necessity, have recourse to a foreign language.

H. What do you mean? I have no such intimate acquaintance with our own writers. I have read them, most of them, 'tis true, but have not studied them. As to the historians, I have not weighed their facts, or scrutinized their inferences; I have not decomposed their style, or dissected their sentiments. I do not recollect the hundredth part of their narratives. Should I read them ten times more deliberately, and ten times oftener than I have done, there would always be something new, and something to learn. As teachers of ethics or politics; as pourtrayers of manners and passions; as patterns of rhetoric and composition, as fitting us for social offices, and as preceptors in eloquence, I scarcely know them. Every thing in this way still remains to be learnt by me.

T. But perhaps the Germans have more eloquent historians.

H. I never heard of them; besides, if they had, I could hardly hope to be a competent judge of their merits. If at this age, with all my study, with the knowledge of English as my mother tongue, with perpetual intercourse with English authors, I have still much to learn, what can I hope from the study of historians in a foreign tongue?

T. Perhaps the theme of the German historians is of more value. Their narrative relates to times, persons, and events more amusing and instructive.

T. None can be more so, to one of my condition, than those of British or American history; which have, of course, been best displayed in my native tongue. Besides, nine tenths of the historiographers of Germany are Latinists; and they are all of them to be found in English compilations or translations. If they be not in English, where shall I look for them? Not on this side of the Atlantic: only in the libraries and *bibliopolas* of Heidelburg and Leipsic.

T. But the German poets, epic and dramatic.——

H. None, surely, of more value than our Spencer, Milton, and Shakespeare; Pope, Dryden, and Thompson; whom, if any one says that he has deliberately read and adequately studied, *he lies*. To profit by the poets, we must freight our understanding with their thoughts, imbue our fancy with their images, store our memory with their phrases: one must read, ponder, revolve; unwind their allegories; build up their visionary fabrics; realize their phantoms; adjust, paint anew, and *look at* their scenes a score of times, at least, between fifteen years and fifty. All this remains to be done; and this, perhaps, with respect to English bards, I am able and may hope to do; but, as to poets of a foreign language, what ages of application, what profound attention and complicated knowledge are requisite to comprehend the thousand energies and graces which adorn them! All those delicate distinctions and significances, local allusions, and *idiosyncratic* qualities which separate the poet from the vulgar, are seen with my naked eye in my own language; but, in German, will be visible only through optics, which no toil nor time will make as perfect as the unaided and unartificial vision of a Brandenburger or Weymarian.

T. But the dealers in fictitious narration.——

H. Can scarcely claim more than Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, and their host of followers; whose works, whether resorted to for entertainment or instruction, will afford plentiful employment even to him who reads nothing else; and who have one advantage, at least, over German authors.

T. What is that?

H. They are within reach, and their language and allusions can be understood, their qualities of style estimated, and their beauties be engrafted on my own composition or discourse, which cannot be done with foreign fabulists. What profits it to know the Saxon *language* when Saxon *books* are not to be had, or to be had with many disadvantages and difficulties not incident to books in our own tongue?

T. Perhaps there is some branch of literary, historical, or philosophical inquiry which you want completely to fathom and thoroughly investigate, but which cannot be done without German assistance. Priestley learnt German in order to read the untranslated works of certain electricians. Harte learnt it to gain materials for the life of Gustaf Adolf. One learns it because he means to pass the next year at Hamburg; another that he may earn his bread by teaching it to others; a third that he may profit by the popular rage for translations.

H. All these are excusable motives, but none of them, I own, are mine.

T. There is another set of students who are governed by mere caprice, who have an exorbitant appetite for mere words, or who annex an absurd reverence to the character of a linguist. They are incited by a groundless taste, or a foolish vanity. They strive for the glory of speaking or writing a foreign tongue with the facility of a native, and when they gain it are content.

Another class is swayed by accident. One learns Spanish for the sake of reading Lope de Vega; another for the pleasure of conversing, in his native tongue, with Cervantes; a third to discover how Anthonio de Solis wrote history; and thus all bestow that toil and time to carry them across a ditch, which, properly employed, would suffice to circumnavigate the globe. But, if these be not your views, I pr'ythee tell me what they are?

H. I have a casual and arbitrary inclination tending this way, and shall gratify it.

T. But your inclination should go where reason leads. Your preference should exist only where there are genuine grounds for preference.

H. We must not judge so nicely. Our taste is the slave of caprice, or accident, or habit. You may persuade me that Shakespeare is worthier of an Englishman's attention than Gesner; but, though you may cause me to renounce Gesner, you may not instil into me a passion for the English poet. Instead of reading Gesner, as I first intended, I may do nothing. Instead of reflecting what I ought to do, you should merely consider what I am willing to perform; and, instead of lamenting that I do not prosecute a better path, you should rejoice that I do not betake myself to worse: and, surely, there are numberless employments less profitable than the study of the German language.

T. What are its uses?

H. They are manifest. The German tongue is the parent of our own. To study it, therefore, is, in truth, to study English etymologically. The genius of one tongue is only to be known by comparison with the derivation, inflection, and construction of another. The German will afford a suitable object of comparison.

To know the language, I must read its books. These books may be inferior to French or English; but they doubtless have an absolute, and no inconsiderable value: I may comprehend them less easily or perfectly than English compositions; but I shall, nevertheless, obtain, in some degree, their meaning. German poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, will, therefore, impart to me some of those benefits which eloquence, philosophy, and poetry are always qualified to give.

BARON's *Answer to* WORKMAN.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for March, Mr. Workman has attempted to defend his erroneous solution of the question concerning the well, in a manner which clearly evinces his ignorance of the principles and relations of numbers; for, if he had had the least acquaintance with arithmetic, he would not have told us that the reciprocals of 1, 2, and 3, are 3, $1\frac{1}{2}$, and 1. A person of good abilities, who exerts himself in the defence of a proposition which he believes to be true, justly merits the approbation of the judicious, should even the proposition itself be false; but a man who impertinently undertakes to defend an erroneous hypothesis, and, in the course of that defence, discovers his entire ignorance of the nature of that hypothesis, is fairly entitled to public contempt. As it is my business to *instruct* the ignorant, and not to *dispute* with them on subjects above their comprehension, I should not have replied to Mr. Workman's contemptible defence; but, as I have a great respect for your Magazine, and am desirous of its ever continuing the vehicle of truth, I am determined to exert my utmost ability in the defence of the truths, and in the refutation of the errors it may contain, as far as relates to mathematical and philosophical subjects: I therefore proceed to refute Mr. Workman, by demonstrating that his solution is founded upon an absurd and unjust hypothesis.

The hypothesis upon which Mr. Workman's solution is founded, may be seen in his defence in the Monthly Magazine for March; and, from a variety of different methods of demonstrating its absurdity and unjustness, I have selected the following:

When A, B, and C were equally distant from the well, B ought to have paid one third of the expense of digging, or half the sum paid by A and C together; for, whatever quantity of water A and C together could carry from the well to their respective houses, in a given time, B could, in the same time, carry half that quantity from the well to his house.

Let A, B, and C be equally distant from the well, and each of their distances denoted by d. Let A's distance diminish to $d - x$, and C's increase to $d + x$, while B's remains invariably equal to d. A, B, and C's respective distances from the well being now $d - x$, d, and $d + x$, the quantities of water carried by A, B, and C in a given time from the well to their respective houses, are as $\frac{1}{d - x}$, $\frac{1}{d}$, and $\frac{1}{d + x}$, or as $d^2 + dx$, $d^2 - x^2$, and $d^2 - dx$. But $\frac{d^2 + dx + d^2 - dx}{2} = d^2$ is greater than $d^2 - x^2$, and hence it follows that the quantities of water taken together, which A and C can, in any given time, carry from the well to their respective houses, are greater than half the quantity which B can, in the same given time, carry from the well to his house. Consequently B ought not to pay one third of the expense of digging the well; and therefore Mr. Workman's solution is founded upon a hypothesis which is theoretically absurd, and practically unjust. Indeed, the absurdity of Mr. Workman's hypothesis appears self-evident, when we suppose A's distance diminished to 0, and B's increased to $2d$; for then, according to his hypothesis, B ought to pay one third of the expense, and C, whose distance is only twice as much, ought to pay nothing, and yet be entitled to the use of the well.

Having, in the Magazine for February, given a true synthetic solution of the original question, I shall here resolve it analytically.

Put x = A's share then $42 : 30 :: x : \frac{5x}{7} =$, B's and $54 : 30 :: x : \frac{5x}{9} =$ C's. Therefore $x + \frac{5x}{7} + \frac{5x}{9} = 40$,

Dolls. Cents.

Which reduced gives $x = 17\ \ 62\frac{34}{143}$ = A's share.

hence $\frac{5x}{7} = 12\ \ 58\frac{106}{143}$ = B's do.

and $\frac{5x}{9} = 9\ \ 79\frac{3}{143}$ = C's do.

the several shares exactly agreeing with those of my former solution.

I conclude by informing Mr. Workman that, as he seems to think the original question unintelligible, he may have it fully explained, and also a demonstration that its conditions are precisely and accurately expressed, by applying to any of my pupils.

GEORGE BARON.

No. 67 Stone-street,
New-York.

American Review.

ART. XXVII.

A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them; and Observations deduced from the Facts stated. In two vols. 8vo. By Noah Webster. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *pp.* 700.

[Continued from p. 213, and concluded.]

THE seventeenth section of this work contains some highly useful observations on the mitigation and prevention of epidemical diseases. These deserve to be ranked among the most valuable parts of this performance. We shall beg leave to abstract the most striking precepts contained in this section, believing it our duty to diffuse, as widely as possible, knowledge of such great and general benefit; and to adopt the words of our author rather than employ our own, since the style and spirit of a book are best displayed by the production of actual specimens; and since, in this case, our author's mode of composition is eminently cogent and persuasive.

The suitable antidote to pestilence, according to Mr. Webster, is "the removal of all local causes of disease; such as every species of putrescible substances, which, in the process of putrefaction, emit a species of air highly unfriendly to health. It will be observed that I speak of *putrescible* substances; for, flesh or vegetables, which have undergone the process of putrefaction, or of digestion in a healthy stomach, discharge little or none of the pernicious acid.

"Hence we observe that people in cities rely too much on cleansing streets to preserve public health. Experience proves that the utmost care in cleansing streets will not always prevent pestilence. The reason is obvious; most of the filth of streets consists of excrementitious matter from horses or oxen, which has undergone the process mentioned, and contains no septic acid, or very little. Hence the accumulation of dung in the farmer's yard, is not known to generate diseases.

"Various other substances thrown into the streets of cities are more pernicious; as green vegetables, the garbage of fish, lees of fermenting liquors, and many others, which, in hot weather, soon putrefy and discharge noxious air. Such substances, however, never ought to be thrown into the street in hot weather; they should be thrown into the ocean, into rivers of running water, or what is better still, *buried*, and that before putrefaction begins. If putrefaction is begun, they should be removed in covered vessels.

"The vaults of cloacina, although they contain mostly substances which have passed through digestion, and in their unmixed state, are not *very* pernicious, yet they are always mixed with other substances, which, in hot weather, bring on fermentation. These should be either cleansed annually in spring, or the matter in them neutralized by quick-lime.

"All filthy substances should be removed from streets, both for the sake of decency and of health. If the pavements of streets could be covered with pure earth, it would greatly lessen the heat; but this is not practicable. The only effectual remedy is fresh running water

passai l'hiver de 1798, & la plus grande partie du Printemps de l'année suivante. Le souvenir de ce sejour m'est bien doux, & je voudrois le decrire. C'etoit une chose toute nouvelle pour moi que de vivre dans la solitude des forêts de la Caroline du Sud. Mais outre cela le gout de la Poesïe commençoit dès-lors à se manifester en moi. Il s'étoit peut-être annoncé avant cette epoque, mais il n'avoit pas pris sur moi son empire absolu. Ayant toujours sous mes yeux les ouvrages des meilleurs Poetes Anglois, & passionné pour la lecture des Collins & des Gray, je fus tenté de m'essayer dans la poesïe lyrique. Mon premier sujet fut celui de l'amour. Enfermé dans ma chambre, je passois souvent des nuits entieres en songeant à Eléonore, qui étoit belle sans orgueil, aimable sans coquetterie, & instruite sans pretensions. C'étoit une fille parfaite à tous égards. Sa figure réunissoit ce que les brunes ont de plus piquants, & les blondes de plus voluptueux. Combien de fois me suis je rapellé avec un vrai attendrissement ses beaux yeux noirs baignés de larmes de la plus douce sensibilité; son sourire mêlé de l'inquietude; le ton harmonieux de sa voix que je ne pus jamais entendre sans la plus vive emotion.

Ma demeure étoit chez un planteur qui m'avoit proposé l'education de ses enfans. La famille de Monsieur D——, etoit composée de Madame son espouse, de cinq filles, & d'un garçon qui avoit à peine atteint sa quatorzieme année. En un mot, c'étoit une famille assez agrèable dans son ensemble pour un Precepteur, mais non pas pour un homme de lettres. Quant à la maison la situation en étoit toute sauvage; mais il y avoit une si grande monotonie dans l'aspect du pays que je ne pris pas grand plaisir à le contempler. C'etoit un Pays de plaine, qui m'inspira un sentiment de tristesse. Cependant je me plaisois à errer dans les bois vers le soir, & à perdre la vue de la plantation que j'habitois. Il est si doux de se trouver seul dans des lieux peu frequentés, & de s'abandonner à ses rêveries! Je prolongeois ainsi ma promenade, sans m'appercevoir que la nuit régnoit deja depuis long tems. Qu'il est delicieux de jouir du spectacle d'une belle nuit quand un beau clair de lune partout repandu donne aux objets champêtres un charme nouveau!

Qu'il me soit permis de parler ici d'une liason dont le souvenir me sera toujours bien precieux. J'avois fais connoissance à *Charleston* avec une jeune Irlandois appellé M. *George*, & cette connoissance devint ensuite un veritable attachement. Avec beaucoup d'esprit & un genie exquis pour la poesïe, M. *George* avoit les manières & l'air distingué. Nous etions aussi liés par le gout de caractère que par la sympathie de l'ame. Nous ne nous entretenions que de la literature, & je m'y livrai tout de bon. M. *George* étoit passionné pour la lecture de Virgile, & ce fut un bien pour moi. Enfin il fallut nous séparer, mais ce ne fut pas sans faire le serment de nous entretenir par lettres. Cet entretien par la poste etoit mon unique consolation à *Coosohatchie*. Que les epîtres de mon ami etoient charmantes. Tout y respiroit le bon gout. Jamais personne n'a su mieux se servir de la finesse qui saisit les ridicules. Tout ce qu'on peut rassembler d'esprit & de delicatesse est repandu dans ces epanchements de son cœur. Combien de fois me suis ecrié, la lettre à la main.

Ces entretiens charmans, ce commerce ſi doux,
Ce plaiſir de l'eſprit, plaiſir vif & tranquille
Eſt à ma triſteſſe le ſeul remede utile,
Ah! que j'aurois ſouffert ſans vous!

Quant à sa poesïe, elle est pleine de graces, & fait un des charmes les plus puissants de ses lettres.—Tels étoient les agréments de ma liason avec M. *George;* auquel je voudrois consacrer un Souvenir dans une langue qui le fera connôitre partout.

Ma vie à *Coosohatchie* étoit celle d'un solitaire. Je ne prenois pas plaisir à la chasse, & on ne parloit à table que de Negres & de Coton. L'espect affreux des esclaves, qui m'entouroient en foule, me faisoit mal au cœur; & je soupirois pour la terre òu regnent l'humanité & l'independance. Dieu! avec quelle horreur j'entendois les cris des pauvres negres de tous côtés. Etre supreme! m'écriai je, que mon oreille n'entende plus les gemissemens du desespoir; que mes yeux ne tombent plus sur l'homme égorgeant son semblable!

Cependant je n'apperçus qu'avec plaisir le retour de la belle Saison, & le chant varié de l'Oiseau Moqueur etoit nouveau pour moi. Ces oiseaux se faisoient entendre de tous côtês dans la Plantation,* & sembloient se plaire à contrefaire le ramage de tout autre oiseau, qu'ils imitoient de la maniere la plus reconnoissable. Il est digne de remarque que ce bel oiseau chante la nuit quand il fait clair de lune. . . . . Je passois ordinairement les dimanches a parcourir le pays. C'est-la, selon moi, la seule manière de voyager dont un Philosophe doive se servir. Soit en Angleterre, soit en Amerique, je n'ai jamais pu me resoudre à voyager autrement. Combien d'agréments se rassemblent dans les voyages pedestres! Que le piéton est gai, leger, content! On observe tout le pays, on part, on s'arrete sans assujetissement aux autres. On ne depend ni des chevaux, ni de l'equipage, ni du postillion. Quel bon appétit on gagne en marchant. Combien le cœur rit quand on approache du gîte. Quel doux sommeil on fait sur un grabat. Chacun à son gout; moi, quand je voyage, je voudrois faire route à pied. . . . . .

Les dimanches je prenois plaisir à m'égarer dans les bois. Ca & là je passois près d'une maison, ou plutôt d'une Plantation; mais frapper à la porte & demander l'hospitalité, c'eût été manquer à l'etiquette, ce qu'on ne pardonne pas volontiers dans ce pays-la. On n'étoit plus au temps d'Homere, où les voyageurs étoient reçus avec cette bonté qui protege. Cette remarque servira à faire connoître un Pays, où les hommes, dispersés dans les bois, ont emporté de la ville les façons du grand-monde. O mon lecteur, si vous êtes Européen, n'attendez pas non plus de l'Amerique la simplicité des mœurs, même dans les bois: n'en attendez que le luxe, la vanité, l'orgueil. Tout y est routine.

Voici un souvenir bien distinct qui me rest d'une de mes promenades solitaires. C'étoit le matin. J'étois sortis de bonne heure pour voir le lever du Soleil. On le voyoit s'annoncer de loin par les traits de feu qu'il lancoit au devant de lui. Ses premiers rayons doroient la terre, dont la verdure étoit couverte de la rosée qu'elle avoit recue durant la nuit. L'oiseau Moqueur, dont le gazouillement étoit encore foible, saluoit de son propre chant le pere de la vie. O! que le spectacle etoit beau, & que ma jouissance etoit pure! Comment le parfum des fleurs, le charme de la verdure, l'humide vapeur de la rosée, enchantoient mes sens! Quelle emotion voluptueuse me causoit le ramage des oiseaux. De retour au logis, j'entrai dans la salle, où trois enfans aussi beaux que le jour se trouvoient autonr de leur Maman, dont les propos caressants ajoutoient au spectacle un charme nouveau. Quel tableau riant pour un peintre ! Les enfans m'accueillent avec des sourires enchanteurs. On m'appelle par mon nom. Que leur babil étoit charmant! Que leurs jeux folâtres étoient l'innocence même! Où est l'homme dont le cœur dur & froid ne se sente vivement emu aux mœurs de l'enfance.

---

* J'emploie ce mot dans une acceptation angloiſe, faute de lui trouver un ſynonyme en françois.

Je m'accoutumai peu-à-peu à mon emploi de Precepteur. Tout alloit à merveille. J'etudiois l'esprit de mes éleves, & je réussissois auprès d'eux. J'en avois trois, dont deux etoient filles. La Cadette, qui pouvoit bien avoir neuf où dix ans, etoit d'une vivacité charmante. Son sourire exprimoit d'avance ce qu'elle alloit vous dire. Ses beaux yeux bleus peignoient toujours la situation de son cœur. C'étoit un charmant enfant, dont la beauté naissante promettoit d'egaler celle de sa Mere. Sa sœur plus agée de cinq ans, quoique moins jolie, avoit ce qui peut faire valoir la beauté. Elle étoit douce, aimable, sans etourderie. A l'égard de Monsieur le frere, c'ètoit un garçon très-interessant; l'esprit ouvert, vif & joyeux. Je voulus m'attacher à ce petit bon-homme, le former, travailler à son education, mais sans me donner un air imposant, un œil severe, ou une voix rude & menaçante pour me faire redouter. C'est à vous, O Maîtres d'ecole, d'exercer la tyrannie d'un pedagogue importun. Pour moi, qui n'ai que l'honneur d'être simple Precepteur, je me garderai de vous imiter. . . . . Mon eleve aimoit la chasse en vrai Americain. Je me souviendrai des battemens de cœur qu'il éprouvoit au vol des premiers canards, & des transports de joie avec lesquels il tuoit un cerf dans les bois. Seul avec son chien, chargé de son fusil, de son fourniment, de sa petite proie, il revenoit le soir aussi heureux qu'il soit possible de l'être.

Pendant que mon éleve s'amusoit à la chasse, je me livrois aux objets purs & simples de la Nature. Avec quel transport je suis allé dans les bois d'alentour chercher la première violette, & épier le premier bourgeon. Que le chant de l'Oiseau Moqueur me faisoit tressaillir d'aise ! Combien de fois ne me suis-je pas surpris dans mes promenades solitaires l'œil humide, & le cœur comprimé de la volupté de douleur. Oh ! qui n'a point eprouvé cet excès de sensibilité que les merveilles de la Nature inspirent en se promenant seul dans la Campagne ! . . Qui ne s'est point arrêté, interdit, devant un horizon couvert de forêts immenses. Dans ces momens d'extase les mains se levent vers le Createur de l'Univers, le cœur bat, & l'esprit contemple en silence. . . . . Revenons à mes occupations. Depuis le jour où j'arrivai chez M D—— jusqu'au retour du printemps, je passai toujours la nuit & une partie du matin soit à lire où à ecrire devant un bon feu dans ma chambre. Je commencois par quelque livre latin, comme Horace, Virgile, Ovide; & finissois par les Confessions de l'éloquent Citoyen de Geneve. Un des plus grands ecrivains du dix-huitième siécle fut assurément M. de Rousseau. Que ses recits sont touchants quand il parle de ses chères Charmettes, de ses bosquets, de ses ruisseaux. On est toujours présent à chaque scene dont il fait le tableau. Que le caractère de Maman est peint d'après la Nature. Il met tout ce qu'il raconte sous les yeux du lecteur. On ne croit plus lire, on croit voir. Le goût que je pris à la lecture des Confessions m'inspira le desir à ecrire en francois; dont

les qualités distinctives sont la clarté & la precision. Je ne sai si j'y ai reussi.

Outre les écoliers dont j'ai parlé, Madame leur Mère me faisoit l'honneur de se proposer d'être elle-meme du nombre. C'étoit une personne à citer pour l'esprit orné, & pour l'élegance des mœurs. Nous lisions ensemble Gil Blas, & quelques Contes de Marmontel. C'étoit un spectacle singulier, du moins pour un etranger, que de voir une Dame des manières les plus polies s'occuper des belles-lettres au milieu des bois les plus sauvages. Elles avoit de la lecture, & s'exprimoit avec grace. Du reste, la meilleure femme, & la mere la plus tendre que j'ai connue de mes jours.

Que ma vie eut été heureuse au sein de cette famille, si j'avois su en jouir. Mais il me resoit encore une humeur un peu volage, un desir de voyager & de parcourir le monde. Enfin degouté de ma vie, & plein des plus beaux projets pour l'avenir, je partis de la Caroline du Sud vivement emu des larmes de mes eleves qui je quittois pour toujours.

Coosohatchie adieu! O demeure tranquille, chambre où j'ai tant écrit, planchers que j'ai tant arrosés de mes pleurs, je vous salue! Je vous quitte, calme retraite, ou j'ai vecu loin du tumulte & du bruit. Restez toujours ouverte au voyageur egaré; recevez-le; qu'il trouve sous votre toît un abri contre la persecution, & que ce Monument que je vous ai erigé dans une langue etrangere, fasse connoître à son cœur attendri que vous fûtes habitée par un infortuné.

The Difference between History and Romance.

HISTORY and romance are terms that have never been very clearly distinguished from each other. It should seem that one dealt in fiction, and the other in truth; that one is a picture of the *probable* and certain, and the other a tissue of untruths; that one describes what *might* have happened, and what has *actually* happened, and the other what never had existance.

These distinctions seem to be just; but we shall find ourselves somewhat perplexed, when we attempt to reduce them to practice, and to ascertain, by their assistance, to what class this or that performance belongs.

Narratives, whether fictitious or true, may relate to the processes of nature, or the actions of men. The former, if not impenetrable by human faculties, must be acknowledged to be, hitherto, very imperfectly known. Curiosity is not satisfied with viewing facts in their disconnected state and natural order, but is prone to arrange them anew, and to deviate from present and sensible objects, into speculations on the past or future; it is eager to infer from the present state of things, their former or future condition.

The observer or experimentalist, therefore, who carefully watches, and faithfully enumerates the appearances which occur, may claim the appellation of historian. He who adorns these appearances with cause and effect, and traces resemblances between the past, distant, and future, with the present, performs a different part. He is a dealer, not in certainties, but probabilities, and is therefore a romancer.

An historian will relate the noises, the sights, and the smells that attend an eruption of Vesuvius. A romancer will describe, in the first place, the *contemporary* ebullitions and inflations, the combustion and decomposition that take place in the bowels of the earth. Next he will go to the origin of things, and describe the centrical, primary, and secondary orbs composing the universe, as masses thrown out of an immense volcano called *chaos*. Thirdly, he will paint the universal dissolution that is hereafter to be produced by the influence of volcanic or internal fire.

An historian will form catalogues of stars, and mark their positions at given times. A romancer will arrange them in *clusters*, and dispose them in *strata*, and inform you by what influences the orbs have been drawn into sociable knots and circles.

An electrical historian will describe appearances that happen when hollow cylinders of glass and metal are placed near each other, and the former is rubbed with a cloth. The romancer will replenish the space that exists between the sun and its train of planetary orbs, with a fluid called electrical; and describe the modes in which this fluid finds its way to the surface of these orbs through the intervenient atmosphere.

Historians can only differ in degrees of diligence and accuracy, but romancers may have more or less probability in their narrations. The same man is frequently both historian and romancer in the compass of the same work. Buffon, Linneus, and Herschel, are examples of this union. Their observations are as diligent as their theories are adventerous. Among the historians of nature, Haller was, perhaps, the most diligent: among romancers, he that came nearest to the truth was Newton.

It must not be denied that, though history be a term commonly applied to a catalogue of natural appearances, as well as to the recital of human actions, romance is chiefly limited to the latter. Some reluctance may be felt in calling Buffon and Herschel romancers, but that name will be readily conferred on Quintus Curtius and Sir Thomas More. There is a sufficient analogy, however, between objects and modes, in the physical and intellectual world, to justify the use of these distinctions in both cases.

Physical objects and appearances sometimes fall directly beneath our observation, and may be truly described. The duty of the *natural* historian is limited to this description. *Human* actions may likewise be observed, and be truly described. In this respect, the actions of *voluntary* and *involuntary* agents, are alike, but in other momentous respects they differ.

Curiosity is not content with noting and recording the *actions* of men. It likewise seeks to know the *motives* by which the agent is impelled to the performance of these actions; but motives are modifications of thought which cannot be subjected to the senses. They cannot be certainly known. They are merely topics of conjecture. Conjecture is the weighing of probabilities; the classification of probable events, according to the measure of probability possessed by each.

Actions of different men, or performed at different times, may be alike; but the motives leading to these actions must necessarily vary. In guessing at these motives, the knowing and sagacious will, of course, approach nearer to the truth than the ignorant and stupid; but the wise and the ignorant, the sagacious and stupid, when busy in assigning motives to actions, are not *historians* but *romancers*.

The motive is the cause, and therefore the antecedent of the action; but the action is likewise the cause of subsequent actions. Two contemporary and (so to speak) adjacent actions may both be faithfully described, because both may be witnessed; but the connection between them, that quality which constitutes one the effect of the other, is mere matter of conjecture, and comes within the province, not of *history*, but *romance*.

The description of human actions is of moment merely as they are connected with motives and tendencies. The delineation of tendencies and motives implies a description of the action; but the action is describable without the accompanyment of tendencies and motives.

An action may be simply described, but such descriptions, though they alone be historical, are of no use as they stand singly and disjoined from tendencies and motives, in the page of the historian or the mind of the reader. The writer, therefore, who does not blend the two characters, is essentially defective. It is true, that facts simply described, may be connected and explained by the reader; and that the describer may, at least, claim the merit of supplying the builder with materials. The merit of him who drags stones together, must not be depreciated; but must not be compared with him who hews these stones into just proportions, and piles them up into convenient and magnificent fabrics.

That which is done beneath my own inspection, it is possible for me certainly to know and exactly to record; but that which is performed at a distance, either in time or place, is the theme of foreign testimony. If it be related by me, I relate not what I have witnessed, but what I derived from others who were witnesses. The subject of my senses is merely the existence of the record, and not the deed itself which is recorded. The truth of the action can be weighed in no scales but those of probability.

A voluntary action is not only connected with cause and effect, but is itself a series of motives and incidents subordinate and successive to each other. Every action differs from every other in the number and complexity of its parts, but the most simple and brief is capable of being analized into a thousand subdivisions. If it be witnessed by others, probabilities are lessened in proportion as the narrative is circumstantial.

These principles may be employed to illustrate the distinction between history and romance. If history relate what is true, its relations must be limited to what is known by the testimony of our senses. Its sphere, therefore, is extremely narrow. The facts to which we are immediate witnesses, are, indeed, numerous; but time and place merely connect them. Useful narratives must comprise facts linked together by some other circumstance. They, must, commonly, consist of events, for a knowledge of which the narrator is indebted to the evidence of others. This evidence, though accompanied with different degrees of probability, can never give birth to certainty. How wide, then, if romance be the narrative of mere probabilities, is the empire of romance? This empire is absolute and undivided over the motives and tendencies of human actions. Over actions themselves, its dominion, though not unlimited, is yet very extensive.

X.

A LITERARY WARE-HOUSE.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

PERIODICAL works are intended to amuse the serious, relieve the diligent, fix the giddy, and employ the idle. Variety of topics is the first ingredient, and excellence in each kind cannot be dispensed with. There must be many subjects discussed. They must be discussed in a light, familiar, and attractive manner. Elegance at one time, and profoundness at another, must be studied. Humour must be mingled with pathos; seriousness with gaiety; poetry with narrative; argument with ridicule, and eloquence with wit.

A *Magazine* ought literally to be a *shop* where stuffs of all conceivable or vendible kinds, where hemp from Russia, linen from Connaught, leather from Tunis, cotten from Hoquang, and silk from Aleppo, should be offered for sale, wrought into all textures, dyed of all colours, and cut into all shapes.

The austere or covetous œconomist, who seeks only what necessity requires; the man of taste, who is willing to purchase elegance at any price; the prodigal, who values a stuff in proportion to its cost; and the devotee to fashion, with whom novelty is all in all, should be readily and liberally supplied. The ware-house should contain the cheapest and expensivest, the coarsest and most delicate, most rare and most common, most necessary and most fashionable, ready made and to-be-made, far brought, and home-wrought commodities.

Thus supplied, the shopman may look for reputation, custom, and gain. He may expect his door to be crowded, his compter to be heaped, his ears to be dinned, his hands to be full, his eyes to be busy, and, last and *best* of all, his *till* to be overflowing.

A literary ware-house should be merely a type, on a larger scale, of a literary magazine. The shelves of one, like the pages of the other, should have something to answer the call, provoke the wishes, gratify the taste, and open the purse of the dealer in old coins, the enthusiast in broken freezes, and the porer upon musty rolls; the inquirer into ancient, and searcher into modern lore; the devotee to *Mathesis*, the votary of politics, the inamorato of the muse, the scholar of Heine, the disciple of Machiavelli, the follower of Newton, the partizan of Condillac, and the copyist of Rumford.

Riddles and connundrums to puzzle the fair; tales to transport the passions of the young, to call forth, at one time, laughter, and, at another, tears; dialogues, by turns, merry and grave, satyrical and monitory; portraits of gossips and statesmen, of students and foplings; disquisitions upon gazeous fluids, and patterns of vests; upon Egyptian battles, and new-fashioned saucepans; on the origin of pestilence, and the mechanism of a tooth-pick; on the theory of punishment, and the price of butter; on the topography of Saturn, and of Owyhee; on Tautochronous curves, and the era of Calioughan; gay epigrams, doleful elegies, apologues, prologues, ballads and enigmas, lyrics and heroics, should all be found alike in the greater Magazine, and in the less.

And now, having explained what a periodical work like yours ought to be, what general readers will naturally expect to find, and what your reputation and your interest equally command you to furnish, I might proceed to state how far you are actually deficient, and how much is wanting before your shop can hope to be frequented. This, however, would be an invidious, and I am afraid, a useless task. Your poverty and dullness are manifest enough, but, I fear, cannot be cured. It is a vice of nature, which art, therefore, which admonition and rebuke will avail nothing to correct.

I would gladly keep you to that zeal, wit and versatility; that power of changing colours and shapes; that store of practical and speculative knowledge, requisite to make you, by turns, and within the compass of thirty days, and eighty pages, a story-teller, dramatist, and *argumentalists;* a critic, poet, and statesman; a weigher of fluids, a dissector of ores, a guager of the stars, and a tryer of syllogisms. I would give you all this power if you were capable of receiving it, or, what is of no less moment to be considered, if I had it to give. Be content, therefore, with my good wishes and my pity, and rank me with those who are inclined to wink at your defects. You will never, at least, be valued for less than you are worth, by

CANDIDE.

On the Means of Destroying Caterpillars.

Philadelphia, March 25, 1800.

SIR,

AGREEABLY to what I said to you on the subject of destroying the caterpillar in fruit trees, I now sit down to reduce to writing, the substance of that information, and the experience I have had of its beneficial effects.

Previous to the spring of 1793, I had made use of almost every method to destroy those insects, which I had seen published or heard of; but I found, on trial, that none of them answered the purpose effectually. In April, 1793, on my way to Edenton, I stopped at Mr. John Gray Blount's, at Washington, North-Carolina, and, speaking to him on the subject, he informed me that he had, after many trials, found an effectual remedy; which, he told me, was spirits of turpentine. It being too late in the season when I returned home, no experiment was made that year; but the next, about the last of March, I found my apple-orchard full of caterpillars, and immediately had recourse to the spirits of turpentine. The method I pursued was as follows: I took a syringe, and when I could reach the nest with it, squirted it once or twice full, according to its size, into the body of the nest; and when they were too high to be got at by the syringe, I put a piece of rag, or sponge, on the end of a reed or long light pole, dipt it into the spirits of turpentine, and thrusted it once or twice through the nest. In this manner, with two hands, I had an orchard of thirteen hundred trees gone through in about three hours, and in the space of three or four days not a caterpillar was to be seen in the orchard, nay, some scattering trees at the distance of forty or fifty yards from the other trees, which were full of caterpillars, and had no spirits put on them, were likewise cleared of them. I have every spring since 1793 made use of this remedy in my orchard, and never knew it fail of success. Last year I communicated this method of destroying that noxious insect to the Philosophical Society in this city, through Alexander Martin, Esq. but have not heard of any person being the better for it. You are at liberty to publish this method of preserving an orchard from their annual ravages, in any manner you think proper.

I am, Sir,

Your most obliged servant.

RICHARD DOBBS SPAIGHT.

Mr. J. Sharpless.

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from page 30.]

"A WIFE! Clelia Neville a wife! She belongs to another! The obstacle, indeed, is not to be surmounted. My happiness is gone; my trust in the sincerity of others, in the blandishments of fortune, in the fictions of probability, in the suggestions of my own dicernment, in the consolatory accents of hope, is gone.

"*A wife!*" That little word was sufficient wholly to reverse my sensations; to throw me from my pinnacle of joyous confidence, and leave me whelmed in the utter darkness of despair. I can scarcely tell what were my first gestures, or what were the words I uttered after my senses had been struck by this fatal intelligence. My heart swelled with horror, indignation, and grief; with indignation at that hypocrisy which I imagined to have been exercised to entice me to the verge of this precipice; horror at the guilt to the commission of which I seemed to have been rushing; grief at the closing of my prospects; at the fruitlessness of all my efforts after happiness; of all those humiliations and artifices which I had employed to prolong the ignorance and elude the suspicions of my cousin. Thus had the wiles of the deceiver thrown back upon himself the well-earned penalty of disgrace, disappointment, and despair.

I broke from her presence in a mood half made up of sullenness and rage. I shut myself up in solitude. I avenged myself by curses on my evil fortune; by muttering to the unconscious walls my abhorrence of her dissimulation and concealment; by half-formed vows of abjuring the society of mankind; of flying from my hated country; of withdrawing from life.

From upbraiding Clelia, my infatuation passed to wreaking my impotent resentment on my cousin, whose perverseness, by driving me to search elsewhere for happiness, exposed me to this misery and ignominy. Sydney was likewise detested as the primitive cause of my misfortunes; as the great dispenser of ill, whose malignant agency would never fail to blast my most auspicious and best-concerted projects, and from whose wanton persecution I could only hope to escape by placing oceans and continents between us.

This fit of passion gradually remitted its violence. After some hours, spent in a kind of phrenzy which only wanted duration to be as ferocious and destructive as any that receives the name, my thoughts began to flow in a more equable course. Time hushes every storm, and when the hurricane has ended its career, every flowing of the billows is less impetuous than the last; till, at length, the tranquillizing power "summâ placidum caput extulit undâ." Thus it is in the tempests of the mind. Hope breaks through the cloud which hung over us and shut out the day, and brings back serenity and radiance.

Insensibly my mind reverted to the contemplation of those events which preceded my first meeting with Miss Neville. I called back my ancient feelings with regard to my cousin. From regretting the artifices and concealments of which I had been guilty, I began to regard them as having been prudent and wise. I blessed myself for having thus long delayed the disclosure of my intercourse with this foreigner; and determined, henceforth, to act as if she had never been known to me; to resume my visits to my cousin; and find, in her ingenuous confidence, her artless affection, and the effusions of her pure and upright mind, a recompense for my recent disappointments.

You will ask if my passion for Clelia was thus easily annihilated; if the lapse of a single day or week was sufficient to free me from shackles which are usually the strongest which nature has imposed upon youthful hearts; if the extinction of desire thus rapidly followed the extinction of hope. This inference would be very wide of the truth, yet it was the inference which was drawn, at that time, by myself. My state was like that of a person who had rashly entangled himself in a fen, and, after panic fears and vehement struggles, has safely reached the firm ground. Exhausted by my efforts, I stood still to retrieve my composure and strength, and found a nameless delight in comparing my present safety with my past danger.

Such is the nature of passion; and, especially, of this passion. Our views of things are perpetually varying; and our feelings, conforming themselves to the change, are tranquil or stormy, torn by regrets or soaring into tranquillity. The first belief that succeeded to the rage of disappointment, was that of being free from the enchantments which had hitherto seduced me. I imagined that my love for Clelia was at an end; though my new emotions, with respect to my cousin, were merely those of brotherly esteem, and such as to enable me, with sincerity and cheerfulness, to conform to those conditions which she imposed on our intercourse.

In this state of fleeting and delusive calm, I resolved to visit my cousin. Almost a fortnight had passed since I had seen her last. By indirect expressions, I had given her reason to suppose that this interval would be passed at Calverton. She had remonstrated against so long an absence; but my state of mind made my interviews with her irksome and embarrassing, and I readily seized any means of avoiding them. I pleaded some necessity for staying at this farm, and, in truth, the intervals between my visits to Miss Neville, had been chiefly spent in that retreat. Sydney was still abroad, and Louisa was still with her friends on the bank of Schuylkill; and to her, on the approach of evening, I repaired.

I found her pensively walking in an embowered alley of the garden. At my approach, pleasure took place of all other emotions, and she stretched out her hand—"Have you come at last, my dear cousin! Let me first bid you welcome, and then demand from you the cause of this unfriendly absence."

I stammered out some poor apology, and promised more attention for the future.

"Nay," she replied, "let your inclination guide you. Much as I love your company, its value must depend upon being cheerfully and willingly bestowed. And yet," continued she, checking herself, and after a moment's pause, "what a foolish saying was that! What a criminal effusion of selfishness and pride! I want your company much, and will solicit it, and claim it, even should you be averse or reluctant. It becomes me to vanquish that aversion and contend with that reluctance. I have wished for you, and looked for you every evening this week. I have thought of you very much, and longed to communicate my thoughts. Go, sit down upon that bench, and I will tell you all that I have been thinking."

Being seated, she took up a book that lay upon the bench—"See here, what I have been reading this afternoon. How hard beset will you think me, to find it necessary to resort to Mademoiselle Scuderi for entertainment. I found the volume in a garret. It was new to me. I never heard of it, or saw it before, and my curiosity, I promise you, was highly gratified by the first score or two of pages. Look at it."

I took the book, and the first words I met with were Statira, Lysimachus, Perdiccas. I closed the volume with a deep sigh.

She darted piercing eyes at me, and said, "Why that sorrowful air? Do you know the book?"

"Full well," I answered. "If I ever grow old and reflect upon the events that formed my character, I shall mark out this book as the most powerful of all the agents who made me what I am. If I am fickle and fantastic, not a moral or rational, or political being, but a thing of mere sex, *this* it was that fashioned me. I almost predict that I shall owe an ignominious life, and a shameful end, to this book."

I again opened the volume, carelessly. A letter appeared between the leaves. It was superscribed "Louisa Calvert," and the hand writing was Sydney's. Something like jealousy and envy just then twitched me at the heart.

"Ah!" said she, "that is what I want you to read. It talks a great deal about you, and has told me something that has furnished its chief employment to my mind for these several days. It is that which has made me so impatient for your coming."

At these words my heart misgave me. Is it possible, thought I, that this audacious intermeddler has betrayed me? But it cannot be. He is too far off to be acquainted with my movements.

I unfolded and read with some hurry and trepidation. All the while, the eyes of my companion were fixed upon me. They were usually languid and inexpressive, but now they had a strange and fascinating power. Full of conscious purity and benevolent meaning, she seemed prepared to read my inmost soul, and yet, not as a censor or accuser, but as forgiving and compassionate.

Angel of a woman! Methinks I see thee at this moment! Thy virtue was sufficient to irradiate even thy homely features! But I must not call thee thus vividly to my remembrance. I must forget that cruel fate that made me the engine to destroy thee. All is now past; and my story will benefit others, though it plunges me again into anguish and repining. That persuasion shall support me in relating it; in exhibiting my guilt and folly in their genuine colours, and in doing justice to thy memory.

The first part of this letter related to himself, his own situation and employments; but presently he proceeded to a new topic, and continued in these words.

—"You tell me that your time is chiefly spent without visitants; that Felix himself has deserted you; that he finds full occupation for his time at Calverton; and yet, you add, that you wonder what entertainment he can find in that unsightly and unwholesome spot, surrounded by black faces, parched fields, and long grass.

"Your wonder is very natural; but in this case it proceeds from your ignorance: Calverton, in truth, has no charms for your cousin. Few of his hours are spent there. They are much more agreeably devoted to a new acquaintance in the city. This is some lovely female from abroad, on whom our young friend has already bestowed his heart. What is the exact nature of their intercourse I am not informed, but it is intimate and frequent. I greatly fear that the impetuosity of Calvert has carried him forward with too much speed, or with too little circumspection. I shall very shortly return and council him as a friend; meanwhile, I would have you procure a meeting with him, extort from him some hints respecting his genuine situation, and be that guardian of his virtue and happiness for which your good sense, and your affection for him, so eminently qualify you."—

During the perusal of this, my confusion was inexpressible. Shame, at this detection of my imposture, and rage against the author of it, filled my heart almost to bursting. I threw the paper on the ground, and felt myself prompted to rush out of the garden. I turned my eyes from my cousin, and wished that some power would suddenly strike me deaf, that I might be screened from her reproaches. I expected nothing but the keenest rebukes, or the most contemptuous raillery. A pause of some minutes ensued. At length my cousin spoke.

"Why, my friend, are you thus disturbed? Have you been unfortunate? Is any disaster connected with your intercourse with the person here alluded to? Let me comfort you; let me counsel you. Tell me who she is, and what has passed between you; perhaps I may assist you. If your happiness requires it, I will be your intercessor, and your advocate."

"Good Heaven! Do you not then upbraid me? Do you not scorn me, drive me from your presence as a villain and betrayer?"

She shuddered at these words. She looked at me with eyes of terror and pity, and clasping her hands, "Have you, indeed, betrayed her? Have you debased yourself? Have you acted vilely by a woman and a stranger?"

I saw the nature of her error, and made haste to remove it. "No, no. She has received no injury from me. Her character, her innocence, are pure as they ever were. I have not betrayed or deceived her."

"Do you speak true? I beseech you, I conjure you, tell me the truth. Have you not injured her?"

I averred my innocence once more.

"Why then charge yourself with villainy, with deceit? Whom have you deceived?"

These words involved me in new perplexity. Was she not aware of my imposture with regard to herself? Had I not encouraged her fallacious inferences as to the state of my mind, and allowed her to ascribe appearances, which flowed from my affection for another; from fear and remorse, to emotions connected with my former pretensions to herself?

Observing my silence, she continued: "Have you been guilty of deceit? Whom have you deceived, and on what account could you persuade yourself to act so base a part?"

"Have I not concealed from you even the existence of Clelia Neville?"

"Alas! You did not deem me worthy of your confidence. The interest that I take in your welfare, you rated too lightly. I have not succeeded in convincing you that I am worthy of your trust. You impute to me indifference, or selfishness, or envy, and hence have arisen your concealments. You imagined, perhaps, that I should be weak enough to derive unhappiness from your attachment to another, though I had, of my own accord, and against your inclination, unloosed all the ties that bound you to me—though I had voluntarily given up my claim to your heart, or wicked enough to hinder your success. You were reluctant, therefore, to make me unhappy, or to raise obstacles in the way of your wishes. Ought I then to blame you for concealment? Ought I not rather to regret the failure of my own efforts, to evince the consistency and rectitude of my sentiments, and to be more diligent for the future?

"Let me, then, persuade you to lay aside disguise, and to confide in me. Depend upon my council and aid in any good cause. Who is the woman that Sydney speaks of? Do you love her? Is she worthy? What wishes or views do you form respecting her? How arose your acquaintance, and whither does it tend? Pr'ythee tell me the whole. Without scruple or evasion tell it me, my more than brother—my friend!"

Was it possible to resist this bewitching frankness? To listen to such accents and not be brought a penitent confessor, to her feet? The motives of my former conduct had indeed been various and mixed. Those which she just ascribed to me, had some part in swaying me to secrecy; but these were not the whole, nor the chief. I feared the imputation of caprice; my doubts of the ultimate decision of Clelia made me hold fast my former claim upon my cousin; a claim which my frank avowals, I imagined, would weaken or wholly take away. But these were impulses of which her generous mind was not aware. She was prone to find in others, and especially me, a purity and self-oblivion like her own.

Should I now disclose to her the full extent of my versatile and sordid temper? Should I give her the pain of knowing the depth and number of transgressions, of which I sincerely repented, and of which, with the usual temerity of inexperience, I ardently vowed never more to be guilty? Equally humiliating to me, and useless to her, would be such confessions. If hitherto I had not merited her good opinion, hereafter I would do nothing to invalidate my claim.

In this state of mind, I adventured to recount to her my introduction to Miss Neville, and the incidents that had since occurred. My narrative was somewhat different from that which I have just related to you. Incidents were truly related, but falsehood almost spontaneously and insensibly insinuated itself into the statement of my motives. The picture was incomplete, inasmuch as certain lineaments and shades were left out, but no spurious addition was admitted; no positive, though untrue assertion was made. How subtly modified are self-delineations, by vanity, or shame, or misjudging interest! How invisibly faint are the boundaries of truth and falsehood!

She listened with great earnestness. When I brought my story to a close, with the confession of Clelia, that she was already a wife, my cousin started and shuddered. A pause of deep abstraction and silence ensued; at length, she said;

"A wife! So long concealed her marriage from you! To mark the tendency of such intercourse, the progress of your feelings to love! To hear the confessions of that love without reluctance or sorrow! To sanction them, to meet them with corresponding confessions! To grant you those proofs of tenderness which, in a wife, are surely unwarranted and culpable! Strange deportment!

"To the accents of love, she listened with complacency. By offers of marriage, she was terrified. Surprise was the master-passion for a time. Why should she be surprised? Did she imagine you acquainted with her true state? And could she cheerfully receive offices of tenderness from one whom she knew to be apprized of her marriage? What rashness! What blindness to consequences!

"You say that she followed her aunt to America; that her coming was unexpected and unwelcome. It must, then, have been criminal, or, at least, indiscreet and rash. Could she have fled from her husband? Perilous, indeed, my brother, has been your situation. Let this event contribute to inspire you with caution. Be grateful to that succouring Providence which has saved you from ruin; and be, for the future, less prone to confide in the illusions of beauty, and the flattery of first impressions. What have you resolved to do? I hope this has been the last interview."

I assured her that it was so, and that I had unalterably determined never to see the foreigner again. She expressed the utmost satisfaction at this promise, and urged various considerations to strengthen my adherence to it. That evening was spent in her company, and I did not return to the city till next day.

When I retired to rest, my meditations were active and vivid. The events of this evening had given a new soul to my frame. I caught the sweet whispers of self-approbation, and had a glimpse of that felicity which is a stranger to foreboding and remorse. I admired the means by which this transition was effected, and contemplated my cousin's conduct with astonishment and reverence. Judging of others by myself, I had not preconceived the possibility of such sentiments and such deportment. It seemed to be a different person to whom I had been introduced; and my earliest impressions, with regard to her, those which existed before our first meeting, and which arose, were generated by fancy upon rumour, seemed to be revived. My cousin's homely features and diminutive form gave place to symmetry and dignity, and I wondered at myself for having so long overlooked her loveliness.

Next day, after promising to repeat my visit very speedily, I parted from her, and returned to my lodgings in the city. For a time, I was sensible of no decay of my newly acquired zeal. I reviewed late incidents with satisfaction and tranquillity. My fancy was engrossed by the looks and words of my cousin. Gradually, however, my attention reverted to the topics of our late conversation; and these recalled to my view, Clelia and her train of charms.

I mused upon the progress of our acquaintance; the delight which she seemed to receive from my discourse, and the fatal disclosure of her marriage now occurred to me, attended with all the indications of grief which were visible on that occasion. From an object of indignation, she insensibly appeared before me as entitled to compassion. That she had eloped from her husband, was sufficiently apparent; but it did not appear that she had fled with a seducer: on the contrary, she had sought protection in the arms of an affectionate and virtuous aunt, whose grief might have been excited, not by the crimes, but by the misfortunes of her neice; and who had, surely, afforded some proof of her parental confidence and love, by bequeathing to her so large a property. Besides, what reprehensible or suspicious had been discovered in the conduct of Clelia since her arrival on these shores? The friends of Mrs. Keith were her friends. Her mode of life was a chaste seclusion, unapproached by any whose intercourse might contaminate her purity. She was free, not from actual degradation merely, but from slander and suspicion. Were not these circumstances of some weight in the scale?

True it is that she is married; yet she has confessed her love for me, and is that so henious an offence? If it may claim to be forgiven, surely that claim may be made with most reason on him who is the object of her love. Persecution and resentment, from any quarter, may be undeserved; but from him to whom her heart is devoted, and for whose sake her guilt, if any guilt has been contracted, would be, in an uncommon degree, barbarous and perverse. The motives of her flight may possibly have been such as to be excused, if not justified by a candid arbiter; and why should I decide upon these motives, and on the equity of her conduct, before I am acquainted with them?

I had withdrawn from our last interview in rage. Was this the treatment she had merited? What was her crime in suppressing the mention of that which possibly she imagined to be known to me already? My conduct was precipitate and cruel, but it cannot now be repaired. I have vowed never to see her more. My promise to Louisa is sacred, and must be preserved.

With these reasonings passing through my mind, I reached home. I had scarcely entered the house, when a letter was presented to me by my landlord. I started when I saw that the superscription was in the same hand with that in which the billet formerly received, was written. "So!" said I, "a letter from Clelia herself! This is an evil omen." I hastily opened, and read as follows:

"*To* Felix Calvert.

"You left me in anger and contempt. What has happened to lessen me in your esteem? I deserve nothing but your pity. I demand your pity.

"Your proposal astonished and grieved me. It astonished me because I had good reason to believe you acquainted with my situation, and because it was inconsistent with those opinions you had previously avowed. You taught me to believe that you could love me with the same passion with which you could love a friend of your own sex.

"I am grieved to find you a stranger to my real condition. Had I supposed that ignorance, I should long ago have hastened to remove it. I beseech you, afford me the opportunity of justifying my conduct. You know me merely as a fugitive from my husband and my country, and you impute to me all that is criminal and odious; but the true reasons of my actions will shew you that I am not without excuse. I request one last interview, that I may lay before you these reasons.

"I invite you not to a renewal of intercourse. Neither my happiness nor yours will permit that. I would see you once more, that I may convince my benefactor that I am not altogether as unworthy as he thinks me; but, thenceforth, we must part for ever.

"I will expect you at the customary hour this evening.

C. N."

Was this summons to be obeyed? Compliance was but just. An invitation to a single interview, for a purpose like this, was innocent and laudable. What but good could flow from compliance? I had promised my cousin not to visit Miss Neville (for so I will continue to call her); but she, herself, would readily absolve me from this promise, were she apprised of the purpose of the desired interview. I will go.

My conjecture had been right. She supposed me acquainted with her marriage; yet, how could that knowledge have been obtained? Perhaps from her aunt's friends, with whom I might be naturally imagined to have some intercourse.

I paid my visit at the appointed hour. I found her as usual when the evening was serene, in the garden. She received me with some marks of confusion and distress. As I approached the house, my placidness and courage began to yield place to dejection and restlessness. These increased on entering the alcove, where so many pleasureable moments had passed; and the sight of her pale hues and downcast eyes, completed the subversion of my fortitude. My sensations on leaving her, at the former interview, returned upon me with scarcely less force.

I did not speak. I did not seat myself beside her, but opposite. I folded my hands upon my breast, and waited, mournfully, for what communications she should please to make. After some pause, she said, in a tremulous tone:

"I have invited you hither, without knowing whether you had any desire for the interview. I have offered to communicate the knowledge of events, which, perhaps, are to you indifferent. What I tell you, may only, in a slight degree, lessen your disapprobation; but I would fain restore myself to the esteem of one who has saved my life. I would elude the charge of having seduced your affections, by appearances of being willing to accept them, without the violation of my duty.

"It is true, alas! that I am married; but the man who claims my person, has no claim upon my esteem and my love. I have fled from his house, because it was a scene of depravity and tyranny. I have exercised no other liberty than that of forbearing intercourse with a wretch, polluted by the blackest guilt. To withdraw from his power, to regard him with aversion instead of love, was no crime. To feel gratitude for real services; to give esteem, confidence, and love to another who deserves it, is consistent with every duty to my husband; and I have fostered these emotions towards you without remorse.

"My father was a banker of Dublin. My mother died a few hours after my birth, and left me, the only consolation of my father. My early years were spent without any remarkable occurrence. At the age of fourteen I was permitted to take up my abode with my father's sister, Mrs. Keeth, who, at that period, came from America, and was left lonely and disconsolate, by the death of her husband. She adopted, and treated me as her own, and I was not wanting in filial affection and gratitude.

"I had passed my eighteenth year, not without many suitors. None of them were such as obtained, at once, my own approbation, and that of my two parents: and their concurrence, as well as that of my own heart, was an indispensible condition of success. I was an only child, and the heiress of both my father and his sister, and both were deemed rich. Hence there was no want of amorous protestors, and disinterested wooers; but I erected a standard, by which to judge of their sincerity, that none of them could endure.

"At length one was introduced to me, by name Belgrave. His family was ancient, and much superior in dignity to mine. He was possessed of great fortunes, which he spent with magnificence, but without visible profusion. He was in the bloom of youth, graceful, elegant, insinuating. He had received the usual education, and spent the usual time in foreign countries, from which he had returned, with all that speciousness and gloss about him, which converse, on equal terms, with the great and the gay, are adapted to produce.

"He quickly selected me for the object of his devotion, and employed every means of gaining my esteem. He conformed to all my pursuits and opinions; applauded and condemned according to the example which I set him, and made himself, as nearly as possible, a copy of that model which my fancy had most delighted to contemplate.

"His efforts were in some degree successful. His manners, and his general conduct, were such as I readily and ardently approved. His external circumstances were liable to no exception; but still there was a nameless something in his countenance and carriage, which I could not prevail upon my heart to love. When called upon to state the grounds of my aversion, I could mention no strain of discourse, no mode of conduct which I disapproved. His tongue was fluent, and always prodigal of generous feelings, and heroic ardours, and his features were flexible and animated; and yet the look of true benevolence—an eye, ingenious and benignant, were never to be found by me. Doubts, misgivings, proneness to shrink, to cover up my feelings, as from one incapable of sharing in them, always swayed me in his presence, and when my attention was fixed upon his face. They were instinctive, and inexplicable. I could not clearly define them to another, and produce in another the same emotions with regard to him.

"After a due period of assiduity he besought my hand. It was refused. His humiliation and grief were unaffected, but wrought no change in my resolutions. My aunt and my father were engaged as his advocates. I could convince neither of them of the propriety of my objections. In their eyes, my scruples appeared absurd and capricious. They were hearkened to with disgust, and censured with asperity. Solicitations and commands, menaces of separation and displeasure, were liberally employed to vanquish what was called my infatuation and my folly.

"Hitherto I had known little but happiness. My aunt's and my father's approbation and love, had amply compensated me for the few ills and privations which had fallen to my lot; but these consolations were now withdrawn. I reverenced their judgments; but their arguments, while they taught me to mistrust my own impressions, did not weaken these impressions, or prevent me from sinking into grief, at the prospect of becoming the wife of Belgrave.

"This state of fluctuation continued for several months. Belgrave was indefatigable in his importunities, in his appeals to my compassion, and my reason, in his vows of eternal gratitude, and boundless devotion; and my parents were no less urgent in contending with scruples, which they deemed fantastic, ridiculous and criminal.

"I will not dwell upon the feelings with which I endured this conflict. They cannot be described. They cannot be conceived but by one who loved with gratitude and fervour like mine, devoted to a revered parent, and idolizing the penetration and generosity of my friend. Their rebukes became daily more severe, and my fainting courage became every day more unequal to resistance. My father, at length, disclosed obligations under which Belgrave had laid him, and which, as they had saved him from bankruptcy, had preserved me from indigence. These demanded every grateful service; and my refusal to become Belgrave's wife, would offend my father and my aunt beyond forgiveness. Subdued, at length, I resigned myself to my fate.

"Too soon were the forebodings of my fears realized. Those appearances were laid aside, which he had deemed necessary for the attainment of his purposes. Cohabiting with him, I became acquainted with transactions and scenes, which, at a distance, could not possibly have been suspected. Under a veil of darkness, propensities were indulged by my husband, that have not a name which I can utter. They cannot be thought of without horror. They cannot be related.

"In the bosom of my aunt, I was unacquainted with the existence of half the vices and evils which infest mankind. For some enormities, which my subsequent experience brought within my observation, so far from knowing them by name, they had never occurred to me as possible. In brooding over my suspicions with respect to Belgrave, I fashioned, as I imagined, the most horrid images of voluptuousness and insensibility; but far different, far more flagrant was the guilt, far more savage the pollutions to which he was habituated.

"My detection of the truth was gradual. Quickly did indifference and inattention succeed to insinuation and warmth; but these slowly gave way to peevishness, impatience, and, at length, to undisguised disgust. Momentary returns to kindness became fewer. Bursts of contempt and resentment became more frequent. Hasty intimations that my pride and my obstinacy, in so long resisting his entreaties, merited punishment, and that his perseverance was dictated by a desire of revenge, sometimes escaped him.

"This vengeance he proceeded to inflict, by treating me with rudeness and contempt; by thwarting all my most trifling wishes; by forbidding his servants to bear my messages, or execute my orders; by affronting my friends and visitants; by interrupting me in my favourite employments of music and reading, or depriving me of the means of pursuing them. My father was shortly taken away by a sudden death, and his property, of course, devolved upon Belgrave. This property enlarged his gratifications, but contributed, in no degree, to my comfort or my deliverance from mistreatment; nor did he strive to conceal from me that my wealth had been the great inducement in applying for my favour, and that the pecuniary assistance which he had given to my father, was merely designed to benefit himself, and to preserve, unimpaired, that fortune which he expected would one day come into his own hands.

"These evils were endured with some degree of fortitude. There were, indeed, moments of agony, of hopeless distress, and of complaint; but my complaints were poured into no ears but those of my aunt. She mingled her tears with mine. She expressed her regrets at her former importunity, but endeavoured to console me by pointing out the path of duty, and shewing me the consequences of adhering to it in the approbation of my conscience and the smiles of a protecting God.

"At length, various circumstances set the depravity of my husband in a new light. For a long time I was blind to the obvious inferences which a person, much acquainted with the world, could not fail to have drawn from appearances. My husband's negligence of me I naturally ascribed to his attachment to some other woman. I could not readily believe what yet appeared to be true, that his associates were wholly of his own sex; and I gave him credit for a rectitude of conduct, in one respect, which was little in unison with other parts of his deportment.

"This illusion came, at length, to an end. Belgrave's contempt and hatred of me exceeded even his regard for his own reputation, and to his own safety, from the animadversions of the law. So open, so shameless was his conduct, that, at length, my own eyes were allowed to witness——.

"I cannot utter it—I was frozen with horror. I doubted whether hideous phantoms, produced by my own imagination, had not deceived me; till my memory, putting past incidents together, convinced me that they were real.

"My husband's presence—his house, became loathsome and intolerable. I flew to my only comforter, my aunt. I related what I had seen, and declared my desperate resolution never more to return to his house; to brave the contumelies of the world, which would never believe the wrongs which I had endured, and which, indeed, would never know the most odious of these wrongs.

"She contended with my despair. She joined with me in my abhorrence of Belgrave, but she endeavoured to reconcile me to my fate; to wean me from reliance on the world's opinion and the world's goods; to seek, in religion, a balm to my wounded spirit, and a basis for hope which the depravity of those around me could never shake.

"My aunt's exhortations were always earnest and pathetic to a degree that never failed to conquer my despair, at least, for a time. Her lessons instilled into me patience, at least, to sustain the miseries of my condition. I consented to return to an habitation polluted by abominable crimes; to hush my murmurs, and to meet the wretch who called himself my husband, without invectives.

"My aunt, shortly after, thought it necessary to return to America. She was the only friend which, in spite of the tyranny and malice of Belgrave, I had preserved. It was she only whose accents had any power to inspire me with fortitude. Her counsels and admonitions were perpetually necessary, and in her bosom I poured my sorrows, and found comfort. She was now going to desert me. She would pass into a distant world, from which she designed never to return. All useful intercourse between us would be cut off.

"I endeavoured to persuade her to relinquish her scheme, and urged the necessity of her presence to prevent me from committing some fatal act of despair or resentment. She resisted my intreaties, and shewed me the weakness of dependance on a fellow creature, whom so many accidents might snatch away from this state of existence. She urged anew the duty of seeking strength from an higher source; and, after many efforts on my side, and many arguments on her's, I consented, with a bleeding heart, to her departure, and to the loss of the only comfort that remained to me.

"I will not dwell upon the incidents that ensued her departure. My husband's conduct became more atrocious than ever. My life became more burthensome. My customary source of fortitude was withdrawn. I was overwhelmed with a consciousness of solitude and wretchedness. I endeavoured, in vain, to practise the lessons of resignation and devotion which my aunt had taught me. I looked after my beloved friend with unspeakable longings. My fancy accompanied her across the inhospitable ocean, and took up its abode with her on the shores of this new world. This employment possessed a strange power of delighting and tormenting me. I pursued it incessantly by night and by day. I loved to sleep, for my dreams were sure to unite me with my absent friend, and to annihilate that dreary interval by which we were severed from each other. I awoke to sorrow; to sorrow that the scene was visionary and fleeting.

"By perpetually musing on the forlornness of my condition, the inquiry was gradually suggested, Is it without remedy? Has my friend gone whither it is impossible to follow her? The ocean is passable by me as well as by her. What should hinder me from pursuing the same track? From seeking deliverance from the tyranny under which I now suffer, by flying to a distant land.

"This thought had not now occurred for the first time. When my aunt's voyage had first been mentioned, my heart involuntarily exclaimed, 'O! that I could be her companion; that I could fly from my country forever, from the power of my bitterest enemy, and the most profligate of men, and hide my head in a remote land of tranquillity and innocence!' This desire I never dared to utter, and made haste to stifle so flattering a gratification.

"To a scheme like that, I knew that my aunt would never consent; that to know that it was harboured for a moment in my bosom, would give her exquisite pain, by shewing her the futility of all her efforts to convince me of my sacred duty and irrevocable obligations. Now this scheme was anew suggested to my thoughts with more attractions than ever. The more I revolved it, the more practicable and eligible it appeared.

"What," said I, "are the impediments that hinder me? Cannot I withdraw from this habitation and this city, without exciting my husband's opposition? He little suspects that my despair could prompt me to an action like this. He will, therefore, employ no precautions against it. If I conceal my name, assume a different and plainer garb, and retire to some obscure sea-port in the north, I may embark for America without molestation, and my place of refuge will never be suspected by those whom I leave behind.

"My flight will be regarded with pleasure by Belgrave, more than with anger. He will not know whither I have fled. He will suppose me lost in obscurity and indigence, and his savage heart will derive satisfaction from reflecting on the humiliations and embarrassments to which he may imagine me subjected. Instead of diligently pursuing my footsteps, and reclaiming possession of my person, he will be contented with my property, and rejoice at being freed from that restraint which my presence could not fail, in some degree, to produce.

"He may propagate some tale injurious to my honour, and my reputation may be blasted; but, free as I am from reproach, and notorious as my husband's vices have at length become, what have I to fear from his aspersions? On what ground has my conduct afforded him the possibility of building slanderous insinuations? And will he not be deterred by the uncertainty of my condition, and the likelihood, therefore, that I live to confute his falsehoods, and to avenge my injuries, by unfolding to the world those enormities which would not only cover him with infamy, but expose to danger his liberty, and even his life.

"My friend will be grieved at my conduct; but, surely, if it cannot be justified, it is yet not without excuse. Her wisdom will reconcile her to an event which cannot be recalled, and she will not refuse me her protection and her love.

"This scheme, after many difficulties and delays, was carried into execution. I escaped from Dublin without warning any human creature of my design, and without leaving behind me any traces of my flight. After a tempestuous voyage, I arrived in this city. Having found my aunt's habitation, I burst into her presence, and, throwing myself into her arms, poured forth tears of joy and shame.

"My maternal friend easily forgave the errors of her child, when it was no longer in her power to prevent them; but her wisdom could not reconcile her to an act which she deemed a violation of the most sacred duty. Long have I wept over her grave, and my grief has been embittered by the thought that my misconduct contributed to cloud the evening of her life, and, perhaps, to hasten that event which has robbed me of a guide, a protector, and a parent.

"I have no correspondence with my native country. I know not the condition of Belgrave, or the effects which my disappearance has produced upon him or upon others. I have had no desire but to live unmolested and in privacy; in the indulgence of mournful recollections, and in the moderate use of that liberty and those enjoyments which are within my reach, and which are innocent."

Here the narrator paused. I had listened with the deepest interest. I continued to listen. I readily acquitted her of all blame for leaving her country; but how were these events likely to be known to me, when it had probably been her earnest wish to hide them from all mankind, and when, indeed, her own silence, on the subject of her own adventures, had never been broken?

I did not conceal from her these thoughts. Her countenance betrayed embarrassment and perplexity. She hesitated to answer me, and, at length, said:

"It is true. I imagined you to be acquainted with my condition. I found in you one whom I wish to call my friend, because my unhappy situation will not allow any nearer claim. I am content to be the object of your fraternal love; but this is not sufficient for your happiness. I must, therefore, consent to lose the pleasures and advantages of your society; but I thought it due to myself to explain the reasons of a conduct which to you might appear culpable.

"I have suppressed the mention of my own misfortunes, at first, because the subject is painful in remembrance; because suitable occasions for the mention of them never occurred; because your curiosity never appeared to be awakened with regard to them; and you never, even indirectly, and at our most confidential moments, questioned me as to my former or actual condition."

"But that deportment," replied I, eyeing her steadfastly, "might arise from diffidence or false delicacy; from a thousand causes different from my knowledge of your true condition. Besides, how was I to obtain that knowledge? Who was there, beyond these walls, able to communicate it, and from whom I was likely, in my present situation, to obtain it? I have told you that I am nearly a stranger in this city; that there is none of its inhabitants but you with whom I have frequent or friendly intercourse."

Her embarrassment was increased by the steadfastness of my scrutiny. She answered, "I thought you knew it. It was vague conjecture, and fallacious, as the event has now proved. Perhaps I may have found such place in your esteem that you will credit my assertion without knowing the grounds of my opinion. I will not hide from you the existence of such grounds, which, at the same time, I cannot now disclose to you. The time will, perhaps, come, when the disclosure may be possible. Now it is not."

I renewed my questions, but she repelled them in the same manner. To tell her reasons for supposing me more knowing, in relation to her, than I was, was not fit for this time. The consequences of this error were not more to be lamented for my sake than for her's. It had deprived her of a friend.

"Why do you speak thus? Why must this discovery raise an insuperable bar between us? Why should we not interchange our feelings and ideas as formerly?"

She cast at me looks of surprise, mingled with affection—"Have I not betrayed you? Have I not misled you by false pretences, by appearances which did not correspond with truth? Is not this the light by which I am regarded by you?"

"Not if I confide in your assertions that you meant not to deceive me; that you imagined me aware of that obstacle which forbad any intercourse but that of friendship between us?"

Her eyes sparkled with delight at these words. "And do you trust me? Do you confide in me? Will you still be my friend? Will you add another and a greater benefit to that which you bestowed on me in saving my life, by allowing me the affections, the caresses, and the counsels of a brother?"

Such looks and tones accompanied these words, that I yielded my assent, not coldly or reluctantly, but with undisguised and immeasurable fervency.

"I am a forlorn girl," she resumed. "I am an exile and a recluse. I have been the victim of imposture and cruelty. I desire not to mix with the world, or to disclose my condition. I have resumed my father's name, and disown the condition of a wife. What expedient the malice of Belgrave may employ to hurt my reputation, or regain his power over my person, I know not; but I know that my safety depends upon his ignorance of my retreat. My heart is formed for all the tender sympathies of nature. My soul melts when the images of wife and mother occur strongly to my fancy; and I sink into repining at the hardness of my destiny which has cut me off from all these duties and enjoyments.

"Since I have known you, my regrets are less painful. I love to paint myself as owing life and all its enjoyments to your hand. I love that boundless gratitude which swells my heart at the sight of you, and which your estimable qualities have converted into affection and esteem. My love for you is tender; but that love demands nothing but your affection, your society, and your happiness. On my own account, I scarcely regret those bars which hinder you from standing in any nearer relation to me. How happy shall I be if there be no reason to regret it upon your account; if you can cheerfully consent to be my friend—Can you consent? Cheerfully?"

At that moment, and while listening to such accents, it was impossible not to repeat my concurrence. For some hours, my cousin was forgotten. My indignation was dismissed. My horror at the name of wife, my aversion to restraint, was no longer felt. I regarded my companion as a martyr to an ill-fated marriage. Her misfortunes, her desolate condition, her dependence upon me for happiness, and the obstacles to our union not arising, as in my cousin's case, from her own perverseness, but from causes whose existence was as deeply deplored by herself as by me, added to the enchantments of her features and the graces of her demeanour, made me willingly renew my homage at this shrine.

When the interview was at an end, I began to review these incidents with more sobriety. I was struck with wonder at the difference between the consequences of this meeting and those which I had previously imagined would flow from it; at the rapid transitions which my feelings had undergone from indignation and horror, to complacency, and even rapture. "Is there an human heart," said I, "fashioned like mine; susceptible of such extremes; shifting guises and forms with such celerity, and delivering itself up to such opposite emotions within the same short period? And what is now to be done?

"I promised my cousin never to repeat my visit to Miss Neville. Ten hours have scarcely passed since the promise was made, yet I have paid this interdicted visit, and have promised to be more assiduous in my attentions than ever! Will this disobedience be excused by my cousin? Shall I not disclose all that has passed? And will not Clelia be regarded by her as worthy of affection and pity?"

I acquiesced in this resolution; yet I was not in haste to execute it. My hours of leisure I felt most disposed to devote to Miss Neville. The distance from my lodgings was less, and the attractions of her company far more powerful. "I will see my cousin," I said, "shortly, but not to-night. To-morrow will be time enough." When the morrow arrived, my visit was again postponed. I readily admitted a stormy atmosphere to plead my excuse; and even the likelihood of rain was sufficient to reconcile me to delay. Thus day after day occurred; new impediments arose in my way to the Wallace's, and apology for absence became, at once, more necessary and more difficult.

My intercourse with Clelia was such as to intoxicate my juvenile feelings, and to shut out all foreign images. No pair of tongues were ever more voluble when they were set at liberty; and yet, on my part, I never made my own history the theme of my discourse. I loved to paint my visions of fancy; the images collected from books; but, chiefly, I was fond of questioning my friend in relation to her past life, and to the formation and the progress of her sentiments. On this subject she delighted to dwell. Her memory appeared to retain all the impressions of the past. The terms of every interesting dialogue; the looks, gestures, and minutest incidents accompanying it; every hue of the quickest and most mutable feeling, were exhibited with all the graces of a lucid elocution.

These topics were not of an exhaustible kind. They were more acceptable to me than any other. Others were excluded, not so much from any antipathy conceived against them, as because the time was more delightfully engrossed by these.

One evening, entering with my usual carelessness, I discovered Miss Neville in her drawing-room, earnestly contemplating some object which she held in her hand. Her attention was so much absorbed by this object, that she did not notice me till I touched her elbow. She started, thrust something into her bosom, and averted from my eyes a face suffused with the deepest crimson.

"What," said I, "have I caught you? Why is that something so hastily thrust out of sight?"

She stammered out the usual evasions of "Nothing—nothing at all—a matter of no consequence," and made strong efforts to regain her composure.

I grew importunate. A sort of vague suspicion darted through my mind, and whispered me that this was a picture—a picture which was not to be shewn to me, though proper to be gazed at when alone. I ceased to importune. I allowed her to change the conversation; but disquietude rankled in my heart, and I suffered the discourse to languish.

She quickly perceived the cloud upon my brow, and asked, tenderly, the cause.

"What is that," I answered, "which you put into your bosom?" Her confusion returned, and my anxieties increased. She refused to produce it. She was too honest to mislead me by direct assertions, but she besought me to excuse her.

"Readily," said I, gravely, "I excuse you from performing what will give you pain."

She again attempted to engage me in sprightly talk, but my heart was pained. The gloom upon my countenance became more deep. I even made a motion as if I would go away.

"My friend, what is the matter with you? Why this sedateness, this reserve?"

"It is your reserve that occasions mine. You will not tell me what you put into your bosom."

"Must you know?"

"If it be not disclosed, I shall go away less happy than when I came."

After visible embarrassment and struggle, she drew it forth. It was, indeed, a picture. My heart sunk still lower. I had scarcely courage to examine it. What was my surprise and pleasure when, on glancing at it, I beheld—my own image.

"And what need was there of concealing this?" said I. "How could I fail to derive pleasure from this proof of your attachment?"

By this time she had recovered her tranquillity. "It was mere folly, I own. I am a wayward creature; but your kindness will forgive me. In time, I shall become more reasonable and consistent. I have just been altering it."

"Altering it?"

"Yes: when first taken, I committed some egregious mistakes. How I could fall into them, is incomprehensible. I thought I had obtained a perfect image; but, on closer scrutiny, I found I had strayed wide from the true proportions. Your hair is a shade darker than at first sight, and your eyes, instead of being of an heavenly blue, are of an hazel cast."

"Strange mistakes, indeed," said I. "But why did you not order me to sit while you copied my real face?"

"There is reason for that," she replied, casting down her eyes and blushing with bewitching significance.

"Certainly; but what was the reason?"

Half sportively—"I will not tell you. That is still to be a secret. The time will be, I hope, when that and many other kindred mysteries will shew themselves without disguise. Let it content you that the face is your's, and that I wear it *here*, within all these folds, and have worn it. Do you know how I have been employed to-day?"

"No."

"I have been writing. An history. A secret history. Though I have prated so much about myself, I have not told you all. I cannot utter every thing, and what I cannot, I have consigned to the pen. You know nothing yet of my secret history. That will be a feast for you which I mean shortly to set before you."

"Pr'ythee make haste, then, I shall have no rest while a secret remains. But who are the actors in these mysteries?"

"Myself, to be sure, and another."

"What other?"

She cast most expressive looks

at me, yet I could, not satisfactorily interpret them—" Cannot you guess?"

" I should hope that in a drama where two characters only are exhibited, and you were one, that I should be the other."

" You have guessed aright. And yet you know me not. I was masqued. But what am I doing? You will rifle my box of secrets before I am aware. I am telling you what I meant you should read. O! let me ask you how came that scar upon your left cheek?"

" In leaping from an hay-mow I fell and struck my head against the edge of a mattock that lay concealed beneath a wisp of straw."

" When did that happen?"

" In my childhood."

She expressed much surprise. " In your childhood? And has it always been thus?"

" Always since my tenth year."

She suddenly became thoughtful, but presently resumed her sprightliness: " This, likewise, was omitted in your first portrait, which is very strange. Methinks the mark is sufficiently conspicuous."

" At our very first interview this scar was noticed by you, so that I conclude my portrait was taken before we met in this house."

This hint was followed by deep confusion—" Talk no more of the portrait. I was an unskilful artist, it is true."

She now called away her own thoughts and mine to some other topic, and I did not muse on these occurrences till we had parted. It was then that her secret history, her masquerade, the portrait formed previous to my knowledge of her, and concealed from me with such solicitude, occurred to my thoughts. My reflections were unattended by pain. They set me to conjecturing what had passed between her escape from the house in flames, till our actual meeting. I had spent that interval chiefly in the city, and many occasions might be conceived on which a glimpse of me might have been afforded her. These surmises were flattering to my vanity, and shewed the deep impression which gratitude had made upon her.

On my return home, I found a billet from my cousin, couched in these words:

" Why do you forget your promise? I want to see you. Come to me to-morrow morning, and make amends for this forgetfulness or negligence. I shall fully expect to see you, so that you must not disappoint me."

This billet threw me into some perplexity. I was conscious how culpable I had been, and was at a loss what apology to make. I could not, however, hesitate to comply, and went next morning to Wallace's. My cousin received me with her usual frankness and affection, and, after a few minutes conversation, in which her friend bore a part, she invited me to walk with her. The air with which this invitation was made, convinced me that something extraordinary engrossed her thoughts. This belief increased my embarrassments.

After a few turns in the garden, and when we appeared at a sufficient distance from interruption, she spoke with great earnestness; and, looking at me steadfastly, " Sydney returned home last week, and spent yesterday here. He tells me that you visit Clelia Neville frequently. You told me, when I saw you last, that you designed to have no more intercourse with that person. What has happened to change this resolution?"

I was silent. She noticed my embarrassment, and resumed, in a tone of irresistible tenderness, "Let not my brother deem me selfish and impertinent. My inquiries are dictated by regard for your welfare. That welfare I believe to be, in some danger. Forgive me, then, for taking you thus to task. You have overlooked your promise to me, but that promise was exacted not merely or chiefly to gratify myself, but to screen you from the most formidable danger which can assail your youth. Far am I from intending to upbraid you for any negligence of me. I have, of my own accord, given up my claims upon your faith; and cannot wonder that beauty, gracefulness, intelligence, and sensibility, far superior to what I possess, have enchanted you in another. For this you are not to blame. You are not to blame for any thing; least of all for withholding your confidence from me, and declining to seek my advice. As soon as I can thoroughly convince you that my regard for you is void of selfishness and jealousy, this reserve will disappear, and I *will* convince you of it.

"You are the son of my mother. She who saved me from indigence and suffering, who took me to her home and her bosom, and gave me all the happiness that I possess, lives in your form, in your features, in your voice. When you are present, she is always before me. You are the pride and the hope of her life. Shall I not love you, then, for her sake?

"But that love is small in proportion to that which I bear you for your own sake. My woman's heart is yours. My very soul reposes in your bosom. I know no happiness but as you are happy. Are the transports of a wife and a mother not to be found in your arms? Are your affections to be given to another? It is well. I unmurmuringly acquiesce. I adopt that other for my substitute. I am anxious, only, that she merits your devotion. To see you betrayed, connected with a specious imposter, with a faithless wanton, would break my heart; indeed it would.

"You are mine," she continued, putting her arm round my neck, and in a tone of new sweetness, "you are mine, and I will not part with you but to one that well deserves the precious gift. Beloved Felix! Clelia Neville deserves you not."

What were my feelings during this address? My heart was fickle and inconstant, but not yet callous. Tears rushed to my eyes. I was subdued. I was torn with remorse for my past insensibility to such excellence. I said, "I have wronged you. Henceforth I put my fate in your hands. Direct me as you please. I will worship and obey you as my better angel."

"That is a good youth; but be not prodigal of promises. Shew your sincerity by disclosing your feelings and motives. Give me a just account of what has happened during your absence. Why, on the evening of the very day we parted, did you go to Miss Neville? Why has so many evenings since been spent with her? From twilight to ten, twelve, and even two o'clock? And why, on leaving this enchantress, instead of seeking your repose, have you rambled to Schuylkill, and descried the dawn from the verge of *Quarry-hill?*"

I started. "How came you acquainted with these incidents?"

"They came to me from Sydney, who gained them from a friend who lives not far from Miss Neville's."

Sydney and his friend, thought I, are officious, and had better be employed about their own concerns. I suppressed these thoughts, and produced the letter which I had received from Clelia. "There," said I, "was my inducement to renew my visits."

She perused the letter. I then recounted the substance of Clelia's narrative. I mentioned the compassion which this story had excited, and my readiness to maintain a friendly intercourse with her. Nothing had since passed unsuitable to those duties which were incumbent on her as a wife. I regarded her as such, and was not ashamed to confess that I delighted in her company. I saw nothing in this intercourse that ought to offend the most scrupulous.

My cousin's eye was full of suspicion and uneasiness. After a pauſe she said, "She once confessed that she loved you?"

"She did."

"Has she retracted that confesſion?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"She repeats still that she loves you?"

"She does not deny it."

"She is not particularly circumſpect? Reserved?"

"Certainly she is; as much as ſhe ought to be."

"More so than before the discovery of her marriage? Than when she demeaned herself as lovers are used to do?"

"Not more so. In that respect, I see no difference."

"When you offer—she does not decline; she does not shrink from your caresses? She does not manifest displeasure?"

"No; she is as affectionate in her deportment as you are."

"But I am your sister. I am more than your sister. I am not—*a wife*. Has she never wept at those ties which oblige her to treat you merely as a friend? Has she never painted the felicity attendant on indissoluble union with you, and maligned the power which forbids it?"

I could not deny that she had.

"Have you never concurred with her wishes and her tears? Have you never sought relief from impatience and dejection in reflecting that every man must die? That Belgrave's vices will probably expedite his death, and that then you may seek the hand of this woman without a crime?"

"It is true."

"Do not these fits of impatience increase in frequency and obstinacy?"

"I cannot tell. They are more easily removed at one time than at another."

"At moments when your feelings are most active, does not a momentary doubt insinuate itself as to the validity of that bond which inthralls your Clelia to another? It was not strong enough to bind her affections and person to a ruffian. It hinders her not from imbibing and avowing an attachment to one more worthy, and whose heart gives her all its treasures in return. Why, then, (do you not sometimes ask) should it hinder her from giving the natural proofs of that attachment? Conjugal duty, it seems, has not prevented her withdrawing from Belgrave her love, her confidence, and her society. It has not hindered her from bestowing all these upon another. Having given thus much, the seal surely is broken, and duty will permit her to give all. Have not such reveries as these sometimes, however rarely, fluctuated in your thoughts, and rendered you insensible to midnight damps?"

I was silent.

"Have not soliloquies escaped you, at moments when memory was most full of the blandishments and graces of this friend, in which an hearer would distinguiſh such sounds as 'Unnatural restraints! Arbitrary institutions! Capricious scruples!' tell me, honestly, Felix."

I could not speak.

"But these were merely creatures of a fancy, which, in being ever busy in creation, and always hovering round the image of this girl, must be expected to produce every shape, and to sport with every possible phantom. These images are fleeting. They are chastised and banished by wiser thoughts, which shew you that the effusions of the heart, the interchange of sentiments, and the acceptance and return of chaste caresses, are all that is of lasting value, even in wedlock. With these you resolve to be content, and to wait till circumstances arise that will sanction a closer intimacy."

"There," said I with eagerness, "you do me justice."

"And yet—how often does that officious phrase 'And yet,' interfere to break this equable tenor, to call up a regretful sigh? 'And yet—it is a pity. Life is wasted in delays. Belgrave may survive an half-century.' How often, at the conclusion of an interview, has a contempt of remote consequences, a faith in concealment, indignation at imaginary restraints, and the unjust obloquy of mankind, insensibly gained the upper place in your mind! How often have you noted the repose of nature, the security of solitude, and whispered in her ear, 'Why must we part? Why should we be separated an hour; and why should *this* hour sever us?' And do you not still hear that sweet voice, which sighingly and whisperingly answers, 'Alas! it must be so!'"

I was overpowered with confusion. I shuddered as if a witness had really been present at our interviews. I was astonished and abashed at so faithful a picture.

"I forgive your silence," resumed my monitress. "You need not answer me. I see that my conjectures are true. Such must ever be the reveries of one young as you, with principles versatile, ungrounded in religion, or on that morality which is the growth of experience. And the tendency of these things, if not to undermine your virtue, to make you dissolute and callous to reproach, yet, to unnerve your courage, to enfeeble all your energies, to divert your attention from useful knowledge, the service of your friends and your country, you do not see!

"Clelia has hitherto been, in your opinion, blameless. She has been the victim of treachery and cruelty. She fled from the mistreatment of a monster. She stands in need, and she is deserving of a friend. Are not these your opinions?"

"They are."

"And on what evidence are they built?"

I was disconcerted, and at a loss for an answer. At length I said, "I have no evidence but her own assertion. I have told you the story which I heard from her."

"And is that evidence sufficient? How numberless and irresistible are the inducements to conceal what, if known, would redound to our shame! How easy to disguise the real motives of our conduct! Belgrave may have been the inhuman and depraved wretch which he is said to be. Aversion to his features, and impatience of his tyranny, may have existed; but were these the only motives to object to marriage and to abandon her country? Might not her abhorrence of Belgrave partly have arisen from an unauthorized attachment to another? Might not his cruelty partly proceed from reasonable jealousy? And might not that attachment have been one of the inducements to elopement?"

These insinuations startled me. I had no time to weigh their truth. These being admitted by one of my cousin's candour and discernment, entitled them to some regard from me. I besought her to be more explicit. Were these her suspicions? On what grounds were they built?

"You know that she has friends and associates in this country. You know that there are many who have constant intercourse with Dublin. Have you made inquiries among these respecting your friend? Possibly some one might be able to corroborate or confute her story."

I confessed that I had made use of no such expedients.

"But ought they not to have been used? Would they not have naturally occurred to a cautious temper?"

I answered, "that my recent arrival in the city hindred me from forming acquaintanceships with many persons; that, however strong my doubts might have been, and my desire of foreign information, I was wholly at a loss to whom to apply for this end."

"Say rather, my friend, that your devotion to this girl absorbed every thought, and all that time that might have been employed in enlarging the number of your friends, and in supplying you with materials of observation and reflection. You were a stranger to suspicion, and, therefore, reflected not that Mrs. Keith had been much known and respected in this city; that persons existed who had been serviceable to her in the management and disposal of her property; that her will, by which she made this girl her successor, must have had executors, and witnesses, who, probably, knew the character and condition of Miss Nevile, and to whom one like you, might easily have found access. Ought not your caution to have suggested these expedients?"

I could not but acknowledge it.

"And these expedients which you ought to have pursued, would naturally be pursued by those who love you. Would they not?

"And have they been pursued?"

"Sydney has obtained, from authentic sources, some information respecting this woman, which has just been communicated to me."

I was anxious to receive this information. I entreated her not to withhold from me what she had heard.

"Alas! my friend, this woman, thus amiable, thus studious, thus unfortunate, is—a profligate. Her husband had some reason for his persecution. His character is wholly opposite to that which she has described. His reputation has fewer blemishes than are incident to most men of the same riches and rank. Before marriage, she bestowed her heart and her person upon a young man, insinuating and elegant, but, unprincipled and dishonest. He was her father's clerk. Her attachment to this youth was shameless, and overstepped all bounds of decorum. It has, indeed, been proved, that the first overtures to an illicit intercourse came from her. This intercourse continued after marriage, and she, finally, to secure his company, eloped with him.

"These truths are notorious in her native city, and have been circumstantially related to Mr. L***, whose brobity you well know, in a letter from an Irish friend, whose intergrity and means of knowing the truth, are unquestionable. Mr. L***'s modes of thinking are singular. He had much respect for Mrs. Keith and his widow, and is named *trustee* in the will of the latter. During her abode here, the young lady's conduct has been free from reproach. She has shunned almost all intercourse with the world, since the decease of her aunt, probably from a consciousness of her guilt, and of the danger of detection. Mr. L*** has disclosed his knowledge to no one, but has kept a vigilant eye over her. He is unwilling to destroy her reputation, as long as she acts with circumspection.

"You know Mr. L***'s friendship for Sydney. A meeting took place between them a few days ago. Clelia was mentioned by the former, and the assiduity of your visits; some connection being known to subsist between Sydney and you was likewise mentioned. Sydney was desired to exert his influence to induce you to break off so dangerous an intercourse. For some time the true character of Miss Neville was concealed, notwithstanding Sydney's endeavours to extort from him his knowledge; but, at length, these facts were stated, and the letter containing them were shewn, on condition that the discreetest and most sparing use should be made of them. They were communicated to me, that I might guard you against consequences so much to be dreaded from the uncommon fascinations of this woman.

"How very slender must be those talents which will not enable their possessor to frame a plausible tale; and how easily may looks of innocence and candour be assumed by a guilty heart?

"This woman is eminently lovely: her attractions and accomplishments are dazzling, but she is sensual and fickle. No doubt she is susceptible of gratitude. No doubt your mind and person have enchanted her. She loves you as one like her is capable of loving—with impetuosity. Marriage is no bar and no requisite to the gratification of her passion, and her deportment to you has hitherto been such as no heart of true delicacy and chastity would ever have adopted. It has been skilfully adapted to your constitution and temper, and, if you do not instantly change your course, will lead you to ruin. I shudder to think how near you have already been to the verge of guilt. That you have not fallen, was owing not to her virtue, but to yours.

"She has artfully spread her wiles for you. She has chosen scenes and hours for your intercourse, most favourable to the oblivion of conscience and foresight. The songs which she adapts, according to your own account, to her magic instrument, tend to move the soul to love, and inculcate contempt of the future, and forgetfulness of virtuous restraints. Thank heaven! in spite of her enchantments, your integrity is yet safe. Are you not, at length, convinced of your past danger, and determined to exercise more caution for the future?"

What could I say? These tidings sunk me into grief. The evidence thus produced, appeared to me incontestible. Clelia then was an adultress, and a profligate! With such an one, it was impossible to hold converse. That love, to which I confided my hopes of happiness, could never lodge in the bosom of a sensualist and hypocrite. Her passion for me might lead to extravagance and phrenzy; but without the ornament of chastity, or a basis in integrity, it was to be shunned and abhorred.

My courage wholly deserted me. I melted into tears. I became, to my cousin, an object of commiseration. I became flexible and pliant to all her wishes, and readily consented to avoid this unfortunate girl in future.

My grief at this discovery, after the first burst of conviction was past, and when solitude afforded me leisure to think, led me to investigate Sydney's evidence more closely. I said, "Is it right thus hastily to condemn a being, whose situation necessarily exposes her to calumny and misapprehension? Am I sure that the whole is not a wicked artifice of Sydney's, to thwart my projects of happiness? That L*** has not invented this tale to blast the character of Clelia? That L***'s correspondent has not been a deceiver, or been himself misled?"

She has given me proofs of tenderness; but, admitting them to be incautious, they are not, in themselves, criminal, and may surely be excused by her youth—her ardent feelings, and her confidence in me. Where is this lover with whom she is said to have eloped? Her conduct, since her coming hither, has been allowed to be proper, and what human creature may not repent of his misdeeds, and grow wiser by experience? What should hinder but that her past errors are now regarded with detestation and remorse? That she has admitted a pure love into her heart, and will henceforth conform to its dictates? It was not I that, in spite of her concealment, detected her marriage. She spontaneously disclosed it. To this hour it might have been a secret, for she is not aware that her true situation is known to any one on this side of the ocean.

She had dwelt with the most picturesque, and, apparently, the most ingenuous minuteness on the incidents of her life, and especially those subsequent to marriage with Belgrave. She had related all the steps taken to effect her escape; all the events of the voyage; the name, character, and situation of the captain. Had she been accompanied by a lover, this narrative was vitiated not merely by omissions, but by falsehoods. All the difficulties and distresses which she painted, necessarily implied the want of a friend or protector. Was it possible that nothing in her tones or looks, nothing in a story so abundant in particulars, would have betrayed her falsehood? By affording me the means of inquiring of the captain, and her fellow passengers, one of whom was a resident in this city, did she not afford sufficient proof of her sincerity?

And what if she be calumniated? If Belgrave, by inhuman falsehoods, has blasted her good name, and thus perpetuated the mischiefs, which his vengeance had already inflicted, and from which, flight into another world has not been able to screen her, his enmity to her, and even his regard for himself, would naturally lead him to employ this engine to ruin her. Hypocrisy and artifice are easy, and she who might counterwork or unmask the betrayer, was unconscious of his machinations. She lived, in the vain security that her name and her existence were forgotten, and that her reputation, at least, among the beings who surrounded her, was free from stain.

No, I will not desert her. I will not hastily believe her wicked, and will spare no pains to ascertain the truth. I will go to Sydney. I will make him introduce me to his friend. I will see this letter with my own eyes. I will scrupulously weigh its claims to belief. I will make inquiries of others, and even of herself. I will charge her with imposture in terms so direct, and with a watchfulness so close, that the truth shall not escape me.

With these sentiments I returned to the city, and hasted to Sydney's lodgings. He received me with that placid brow, and cordial familiarity which always distinguished him. Cursory topics were quickly dismissed, and I called his attention to my cousin and Miss Neville. I related what had just been told me, and required him to deny or confirm it.

"Your cousin has faithfully repeated my intelligence. All that is true."

"All that," I quickly replied, "is false. There is some deception, some stratagem to ruin this unhappy woman, and to ruin me."

He lifted his eyes, but looked with undiminished benignity, and spoke mildly—"Would you say that I have invented that tale?"

"Forgive me. That insinuation was rash."

"Nay," said he, "it was suitable and proper. You ought to listen to such tales with reluctance, and not admit them on slight evidence. I ask you not to credit me on my assertion. Nothing should content you but the sight of the letter, which I will procure for you, and, so far from wishing you to believe before you see it, I exhort you to suspend your belief. Meanwhile, here is a copy, which you may peruse, and may compare with the original."

I took the paper and read it. It contained all that my cousin had reported. Sydney's character; the absence of all motives to deceit, on this occasion, since his interest as the lover of Louisa, and as my competitor, would necessarily induce him to favour, rather than to counteract, my pursuit of another, shewed me the folly of casting suspicions upon him. There could not be a doubt that this letter, at least, was genuine. I laid down the paper and was silent.

"Perhaps," said Sydney, "your knowledge of this woman has supplied you with proof of the falsehood of this story. Perhaps you have indubitable evidence that she is not a wife? That she did not quit Ireland clandestinely?"

"Both these," said I, mournfully, "are true."

"Indeed! How did that appear?"

"By her own confession."

"What then are the facts which she denies, or which you disbelieve?"

"She fled, but her fidelity to her husband has been inviolate. She fled, not to enjoy the company of a seducer, but to shun the cruelty of a tyrant."

Sydney shook his head, in token of incredulity; but, for a short interval, said nothing. At length he resumed:

"Nothing is more frequent than calumny. Nothing is more easy than to belie the actions and motives of a human being. Appearances against this woman are strong. Yet her innocence is not impossible. For her own sake, as well as for yours, I have resolved to ascertain the truth. She ought not to be kept in ignorance of what is believed respecting her. She ought, at least, to have an opportunity of avowing her integrity. After reading this letter, in the hands of Mr. L***, I determined to visit her, and lay before her the contents."

I started. "And did you go? Did you tell her this?"

My perturbations attracted his notice. They partly arose from surprise, at the abrupt mention of a project so singular and unexpected, and partly from inexplicable fears lest he might prejudice her mind against me.

"Be not alarmed," he replied, "I did not go. There was no need to go. My uncertainty was removed by different means."

"Are you then convinced of her innocence?"

"No. The proofs which I allude to had an opposite tendency. They convinced me of her guilt."

My heart drooped at these unwelcome sounds. I had scarcely courage enough to inquire into the nature of these proofs.

They inform me that the paramour, with whom Clelia dishonoured herself before marriage, and whom the claims of an husband could not prevail on her to discard, is now in this city. That their illicit intercourse is still continued, her nights being spent in his company.

Horror at this news, was quickly lessened by incredulity. I remembered that four evenings in the week were spent with me. That I went to her early, and left her late. The existance of a rival was impossible, for what motive could induce her to bestow tenderness and confidence on me. To suppose her affections thus equally divided; thus daily changeable; to suppose her, with regard to me, a dissembler, was, to the last degree, absurd! Why should she devote her time to any other besides him who possessed her affections? Why solicit and encourage visits, when those visits would merely interfere with, and tend to the detection of her intercourse with one whose society must be infinitely preferred. I saw her not at stated hours, or concerted intervals. Half the evenings of the week were devoted to her, but they were not pre-appointed. My approach was hailed with delight, and my departure witnessed with reluctance. No; this was a manifest calumny. I did not disclose all my reasons for denying my faith to this story, but I did not conceal my disbelief, and inquired what were the proofs?

“My evidence I cannot produce. The information was given on condition that the authors were concealed. I promised concealment more readily, because, if the intelligence were true, its truth might easily be ascertained. I, for my part, entertain no doubts. The evidence was such as not to be resisted: *I* am convinced of her depravity. Without this evidence, I neither desire nor expect you to believe it, but it must always be in your power to ascertain its truth by other means.”

“Be good enough to tell me how.”

“The path is obvious. By charging her directly with this misconduct, she will hardly fail of tacitly confirming it. Besides, you know whether she has any acknowledged visitants besides yourself.”

“She has none; none, at least, but of her own sex.”

“If she denies herself to him, in the presence of another, she must often deny herself to you. So much of her time must be shared with him, that your visits must be very unfrequent not to interfere with his.”

“My visits,” said I, “are not unfrequent, and they take place at seasons utterly inconsistent with the existence of such a connection.”

“Indeed!” exclaimed Sydney, in a tone of surprise and disapprobation, “it grieves me to hear that. If this woman be criminal, it matters little whether it be with you or with another.”

I was disconcerted and abashed at the inference thus drawn from my words. The inference was false, but such as a mind fastidious in its maxims of decorum, might easily draw from the frequency, the loneliness, and protraction of our interviews. I was unwilling to state the truth, in this respect, for fear of creating one suspicion, by the means employed for removing another. Meanwhile anxiety was strongly painted in my friend's looks. He resumed:

“Your visits must, indeed, be frequent and unseasonable if they interfered with his. Such intercourse loves to hide itself beneath the veil of darkness. It is awake and active when the rest of the world are asleep. Sufficient caution is, indeed, employed to prevent intrusion in the present instance. Should you call at the hours devoted to him, you would be turned away with, ‘She is indisposed;’ ‘She is not at home;’ ‘She is engaged.’ Doors and windows are closed and fastened, and the porter is commissioned to exclude every comer.”

“And pray, you, what are those seasons?”

“They begin at eight or nine, and end—before morning.”

My heart now misgave me. Such were the periods of my own visits, but I saw her only thrice or four times in the week. The intervals, indeed, were regular, though that regularity had been accidental. Could those nights when I was absent be thus devoted? And what were my claims? I was no more than her friend. My pretensions interfere not with those of such a one as this. To me she gave her confidence and esteem, on another she bestowed her love.

"How often," said I, "does this intercourse take place?"

"Not every night, but thrice a week at least."

This tended to confirm my fears. Indignation began to rise with my grief. "I will burst upon her," said I, "when she expects me not. I will detect her in the very arms of her seducer. This will be ample proof, and this proof is in my power."

Sydney marked the disquietude which these thoughts produced. He regarded me with looks of compassion. "Come," said he cheerily, "things shall all be set right. You and I, Felix, shall know each other better. Your cousin shall join us in a scheme from which we will contrive to extract pleasure as well as benefit. If you will spend this evening with me, I will disclose my plan."

"I am in no mood," said I, "to adopt new schemes. This unhappy mystery must be cleared up before I can take repose."

"Whence does this interest in a stranger arise?" said he. "Is it a disinterested zeal for the honour of a female, who, in consequence of being a wife, is culpable for maintaining intimacy with *any one* but her husband? But this mystery is easily removed. It might have been removed last evening."

"How?"

"If, instead of pushing pieces of wood over a chequered table, you had applied at her door for admission——."

"What then?"

"You would have been dismissed with a false, or evasive answer."

"Last evening? Was this profligate in her company last evening? For how long?"

"From ten o'clock till one, at least."

These few words instantly revived my fainting hopes. Evidence of the treachery employed against my friend could not be stronger than this. These hours were spent in my company. The grossness of the calumny was therefore apparent. My features brightened with confidence and exultation. "Your informer has assured you of this? Or is it a conjecture? Is it built upon the same authority with the rest of the story you have told?"

"I have no better evidence for any thing respecting this woman."

"Then you are deceived," cried I vehemently. "Your informer is a lying and perfidious wretch. It is some wicked agent of her tyrant, who has endeavoured to abuse your ears, and to blast the reputation of an helpless and unfortunate woman."

He still preserved an air of doubt and anxiety. "I fear that you pronounce too hastily," said he.

"No. The falsehood of this assertion, at least, I have the means of discovering incontestibly."

"What means?"

"Such as are more to be relied on than vague and anonymous insinuations. Nothing less than the testimony of my own senses."

He looked at me with new disquietude. "You talk in riddles. How could the testimony of your senses inform you in what manner, and with whom, this woman spent the last evening?"

"Because I was neither blind nor deaf; because, at the very time you mention, from ten o'clock till one, at night, I was her companion. There was not an interval of ten seconds in which I did not see or hear her."

"You mistake me," said he; "I speak of *last* evening; of Saturday evening."

"Certainly," returned I, "and I rejoice that you do, otherwise I might have wanted so unerring proofs of the falsehood of the tale."

He rose from his seat, and fixing more steadfast looks upon me, repeated, "Last evening, you tell me, was wholly spent by *you* with this woman."

"It was."

He now turned away from me, and walked to and fro, with a troubled face. I imagined that I understood these tokens. He inferred an improper intercourse, from an interview thus unseasonable. I was embarrassed in my turn. I was fearful of this inference, and therefore confessed thus much, with some faltering and reluctance, which inevitably tended to confirm his suspicions. Still the strongest emotion in my heart was delight, in discovering the falsehood of the charges made against Miss Neville.

"Felix," said Sydney, solemnly, and with a deep sigh, "I love you much. I think upon the danger which besets you, with pain, arising not only from the love that I bear you, but from my affection for your cousin, whose happiness is interwoven with yours. Till this moment I was not aware of all your danger; of the frailty, the fickleness, the pliancy of your mind." There he stopped.

"Your fears," said I, "on my account, are generous, but groundless. This woman is nothing to me, but a friend, from whose society I collect greater pleasure and instruction than any other source will supply. She is a sufferer whom it is my duty to cherish. She has been maligned and persecuted; and while I am convinced of the iniquity with which she has been treated, ought I to act as if my convictions were opposite? Ought I to shun the society of one whom I know to be innocent and excellent, or refuse her conversation and her confidence, on terms consistent with every duty?"

He seemed to pay little regard to these words, but, advancing towards me, with new solemnity, said: "Let me again ask you; let me conjure you to tell me the truth. How, and where did you spend last evening?"

"Innocently, as I hope for mercy from a righteous and omniscient judge. I spent it innocently. Nothing passed between us; nothing has ever passed between us, inconsistent with her obligations as the wife of another; nothing but what a sister might laudably bestow."

"But how, and where was it spent? In the presence of the same righteous judge, tell me how, and where was it spent?"

"I have already told you. It was in my own lodgings till nine o'clock; from that hour till one in the morning, in the house, and by the side of Clelia."

Surprise, indignation and grief were mingled in the features of Sydney. He could with difficulty articulate, "Is it possible? So young, trained up in habits of sincerity and purity, and yet capable —under a tremendous sanction— thus deliberately capable! Felix, I dismiss my hopes of you. This instance of depravity and falsehood exceeds what my worst fears had painted."

"Falsehood! Depravity! What words are these? How have I deserved the charge?"

"Enough. Nothing need be said, unless it be to retract a falsehood so hateful! so audacious!——"

My blood began to boil. "I have nothing to retract. I can only aver my truth and my innocence. If surmises and rumours, or fallacious inferences, are of more weight than my solemn declarations, I have, indeed, fallen low in your esteem. I disdain to expostulate with you. I shall make no efforts to retrieve your good opinion. If it can thus easily be lost, to gain it is impossible, and when gained, it is worthless."

What followed, tended only mutually to exasperate. We parted in anger.

My mind was full of vexation and uneasiness. I was oppressed with the proofs of Sydney's general integrity; persuaded of my own innocence; wounded by the charge of having basely lied, though conscious that the charge was unmerited; alternately consoled by the approbation of my own conscience, and afflicted by perceiving that I had lost the esteem of one whose discernment and integrity I had been accustomed to revere; and dubious of the grounds on which I stood, I was fearful that the evidence which swayed his belief was, in itself, sufficiently plausible and intricate to govern a dispassionate observer; fearful that the same evidence, and even the mere authority of Sydney, would undermine my reputation in the hearts of others; of the Wallaces; of my cousin; of my mother.

For the present, I felt no inclination to visit Clelia. I wanted some one in whose ear I might pour my whole soul; in whose bosom I might disburthen my heart of its vexations. No one was more entitled to this confidence than my cousin, and to her I accordingly, on the next morning, repaired.

She received me without her usual smiles of affability. She had been weeping. She acceeded to my wishes to walk in the garden, with half disguised reluctance. When alone together, she seemed disinclined to speak. I was chilled with a thousand different apprehensions. I already perceived that her mind was poisoned by what I deemed the artifices or malignities of Sydney. My courage forsook me at the thought of contending with an adversary so formidable.

At length I broke silence, and complained of her reserve.

"My reserve," she answered, "flows from my sorrow. What can I say to you? It is not my province to rebuke, or to censure you. Perhaps, if I once had acted differently, things would not have been thus. I acted, as I thought, for the best, but you will be of a different opinion. Your vices and your miseries you will not scruple to lay at the door of my pride and obstinacy. And how shall I repel the charge?"

"Do you then believe me to be vicious?"

"I cannot but believe it."

"Good heaven! What is the ground of your belief? You will not surely condemn me unheard?"

"I have no doubts."

"No doubt of my depravity?"

"Alas! none."

"Let me then take away from your sight, a wretch who is not even worthy to be heard in his own defence."

She wept, and sobbed. "Go, my once loved brother, the joy of my heart, leave me; your presence is a source of pain too exquisite to be borne. Go, and may your eyes be opened to the ruin which lies in your path soon enough to shun it!"

"And is it come to this? Shall I not, at least, know my crime?"

"Your crime cannot but be known to you. Would you have me blast my own ears by repeating it? To connect with the name of Felix Calvert the odious appellations of *villain!*—*liar!*—'Tis too much! I beseech you leave me! never see me more!——"

"This," said I, "is the fatal treachery of Sydney. It is he who has shut your ears against the claims of justice."

"Speak not of Sydney thus. You misapprehend, you know him not. Would to heaven there was more affinity between you; that a portion of his noble and enlightened spirit had fallen on my brother. But to hope is vain! Such felicity is not reserved for the lost Louisa!"

"And is the word of Sydney to condemn me to infamy and exile? As an human creature, is it impossible for him to fail in knowledge, or in virtue? May not some unhappy error have misled him?"

"No: there is no alternative. Either you or he is a perjured villain. Can I believe that Sydney hates my brother; that he deliberately utters abhorred falsehoods? *That* I must believe, or suppose you to be guilty of the like. I cannot hesitate which to choose, which to condemn." Her grief was now mingled with impatience. She continued, "I will not hear you. I will not see you more. If you continue here, my heart will burst. Go, ill-starred youth! Go—the sight of thee reminds me of thy mother, and I cannot bear to think———."

My thoughts insensibly acquired firmness and consistency. Of those atrocious charges I was innocent. I knew not what these charges were. I cared not to know. If I were not worthy to be heard, to be informed of my offences, I would trample, in my turn, on such injustice; I would leave my vindication to time, to chance. It was enough that my own heart acquitted me of guilt.

After incoherently muttering these ideas, I left the garden, and the house, and once more set my horse's head towards the city.

(To be continued.)

On the STUDY *of* GERMAN.

Dialogues of the Living:

DIALOGUE III.

Tom. WHAT have you there?

Harry. A German Grammar.

T. What use make you of it?

H. To learn the language.

T. What! Are you going to Germany?

H. Not I.

T. You are going to wed into a German family, perhaps?

H. No.

T. You expect, I suppose, to associate with Germans?

H. No. There is none of that race here, worth conversing with, or none that do not speak our own language.

T. Perhaps you mean to make a trade of your knowledge; to qualify yourself for teaching others?

H. No: that would be a poor trade; could hardly subsist, even in my frugal way, on the earnings of a teacher; besides, could hardly deem myself qualified, unless I *spoke* the language with correctness and propriety, and that cannot be hoped without visiting Germany, or frequenting the company of Germans here. I cannot do, nor do I wish to do the first. The second is impracticable, since none can be found here who have not good reason to devote themselves to English, and would, at any rate, be a waste of time, and abuse of the social principle. Power to *talk* would, in the most favourable circumstances, be difficult of acquisition, and when procured, could be retained only by the same means; by incessant converse with Germans.

T. What then do you propose?

H. Merely to read and understand their authors.

T. Perhaps you mean to gain something by translation?

H. No. Of all trades, *book-mak-*

ing is, in our own country, the most wretched. That branch of it, at least, relative to sentiments, and language, and translation, unless with a view to filling the purse, is but a tame and servile kind of business. I meditate nothing but intellectual pleasure and improvement.

T. By reading German authors? Which of them, and of what class?

H. I scarcely know; of all classes —worth the study. Poets; historians; play-writers and romancers. This Kotzebue, they talk so much of; this Gesner; this Ifland; this Weiland; this Haller; this Schiller; and this Göethe.

T. You are right. Having exhausted the writers of your own country; having talked till weary with them; being master of all the epithets and images, ratiocination and description, of its dozen of philosophers, its score of historians, its hundred poets, and its innumerable story-tellers; you, of necessity, have recourse to a foreign language.

H. What do you mean? I have no such intimate acquaintance with our own writers. I have read them, most of them, 'tis true, but have not studied them. As to the historians, I have not weighed their facts, or scrutinized their inferences; I have not decomposed their style, or dissected their sentiments. I do not recollect the hundredth part of their narratives. Should I read them ten times more deliberately, and ten times oftener than I have done, there would always be something new, and something to learn. As teachers of ethics or politics; as pourtrayers of manners and passions; as patterns of rhetoric and composition, as fitting us for social offices, and as preceptors in eloquence, I scarcely know them. Every thing in this way still remains to be learnt by me.

T. But perhaps the Germans have more eloquent historians.

H. I never heard of them; besides, if they had, I could hardly hope to be a competent judge of their merits. If at this age, with all my study, with the knowledge of English as my mother tongue, with perpetual intercourse with English authors, I have still much to learn, what can I hope from the study of historians in a foreign tongue?

T. Perhaps the theme of the German historians is of more value. Their narrative relates to times, persons, and events more amusing and instructive.

T. None can be more so, to one of my condition, than those of British or American history; which have, of course, been best displayed in my native tongue. Besides, nine tenths of the historiographers of Germany are Latinists; and they are all of them to be found in English compilations or translations. If they be not in English, where shall I look for them? Not on this side of the Atlantic: only in the libraries and *bibliopolas* of Heidelburg and Leipsic.

T. But the German poets, epic and dramatic.——

H. None, surely, of more value than our Spencer, Milton, and Shakespeare; Pope, Dryden, and Thompson; whom, if any one says that he has deliberately read and adequately studied, *he lies.* To profit by the poets, we must freight our understanding with their thoughts, imbue our fancy with their images, store our memory with their phrases: one must read, ponder, revolve; unwind their allegories; build up their visionary fabrics; realize their phantoms; adjust, paint anew, and *look at* their scenes a score of times, at least, between fifteen years and fifty. All this remains to be done; and this, perhaps, with respect to English bards, I am able and may hope to do; but, as to poets of a foreign language, what ages of application, what profound attention and complicated knowledge are requisite to comprehend the thousand energies and graces which adorn them! All those delicate distinctions and significances, local allusions, and *idiosyncratic* qualities which separate the poet from the vulgar, are seen with my naked eye in my own language; but, in German, will be visible only through optics, which no toil nor time will make as perfect as the unaided and unartificial vision of a Brandenburger or Weymarian.

T. But the dealers in fictitious narration.——

H. Can scarcely claim more than Fielding, Smollet, Richardson, and their host of followers; whose works, whether resorted to for entertainment or instruction, will afford plentiful employment even to him who reads nothing else; and who have one advantage, at least, over German authors.

T. What is that?

H. They are within reach, and their language and allusions can be understood, their qualities of style estimated, and their beauties be engrafted on my own composition or discourse, which cannot be done with foreign fabulists. What profits it to know the Saxon *language* when Saxon *books* are not to be had, or to be had with many disadvantages and difficulties not incident to books in our own tongue?

T. Perhaps there is some branch of literary, historical, or philosophical inquiry which you want completely to fathom and thoroughly investigate, but which cannot be done without German assistance. Priestley learnt German in order to read the untranslated works of certain electricians. Harte learnt it to gain materials for the life of Gustaf Adolf. One learns it because he means to pass the next year at Hamburg; another that he may earn his bread by teaching it to others; a third that he may profit by the popular rage for translations.

H. All these are excusable motives, but none of them, I own, are mine.

T. There is another set of students who are governed by mere caprice, who have an exorbitant appetite for mere words, or who annex an absurd reverence to the character of a linguist. They are incited by a groundless taste, or a foolish vanity. They strive for the glory of speaking or writing a foreign tongue with the facility of a native, and when they gain it are content.

Another class is swayed by accident. One learns Spanish for the sake of reading Lope de Vega; another for the pleasure of conversing, in his native tongue, with Cervantes; a third to discover how Anthonio de Solis wrote history; and thus all bestow that toil and time to carry them across a ditch, which, properly employed, would suffice to circumnavigate the globe. But, if these be not your views, I pr'ythee tell me what they are?

H. I have a casual and arbitrary inclination tending this way, and shall gratify it.

T. But your inclination should go where reason leads. Your preference should exist only where there are genuine grounds for preference.

H. We must not judge so nicely. Our taste is the slave of caprice, or accident, or habit. You may persuade me that Shakespeare is worthier of an Englishman's attention than Gesner; but, though you may cause me to renounce Gesner, you may not instil into me a passion for the English poet. Instead of reading Gesner, as I first intended, I may do nothing. Instead of reflecting what I ought to do, you should merely consider what I am willing to perform; and, instead of lamenting that I do not prosecute a better path, you should rejoice that I do not betake myself to worse: and, surely, there are numberless employments less profitable than the study of the German language.

T. What are its uses?

H. They are manifest. The German tongue is the parent of our own. To study it, therefore, is, in truth, to study English etymologically. The genius of one tongue is only to be known by comparison with the derivation, inflection, and construction of another. The German will afford a suitable object of comparison.

To know the language, I must read its books. These books may be inferior to French or English; but they doubtless have an absolute, and no inconsiderable value: I may comprehend them less easily or perfectly than English compositions; but I shall, nevertheless, obtain, in some degree, their meaning. German poetry, philosophy, and eloquence, will, therefore, impart to me some of those benefits which eloquence, philosophy, and poetry are always qualified to give.

BARON's *Answer to* WORKMAN.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for March, Mr. Workman has attempted to defend his erroneous solution of the question concerning the well, in a manner which clearly evinces his ignorance of the principles and relations of numbers; for, if he had had the least acquaintance with arithmetic, he would not have told us that the reciprocals of 1, 2, and 3, are 3, 1½, and 1. A person of good abilities, who exerts himself in the defence of a proposition which he believes to be true, justly merits the approbation of the judicious, should even the proposition itself be false; but a man who impertinently undertakes to defend an erroneous hypothesis, and, in the course of that defence, discovers his entire ignorance of the nature of that hypothesis, is fairly entitled to public contempt. As it is my business to *instruct* the ignorant, and not to *diſpute* with them on subjects above their comprehension, I should not have replied to Mr. Workman's contemptible defence; but, as I have a great respect for your Magazine, and am desirous of its ever continuing the vehicle of truth, I am determined to exert my utmost ability in the defence of the truths, and in the refutation of the errors it may contain, as far as relates to mathematical and philosophical subjects: I therefore proceed to refute Mr. Workman, by demonstrating that his solution is founded upon an absurd and unjust hypothesis.

The hypothesis upon which Mr. Workman's solution is founded, may be seen in his defence in the Monthly Magazine for March; and, from a variety of different methods of demonstrating its absurdity and unjustness, I have selected the following:

When A, B, and C were equally distant from the well, B ought to have paid one third of the expense of digging, or half the sum paid by A and C together; for, whatever quantity of water A and C together could carry from the well to their respective houses, in a given time, B could, in the same time, carry half that quantity from the well to his house.

Let A, B, and C be equally distant from the well, and each of their distances denoted by d. Let A's distance diminish to $d - x$, and C's increase to d + x, while B's remains invariably equal to d. A, B, and C's reſpective diſtances from the well being now $d - x$, d, and $d + x$, the quantities of water carried by A, B, and C in a given time from the well to their reſpective houses, are as $\frac{1}{d - x}$, $\frac{1}{d}$, and $\frac{1}{d + x}$, or as $d^2 + dx$, $d^2 - x^2$, and $d^2 - dx$. But $\frac{d^2 + dx + d^2 - dx}{2} = d^2$ is greater than $d^2 - x^2$, and hence it follows that the quantities of water taken together, which A and C can, in any given time, carry from the well to their reſpective houses, are greater than half the quantity which B can, in the same given time, carry from the well to his houſe. Conſequently B ought not to pay one third of the expenſe of digging the well; and therefore Mr. Workman's ſolution is founded upon a hypotheſis which is theoretically abſurd, and practically unjuſt. Indeed, the abſurdity of Mr. Workman's hypotheſis appears ſelf-evident, when we ſuppoſe A's diſtance diminiſhed to 0, and B's increaſed to $2d$; for then, according to his hypotheſis, B ought to pay one third of the expenſe, and C, whoſe diſtance is only twice as much, ought to pay nothing, and yet be entitled to the uſe of the well.

Having, in the Magazine for February, given a true ſynthetic ſolution of the original queſtion, I ſhall here reſolve it analytically.

Put x = A's ſhare then $42 : 30 :: x : \frac{5x}{7}$ =, B's and $54 : 30 :: x : \frac{5x}{9}$ = C's. Therefore $x + \frac{5x}{7} + \frac{5x}{9} = 40$,

Dolls. Cents.

Which reduced gives $x = 17\ \ 62\frac{34}{143}$ = A's ſhare.

hence $\frac{5x}{7} = 12\ \ 58\frac{106}{143}$ = B's do.

and $\frac{5x}{9} = 9\ \ 79\frac{3}{143}$ = C's do.

the ſeveral ſhares exactly agreeing with thoſe of my former ſolution.

I conclude by informing Mr. Workman that, as he ſeems to think the original queſtion unintelligible, he may have it fully explained, and alſo a demonſtration that its conditions are preciſely and accurately expreſſed, by applying to any of my pupils.

GEORGE BARON.

No. 67 Stone-ſtreet,
New-York.

American Review.

Art. XXVII.

A Brief History of Epidemic and Pestilential Diseases; with the principal Phenomena of the Physical World, which precede and accompany them; and Observations deduced from the Facts stated. In two vols. 8*vo. By* Noah Webster. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *pp.* 700.

[Continued from p. 213, and concluded.]

THE seventeenth section of this work contains some highly useful observations on the mitigation and prevention of epidemical diseases. These deserve to be ranked among the most valuable parts of this performance. We shall beg leave to abstract the most striking precepts contained in this section, believing it our duty to diffuse, as widely as possible, knowledge of such great and general benefit; and to adopt the words of our author rather than employ our own, since the style and spirit of a book are best displayed by the production of actual specimens; and since, in this case, our author's mode of composition is eminently cogent and persuasive.

The suitable antidote to pestilence, according to Mr. Webster, is "the removal of all local causes of disease; such as every species of putrescible substances, which, in the process of putrefaction, emit a species of air highly unfriendly to health. It will be observed that I speak of *putrescible* substances; for, flesh or vegetables, which have undergone the process of putrefaction, or of digestion in a healthy stomach, discharge little or none of the pernicious acid.

"Hence we observe that people in cities rely too much on cleansing streets to preserve public health. Experience proves that the utmost care in cleansing streets will not always prevent pestilence. The reason is obvious; most of the filth of streets consists of excrementitious matter from horses or oxen, which has undergone the process mentioned, and contains no septic acid, or very little. Hence the accumulation of dung in the farmer's yard, is not known to generate diseases.

"Various other substances thrown into the streets of cities are more pernicious; as green vegetables, the garbage of fish, lees of fermenting liquors, and many others, which, in hot weather, soon putrefy and discharge noxious air. Such substances, however, never ought to be thrown into the street in hot weather; they should be thrown into the ocean, into rivers of running water, or what is better still, *buried*, and that before putrefaction begins. If putrefaction is begun, they should be removed in covered vessels.

"The vaults of cloacina, although they contain mostly substances which have passed through digestion, and in their unmixed state, are not *very* pernicious, yet they are always mixed with other substances, which, in hot weather, bring on fermentation. These should be either cleansed annually in spring, or the matter in them neutralized by quick-lime.

"All filthy substances should be removed from streets, both for the sake of decency and of health. If the pavements of streets could be covered with pure earth, it would greatly lessen the heat; but this is not practicable. The only effectual remedy is fresh running water

—the only article that unites cleanliness with coolness. Nothing, in a city, can be an adequate substitute; for, while it removes the causes of noxious vapours, and, by cooling the sultry air of a city, prevents debility, it extricates a considerable quantity of new and wholesome air from its own substance, and absorbs pernicious vapours.

"Streets should also be so constructed as to give the water a considerable velocity. The practice of levelling the surface of a city is most pernicious. If possible, every street in a city should have a descent of fifteen or twenty degrees. Instead of levelling the earth, the police of a city should counteract even a natural level, by throwing the whole into artificial elevations; which give a brisker currency both to water and air.

"Cellars should be so constructed as to retain no water; and often cleansed by scraping. If the surface of the cellar can be conveniently changed, by removing a few inches of the old earth and introducing that which is fresh, it would be a very salutary labour. Nothing imbibes and neutralizes infectious matter more readily than fresh earth.

"The liberal use of water, in and about a house, cannot be too seriously recommended. Water absorbs all noxious matter that comes in contact with it in substance. Applied to floors, wooden, stone, or brick walls, to clothes, to furniture, to back-yards and streets, it is every where salutary in the summer months. Dr. Priestley observes, that water purifies vitiated air, by absorbing the septic part. Hence its great utility as a preservative against pestilential diseases.

"All dead animals in a city, or its vicinity, should be buried or burnt; as cats, dogs, and horses. The indecency, alone, of suffering their carcases to putrefy before the eyes of mankind, ought to make it a strict article of police, to remove them. But they should be buried; not one should be permitted to offend the eyes or nostrils of a citizen. They are offensive to decency, to moral sentiments, and to health. The ancient method of burning dead bodies was well calculated to destroy the poison; but, in Atlantic America, burial is cheaper and equally effectual.

"Common sewers are often common nuisances. In cities, all filthy substances should be conveyed off on the visible surface of the earth, unless sewers can be so constructed as to deposit, with certainty, all their contents in running water. Serious evils arise from putrid substances lodged in sewers, that are too level, and which serve as reservoirs instead of canals, accumulating putrescible matters in places where their exhalations, by the influence of moisture, are doubled instead of being removed.

"In cities, where all filth is naturally cast by rains into the docks, it would be well that all wharves should be so constructed as to present a smooth, uniform front to the stream, and be extended into deep water. Mud, washed by the salt tides, and not mixed with putrescible matters, produces no inconvenience to health; but such matters, thrown into docks, bare at low water, and exposed to a hot sun, dissolve most rapidly, and generate morbid vapours. Many improvements are yet to be made in our sea-ports, which will lessen the accumulation of pernicious air.

"A great and most desirable article in a system for the preservation of health, is the purifying of rooms from air which has been respired for a length of time. By experiment, it is found that the air of rooms that have been slept in, is very insalubrious; and, probably, more so than the air of privies, which is found to contain less noxious air than was formerly supposed. See Encyclopædia, art. atmosphere. Indeed, it is questionable whether there is any *necessary* connection between offensive smells and insalubrity. Nature has kindly provided that dead feces should not be very pernicious to health; but the effluvia of living and fermenting bodies are to be avoided as rank poison. In this respect, cleanliness is made essential to health.

" A farmer should never plant his dwelling by the side of a marsh. Whatever may be the situation of his lands, he is inexcusable if he builds his mansion within a mile of the sources of disease and death. Better for him to go a mile and a half to his daily labour, enjoying robust health, than to live within the circulation of poisonous vapours, afflicted by diseases for three months in the year. And when a farmer has the misfortune to be obliged to labour occasionally in the vicinity of stagnant water, he should be careful not to enter upon the ground early in the morning, before the noxious vapours have been raised and attenuated by the heat of the sun; nor should he continue there till late in the evening.

" People in the country should select hilly or elevated positions for their houses; where the surface of the earth is dry, and there is a free circulation of pure air. There is another reason—the water on high grounds is always better than in low, swampy places. Water in flat lands stagnates beneath the surface as well as above; but on hills, it is in constant motion. Hence, if men expect good water, they must seek for it on mountains, hills, and rising grounds. The Arabians advise that houses should be set on high, airy places, near fresh water.

" When a choice of difficulties occurs, and men are compelled to live near marsh, they should endeavour to place their dwelling on the windward side of the marsh, which, in America, is the south and west; the summer winds being from these points. This will often make a prodigious difference in the state of health.

" Another thing to be observed, in summer, and especially in time of pestilence, is the guarding the body; but, by all means, the head, from the direct rays of the sun. Nothing is more dangerous than the burning heat of a clear sun, in sultry weather. It often produces sudden death, by means of an apoplexy, instances of which are related under the year 1752, to have happened at Charleston; and the same is said to have taken place there the summer past. In other cases, the effect is what is called a stroke of the sun, ' coup du soleil,' which is not always fatal, but very dangerous.

" But the most general ill effect of exposure to a hot sun, is great debility, in consequence of the violent and unnatural excitement; and this effect is most to be found in the nervous system, when the heat has fallen directly on the head. Convalescents from bilious fevers have occasion to be particularly cautious not to expose themselves to a hot sun; a relapse is the most certain consequence.

" The umbrella is an excellent invention; it would be still more excellent if it could be improved so as to render the shade more general, and completely interrupt the rays of the sun, without being rendered too heavy.

" In walking the streets of a city, in a clear, hot day, the passenger will naturally seek the shady side. Of so much importance is it thought, in some hot countries, to shield the body from the rays of the sun, that very discerning men contend that narrow streets and high houses, in cities, contribute to the health of the citizens, by mitigating the heat, They suppose the obstruction of air a less evil than a hot sun. Of this opinion was Lancisius.

" But this is to embrace one evil in shunning another. It is to be regretted that the best mode of shielding man from a hot sun, is not adopted in cities. Wide streets, bordered with rows of trees, would be infinitely preferable to all the artificial shades that can be invented. Trees are the coolers given to us by nature. They make a pleasant shade—they imbibe the septic fluids which impregnate the atmosphere of cities, and poison their inhabitants—they exhale pure air—they fan the earth, by creating or augmenting currents of air, with the vibratory movement of their leaves—they invite the feathered tribe to light on their branches, and, with the music of their notes, to relieve the ear from the grating of rough, unnatural sounds, which stun the citizen.

" It has been objected to trees, that they increase the danger of fire, by obstructing the free use of engines. This objection is imaginary. Few cases would occur where trees, properly placed, could interfere with the operations of extinguishing fire; and, in such cases, they might be levelled in a moment.

" It has also been objected, that trees obstruct the free circulation of air. This is not true. In calm summer weather, they very much increase a light breeze, by partly obstructing the upper current with their branches, and throwing more air below, thus augmenting the under current on the surface of the earth, where it is wanted. The leaves and branches also, by their gentle motion, agitate the air, preventing the ill effects of stagnation; and give velocity to the air that finds its way through their interstices.

" The streets and public squares of a city,' says St. Pierre, ' should be planted with great trees of various sorts. A city built of marble, would, to me, have a melancholy appearance, unless I could see in it trees and verdure.'

[*Studies of Nature*, 13.]

" Trees and all green vegetables diminish greatly the heat near the earth; and little do men, in general, think how prejudicial to health is the operation of the extreme heat of cities.

" In the hot season, water should be applied to the body very frequently, in the way of lotion or bathing. By this I do not mean to recommend the practice of leaping into river or sea-water, and continuing in it for half an hour—a practice which proves fatal to many lives every summer. Cold water is the most powerfully debilitating application that can be made to the body. No persons can bear it, even in summer, but the healthy and robust; and, to save such from injury, it must not be applied when the body is over-heated, or continued too long. Many, many instances occur every year, in which a fatal yellow fever is speedily induced by injudicious plunging. An instantaneous application of cool water to the body, by a single plunge, or by a shower-bath, sometimes acts as a stimulant, by a sudden increase of excitability in the system; but this should be used as a remedy, under the direction of a physician. Few persons can sustain the shock, unless in good health; and I am persuaded it would be as well for mankind, if the use of cold water, by plunging, were wholly proscribed. Judiciously applied, it is sometimes useful; but my own observations lead me to believe, the utility is more than overbalanced by its fatal or mischievous effects.

" The most safe, easy, pleasant, and beneficial mode of using water, is to bathe or wash the body in a private apartment at home. This may be done in several ways—

either in a large vessel, immersing the whole body at once, or what is less troublesome, with a single pail or bowl of water, in a bed-chamber. The washing may be done with the hand, or a sponge, in a few minutes, as the person rises in the morning or retires at night.

"The temperature of the water should be near that of the blood; a little cooler or a little warmer, and, in such a temperature, it is a pleasant application, occasioning no violence to the system.

"It may not be obvious to every common reader, that the application of warm water to the surface of the body, in a hot day, should cool it. But such is the fact, and nature points out this mode of reducing the heat of the body, by the process of perspiration. In this process, the insensible vapour, which escapes by the perspiratory ducts, takes with it a portion of heat; and, the more freely a person perspires, the more temperate the heat of his body. Hence the human body is enabled to sustain heat several degrees above that of the blood—and hence the flesh of a child in full health, perspiring freely, feels cooler than the air, in a summer's day. This phenomenon may be illustrated by a thermometer with the utmost ease. Immerse the bulb into warm water, in a hot day; let the water be of seventy-five degrees of heat, and the air of eighty degrees; the thermometer, standing at seventy-five degrees in the water, and taken out into a warmer medium, the air ought to rise to eighty degrees; but being wet, the evaporation will sink the mercury four or five degrees; that is, to about seventy degrees, until the instrument is dry, when it will rise to eighty degrees, the temperature of the air.

"On this principle, warm water, as well as cool, will lessen the heat of the system; for, no sooner does a person cease to apply the water, than evaporation commences, and cools the body by several degrees. This effect, however, is temporary, in consequence of the stimulus of the heat.

"In very hot weather, it is better, especially for *persons in the vigour of health*, to use water a little cooler than the blood; for the effect of warm water, applied in the manner proposed, is to stimulate; and this is not what the body requires. On the contrary, when highly excited by the heat of the air, the body requires a reduction of heat, to prevent over-excitement, and its effect, indirect debility. In general, then, the body, in summer, is to be cooled by the use of water, while in a healthy state; but, if debility or disease has invaded it, it requires heat and excitement.

"Persons of a *slender habit*, who require additional stimulus, should use water a little warmer than the blood. The effect of cool water, applied to persons in full health, and of warm water to feeble habits, is the same; to *prevent debility; indirect* in the former case, and *direct* in the latter.

"Bathing a long time in very warm water, to produce profuse perspiration, is a powerful laxative; and, perhaps, it would be better if it was never used, except as a remedy for disease, under the direction of physicians.

"It is a point of infinite importance that citizens should not depend on water from pumps in the city. In a few years, the subterranean water becomes impregnated with the noxious particles from vaults; and this evil continues to increase with the age of the city. One of two remedies are to be provided: either the city must be supplied with fresh water, by pipes, from a distant source, or the vaults must be so formed as to be capable of being opened in winter and cleansed. But the last method, though useful and practised in some European cities, would be ineffectual.

"The back houses in a city are, in many respects, a terrible nuisance. If a sewer could be carried four or five feet under ground, and every such house be set over it, a stream of water passing through it from a distant source, would be an excellent means of cleansing a city from this source of disease. But such streams of water are rarely to be obtained.

"Another expedient suggests itself for the same purpose. Let a sewer of three feet wide, and well paved, be run in a strait line under the rear of the lots, and all back houses set over it. In suitable places, let channels be made to turn the water from the streets into the sewers, in long or violent showers, when the water is not wanted to wash the streets. In this manner, the sewers might be washed perfectly clean a number of times every summer, and the citizens preserved from their poisonous exhalations.

"On a model of this kind, I conceive cities should be constructed in the *most healthy* situations; for, a crowded population, in any place on earth, will lessen the salubrity of the air. Close, compact cities, in any quarter of the globe, are the graves of men. All the great cities of Europe require, annually, some thousands of strangers to supply their waste of population. Yet there is no necessity for men to crowd together in such a compact form. There is land enough on earth to suffer any extension of cities; and it makes little difference, in the first instance, whether a lot contains one hundred feet of land, or half an acre. Nor would a less dense population be any inconvenience to men in business. They might be obliged to walk further on some occasions, but, in the cool shade of my proposed city, this would be a pleasure rather than a toil.

"It is wrong, it is criminal, for legislatures to permit such crowded population. It is a nuisance, not only to cities, but to the public. It is a truth, that numbers of lives are sacrificed almost every year, among worthy country gentlemen, who have business in our large cities.

"They come to town in the hot season, when no uncommon disease prevails among the citizens who are inured to the air; they come without suspicion; they are seized with fever and die. The air of the low grounds in our cities, even in healthy seasons, is often poison to people from the country, and gives them a fever, when no epidemic is visible among citizens. I know the fact, and it is a serious calamity, especially to seamen. The low grounds in Providence, New-York, Baltimore, &c. are great nuisances. The building of Water-street and Front-street, in New-York, it is believed by good judges, has cost this city a thousand lives in five or six years. I say nothing of Philadelphia; for its position, and the alterations in the original plan of the city, have doomed it to calamity. The citizens will not believe the evil to arise among themselves, and therefore must be left to their fate. If remitting fevers *every* year, and yellow fever *often*, will not convince men that something is wrong in *their* city, it is in vain to reason with them. Of one thing I am confident, that if all the earth in New-York on which Water and Front-streets are built, could be sunk thirty feet under water without loss of lives, and the proprietors indemnified by the citizens, it would be the greatest blessing which heaven could, in mercy, bestow on the city and the state. I believe, also, that if all the cross streets, and the back houses in Philadelphia could be levelled with the earth, and the ground converted into flower-gardens and grass-plots, the citizens would, in twenty years, celebrate the anniversary of their destruction, with as much fervour as the republicans in France celebrate the demolition of the bastile."

The remainder of this work consists of speculations on the disappearance of the plague in Western Europe, to which are subjoined various observations on lunar influence, electricity, venesection, vapor or mephitic air, and the agency of comets. These, though they cannot be denied to be ingenious, have too much novelty and boldness, and are not sustained by a sufficient degree of technical or scientific knowledge, to be readily admitted. To give a summary of them, would too much extend these remarks. For these we must refer the reader to the book itself.

On no subject has Mr. W. been more adventrous than on what has sometimes been called *equivocal generation*. His zeal for the doctrines of religion, as well as for the established principles of reasoning, which forbid the needless and licentious multiplication of causes, or deviation from the common and known order of things, should have made him tread with caution upon this ground.

The appearance of vegetables in spots where they were formerly unknown, in consequence of some change in the surface, or temperature, is ordinarily explained by the casual dispersion and lodgment of the seeds which the state of the earth and the air has, at length, permitted to germinate and grow. Having found, in so many cases, the seminal and sexual principle to operate, one is naturally prompted to conclude that it operates in *all* cases, and we do not relinquish this conclusion merely because cases sometimes occur, in which we have not been able to discover traces of this operation. We are more inclined to impute defects to our own observation, or fallacy to the evidence which we possess, than to question the simplicity and uniformity of Nature's laws, especially since we find, that in cases where formerly equivocal generation was supposed, and with the utmost plausibility, subsequent and more diligent, or more fortunate searchers have demonstrated the existence of germs.

As vegetables, so animals, our author thinks, are thus continually produced. Insects of a new species are particularly common, and fishes are, every day, generated by other means than sexual, and by means that do not imply the previous existence of fish of the same species.

The work is concluded with certain moral reflections, which are, indeed, of an *equivocal* and hazardous kind. It is never wise to launch, with much confidence, upon the ocean of final causes. The tendencies of an universe, and the *motives* of its Maker, are, to *this* observer, *extremely evident*. The necessary evils of the system are of useful tendency. As the primary source of pestilence is beyond our reach, he must rank this among inevitable evils, and consoles us under their pressure, by the following remarks.

"Epidemic diseases are some of the necessary effects of the general laws that govern the universe. But they have also a final cause of immense value to the human race. They are destined and calculated to answer most important, moral, and religious purposes.

"Men, with their present nature, under a constant course of prosperity, would degenerate into devils or brutes. Uninterrupted ease and quiet contract the heart, and steel it against emotions of sensibility: the man rushes into vices and crimes, or sinks into sloth. So often have I seen the hearts of men depraved, and their moral character debased, by sudden prosperity, that I am persuaded the world, without frequent inflictions of pain and distress, would not be habitable. The natural evils that surround us, intermingled with innumerable blessings, preserve the mind in perpetual vigour, in seeking the means of protection; they lay the foundation for the exercise of the finest feelings of the human heart, *compassion* and *benevolence*, which are the sources of social virtue; they humble the pride and arrogance of man, by creating in his mind a perpetual dependance on divine power; in short, they create and preserve that sense of obligation and accountability to God which is the germ of piety and moral excellence."

The want of an index in so multifarious a work as the present, is much to be regretted. If an opportunity should be offered Mr. W. we earnestly exhort him to supply the defect.

Amidst so many curious and important objects which this work exhibits, it may, perhaps, be thought trifling to notice defects or peculiarities of style; but though mere expression be subordinate to reasoning and sentiment, it should never be despised or neglected. Somewhat depends upon the selection and arrangement of proper and significant terms, as well as on laborious searches, and accurate conclusions. Mr. W. will incur some censure in this respect, for while he is always and minutely careful to cut off a vowel from the end of some of his words, *(famin, determin, &c.)* which ordinary writers retain, he is unreasonably negligent in more important matters, and has failed to make his sentences coalesce fully with each other, or to harmonize with themselves. This negligence, together with a *new* scheme of quotation, gives the first part of his work the air, less of a scientific treatise, than of a crude mass of memorandums, a transcript of marginal notes, where, for the sake of brevity, particles and pronouns are dropped, and the meaning conveyed by the use of disconnected nouns and verbs.

With a few exceptions, however, the composition is simple, unaffected, and perspicuous. Diffuseness and repetition of the same idea, often occur; but, from the importance of the truth, or opinion to be inculcated, are not unallowable or useless. To work conviction in hasty and superficial readers, it is useful to call up frequently our favourite proposition, to place it in new lights, and adorn it with new colours. The more deliberate and sagacious ought not to be displeased, provided each successive exhibition be somewhat diversified, and do not fall short of those which precede it in force and perspicuity.

ART. XXVIII.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

(Continued from p. 217.)

Account of an Animal called the Big naked Bear: By John Heckewelder.

THIS animal, hitherto a nondescript, unless we suppose it to be similar to that described by Mr. Jefferson, is thus pourtrayed by Mr. H. from intelligence collected among the Indians.

"I have now to communicate to you, what came to my knowledge respecting an animal, which the Mohican Indians called Ahamagachktiât Mecehquá, and the Delawares, (if I recollect right) Amangachktîât. *The Big Naked Bear.* Their reports run thus: That among all animals that had been formerly in this country, this was the most ferocious. That it was much larger than the largest of the common bears, and remarkably long-bodied: all over (except a spot of hair on its back of a white colour) naked. That it attacked and devoured man and beast; and that a man, or a common bear, only served for one meal to one of these animals. That with its teeth it could crack the strongest bones. That it could not see very well, but in discovering its prey by scent, it exceeded all other animals. That it pursued its prey with unremitting ravenousness, and that there was no other way of escaping, but by taking to a river, and either swimming down the same, or saving one's self by means of a canoe. That its heart being remarkably small, it could seldom be killed with the arrow. That the surest way of destroying him, was to break his back-bone. That when a party went out to destroy this animal, they first took leave of their friends and relations at home, considering themselves as going on an expedition, perhaps never to return again. That when out, they sought for his track, carefully attending to the course the wind blew, and endeavouring to keep as near as possible to a river. That every man of the party knew at what part of the body he was to take his aim. That some were to strike at the back-bone, some at the head, and others at the heart. That the last of these animals known of, was on the east side of the Mohicanni Sipu (Hudson's River), where, after devouring several Indians that were tilling their ground, a resolute party, well provided with bows and arrows, &c. fell upon the following plan, in which they also succeeded, viz. knowing of a large high rock, perpendicular on all sides, and level on the top, in the neighbourhood of where the naked bear kept, they made ladders, (Indian ladders), and placing these at the rock, they reconnoitred the ground around, and soon finding a fresh track of the animal, they hastily returned, getting on the top of the rock, and drawing the ladders up after them. They then set up a cry similar to that of a child, whereupon this animal made its way thither, and attempted to climb the rock, the Indians pouring down their arrows in different directions, all the while upon him. The animal now grew very much enraged, biting with its teeth against the rock, and attempting to tear it with its claws, until at length they had conquered it.

"The history of this animal used to be a subject of coversation among the Indians, especially when in the woods a hunting. I have also heard them say to their children when crying: 'Hush! the naked bear will hear you, be upon you, and devour you.' From the nature of their conversation on this subject, I was led to believe the story had foundation. Old Indians whom I questioned on this matter, assured me it was fact, relying on the authenticity of their forefathers' relations. Further reports respecting this animal have, *in part*, slipped my memory, wherefore, I omit making any mention of the same.

"The panther is not considered by the Indians as *such* a ravenous animal, as by the white people he is reported to be. I know but of one instance, where an Indian was nigh being attacked by one of them, but this was owing to the Indian's approaching his den. The Indian however found means of killing him, and taking the young, which he brought down to Philadelphia, which was about the year 1770. This animal, the Indians say, lives chiefly on deer, which it either by slyness catches itself, pursues after they have been crippled by the hunters, or takes from the wolves after they have caught them.

"If, hereafter, I shall have an opportunity of getting further information respecting the naked bear, I will freely communicate the same to you."

Account of a remarkable instinct on the Nine-Killer: By the same.

This bird, of the hawk kind, (Lanius Excubitor) appears to be accustomed to stick grasshoppers upon thorns, in order to tempt smaller birds to come within his reach. The end, however, for which insects are thus impaled by him, is merely conjectural. Since small birds are his prey, this design has much probability.

Memoir on a new species of Siren: By Mr. Beauvois.

This is a description of an animal, hitherto unknown, which Mr. Beauvois found in C. W. Peale's collection, taken from a bog near the Jersey shore of the river Delaware.

It is a kind of water-lizard, resembling the lizard in shape, and in the number and position of its legs, but having the gills of fish, and inhabiting the water. It is illustrated by figures. Mr. B. denominates it the Siren Operculata.

Reasons for ascribing the colour of negroes to leprosy. By Dr. B. Rush.

This is a very curious speculation. Its facts and reasonings deserve to be extracted. The substance of them is as follows:

"Many facts recorded by historians and physicians show the influence of unwholesome diet in producing leprosy in the middle and northern parts of Europe, in the 13th and 14th centuries. The same cause, combined with greater heat, more savage manners, and bilious fevers, probably produced this disease among the natives of Africa.

"1. The leprosy is sometimes accompanied with a black colour of the skin. There are (says Dr. Theiry, a Spanish physician) above twenty hospitals for lepers in Asturia, and I have observed six species of the disorder. One of them, viz. the second, is called the *black albaras* of the Arabians. The skin becomes black, thick and greasy. There are neither pustules, nor turbercles, nor scales, nor any thing uncommon on the skin. The body is not at all emaciated. The breathing is somewhat difficult, and the countenance has some fierceness in it. They exhale perpetually a disagreeable smell, which I can compare to nothing but the smell of a mortified limb.* This smell continues with a slight modification in the African to this day.

"2. The leprosy is said, in the Old Testament, and by many ancient writers, to impart a preternatural whiteness to the skin. Persons thus marked, have lately received the name of *albinos*. Instances of this disease are often met with among the Alps, but travellers describe it as endemic in Java, Guinea, and Panama, where it is transmitted through many generations. Hawkins, in his travels into Africa, has described the persons afflicted with this disease in the following words. They go entirely naked; their skin is white, but has not the animated appearance of Europeans. It has a deathlike whitish cast, more the hue of sickness than of health. Their hair is red, or ash-coloured, yellowish wool, and their eyes are white, in that part which in others is distinguished into black, grey, and blue. They are set deep in the head, and commonly squint; for as their skin is deprived of the black mucous web, characteristic of the Africans, so their eyes are destitute of that black matter resembling a pigment, found in people of all countries, and useful in preventing the eye from being injured by exposure to strong light. These people are born of black parents; they have all the features of other negroes. The difference of colour cannot arise from the intercourse of whites and blacks, for the whites rarely come among them, and the result of this union is well known to be the yellow colour, or mulatto. The natives assert that they are produced by women having intercourse with the large baboon, ourang-outang, and that species in particular called the guaga mooroos. No satisfactory solution of this difficulty has yet been given. It may perhaps be ascribed to *disease*, and that of the *leprous* kind, more than to any other cause that has been yet assigned. Mr. Bernardin concurs with Mr. Hawkins in ascribing this morbid whiteness in the skins of the Africans, wholly to the leprosy. However opposite it be to their morbid blackness, it is strictly in conformity to the operations of nature in other diseases. The same state of malignant fever is often marked by opposite colours in the stools, by an opposite temperature of the skin, and by opposite states of the alimentary canal.

---

* Obſervations de Phyſique et de Medecine faites en differens lieux de l'Eſpagne. Vol. ii. p. 130.

The original connection of the colour of the negroes with leprosy, is likewise suggested by Bougainville. He tells us that on an island in the Pacific Ocean which he visited, the inhabitants were composed of negroes and mulattoes. They had thick lips, woolly hair, and were sometimes of a yellowish colour. They were short, ugly, ill proportioned, and most of them infected with the leprosy, on which account he called their habitation the Isle of Lepers.

3. The leprosy sometimes appears with white and black spots blended together in every part of the body. A picture of a negro man in Virginia, in whom this mixture of white and black had taken place, is to be found in Mr. Peale's museum.

4. The leprosy induces a morbid insensibility in the nerves. In countries where the disease prevails, it is common to say that a person void of sensibility, has no more feeling than a leper. This insensibility peculiarly belongs to the negroes. Dr. Moseley says, they are void of sensibility to a surprizing degree. They sleep sound in every disease, nor does any mental disturbance ever keep them awake. They bear surgical operations much better than white people, and what would occasion insupportable pain to a white man, a negro would almost disregard. I have amputated the legs of many negroes, who have held the upper part of the limb themselves.* This morbid insensibility in the negroes is apparent in the apathy with which they expose themselves to great heat, with which they handle coals of fire.

5. Lepers are remarkable for venereal desires. This is universal among negroes, which even slavery in its worst state, does not always subdue; for after whole days spent in hard labour, in a hot sun in the West-Indies, the men often walk five or six miles to comply with an assignation.

6. The big lip, and flat nose, are symptoms of the leprosy. They have more than once been seen in the Pennsylvania hospital.

---

* Treatiſe upon Tropical Diſeaſes, p. 475.

7. The woolly head cannot be accounted for from climate, diet, state of society, or bilious diseases, for all those combined have not produced it in the natives of Asia and America, in similar latitudes. Here the similarity of leprosy, and the peculiarities of the negro, appear to fail, but there is a fact which will probably remove this difficulty. The Trichoma, or Plica Polonica of the Poles, is a symptom of leprosy. Hence it should seem that the leprosy had found its way to the covering of the head, and I see no difficulty in admitting that it may well have produced wool upon the head of a negro, as matted hair upon the head of the Pole.

But how shall we account for the long duration of this colour of the skin through so many generations?—I answer—1. That the leprosy is most durable in its descent to posterity, of any disease we are acquainted with. In Iceland, Van Troil tells us, it often disappears in the second and third, and appears in the fourth generation.* 2dly. No more happens here than what happens to many nations who are distinguished by peculiarity of figure, in any part of the body. Many of the highlanders of Scotland have the red hair, and the high cheek bones, ascribed to their ancestors by Tacitus. Even the tumors in the throat in the Cretins who inhabit the Alps, are transmitted from father to son, through many generations. Madness and consumption are hereditary in many families, and these occupy parts of the body more liable to change in successive generations than the skin.

Should it be objected that the leprosy is an infectious disorder, but that no infectious quality exists in the skin of the negro, it may be remarked that the leprosy has nearly ceased to be infectious, especially from contact, and that some instances occur of an infectious quality in the skin of a negro. A white woman in North-Carolina acquired not only a dark colour, but several features of a negro, by marrying and living with a black man. A similar instance of change in colour and features of a woman in Buck's county, Pennsylvania, has been observed to arise from a similar cause. In both cases, the women bore children by their black husbands.

It is no objection to this theory, that the negroes are as healthy and long lived as the whites. Local diseases of the skin seldom affect the general health of the body, or the duration of life. Dr. Theiry remarks, that the itch, and even the leprosy, did not impair longevity in those who lived near the seashore in the healthy climate of Galicia.†

These facts lead to the following reflections:

1. That all the claims of superiority of the whites over the blacks, on account of colour, are founded in ignorance. If this colour be the effect of disease, instead of provoking oppression, it should entitle them to a double portion of compassion.

2. Hence we may be taught to encourage the prejudice against such connections with them as tend to infect posterity with their disorder. This may be done without violence to humanity, or questioning the sameness of descent, or natural equality of mankind.

3. Is the colour of negroes a disease? Then let science and humanity endeavour to discover a remedy. Nature has begun spontaneous cures of this disease in several black people in this country. In a certain Henry Moss, the cure was nearly complete. The change

---

* Letters on Iceland, p. 122.

† Vol. ii. p. 171.

from black to a natural white flesh-colour began, about five years ago, at his finger-ends, and has extended gradually over the greatest part of his body. The wool which formerly covered his head, has been changed into hair. No change in the diet, dress, or employments of this man, had previously taken place. But this does not preclude artificial means of dislodging the colour in negroes, any more than the use of medicine is precluded by spontaneous cures in other cases.

In Henry Moss, the colour was first discharged from the skin in places where there had been most pressure from cloathing, and most attrition from labour, as on the trunk of his body, and on his fingers. The destruction of the black colour was probably occasioned by the absorption of the colouring matter of the rete mucosum, or, perhaps, of the rete mucosum itself, for pressure and friction is well known to aid the absorbing action of the lymphatics in every part of the body. Hence it is that the palms of the hands of negro women who spend their lives at a washing-tub, are generally as fair as the palms of the hands in labouring white people.

Depletion, whether by bleeding, purging, or abstinence, has been often observed to lessen the black colour in negroes. The effects of these remedies in curing the common leprosy, may convince us that they might be advantageously used in that state of leprosy which is conceived to exist in the skin of negroes.

A similar change, though merely temporary, has often been observed in them from the influence of fear.

Dr. Beddoes tells us that he discharged the colour in the black wool of a negro, by infusing it in the oxygenated muriatic acid; and lessened it by the same means in the hand of a negro man. The land-cloud of Africa, called by the Portuguese Ferrino, Mr. Hawkins tells us, has some effect in changing the black colour of the negro to a dusky grey.* Its action is accompanied, he says, with an itching and prickling sensation upon every part of the body, which increases with the length of exposure so as to become intolerable. It is, probably, air of the carbonic kind, for it always extinguishes fire.

A citizen of Philadelphia once saw the skin of one side of the cheek inclining to the chin, and of part of the hand in a negro boy, changed to white by the juice of unripe peaches (of which he ate a large quantity every year) falling, and resting frequently upon those parts of his body.

To encourage attempts to cure this disease of the skin in negroes, let us reflect that by succeeding, we shall produce a large portion of happiness in the world. We shall destroy one of the arguments in favour of enslaving the negroes, for their colour has been supposed by the ignorant to mark them as objects of divine judgment, and, by the learned, to qualify them for labour in hot and unwholesome climates.

We shall add greatly to their happiness, for, however contented they appear with their colour, there are many proofs of their preferring that of the white people.

We shall establish the belief of the whole human race being descended from one pair, and thereby not only add weight to the christian revelation, but remove a material obstacle to the exercise of that universal benevolence which is inculcated by it."

---

* Page 120, 121.

ART. XXIX.

A Funeral Oration, delivered at the Brick Presbyterian Church in the City of New-York, on the 22d day of February, 1800, *being the day recommended by Congress to the Citizens of the United States, publicly to testify their grief for the Death of General Washington: by appointment of a number of the Clergy of New-York, and published at their request. By* John M. Mason, M. A. *Pastor of the Associate-Reformed Church in the City of New-York.* 8*vo. pp.* 23. *New-York.* George F. Hopkins. 1800.

THIS performance begins with a very spirited exordium. It is brief, and a transition is easily and gracefully made to an enumeration of the great events of Washington's life. This method is strictly natural, and has therefore been adopted by every eulogist whom we have seen. A critical observer will be instructed and amused by marking the various combinations of words and associations of images produced, by the same events, in different minds; and, as human excellence is merely comparative, there hence arises a criterion by which the merit of the several orators may be weighed.

Mr. Mason begins his historical career at the opening of the revolution. Most of his compeers have taken up the subject of their praise at his infancy, and largely expatiated on the part which the deceased sustained as a soldier and negociator in the Indian wars. We greatly approve of Mr. Mason's method. It is an argument of true discernment to select the bold and characteristic features of the man, and to overlook the ordinary and minute lineaments which he possesses in common with a thousand others. Washington, in the field of Braddock, in a subordinate capacity, exerted courage and address; but what is this to his conduct as the soul and leader of a revolution, and as a civil magistrate! The former part, hundreds have sustained as well as he; but, to his conduct in the latter, a parallel will not easily be found. While millions are indebted for liberty and safety to his military and civil virtues as leader and governor, that attention which employs itself upon the exploits of his youth, so comparatively unimportant, though worthy of history, seems unsuitable to eloquence.

The events of the war are not distinctly related, but, more agreeably to the genius of eloquence, are displayed in summary and striking allusions. We have been tempted to smile when, on similar occasions, we have heard a very accurate abridgement of Washington's life; been informed of the day and year of each transaction, and of the failure or success of measures which may reasonably be imagined to be already known to us. The business of an orator is somewhat different from that of annalist or chronicler. His duty is to place known facts in a new light, and supply us with reflections not previously possessed, or possessed with less energy of passion or vividness of conception.

The conduct of Washington, at the close of the war, is thus pourtrayed:

"The hope of her reduction at length abandoned; her war of liberty brought, in the establishment of independence, to that honourable conclusion for which it had been undertaken; the hour arrived when he was to resign the trust which he had accepted with diffidence. To a mind less pure and elevated, the situation of America would have furnished the pretext, as well as the means, of military usurpation. Talents equal to daring enterprize; the derangement of public affairs; unbounded popularity; and the devotion of a suffering army, would have been, to every other, a strong, and to almost any other, an irresistible temptation. In Washington they did not produce even the pain of self-denial. They added the last proof of his disinterestedness; and imposed on his country the last obligation to gratitude. Impenetrable by corrupting influence; deaf to honest but erring solicitation; irreconcilable with every disloyal sentiment, he urged the necessity, and set the example, of laying down, in peace, arms assumed for the common defence.

"But we must not lose, in our sensibility, the remembrance of his penetration, his prudence, his regard of public honour, and of public faith. Abhorring outrage; jealous for the reputation, and dreading the excesses, of even a gallant army, flushed with conquest, prompted by incendiaries, and sheltered by a semblance of right, his last act of authority is to dismiss them to their homes without entering the capital. Accompanied with a handful of troops, he repairs to the Council of the States, and, through them, surrenders to his country the sword which he had drawn in her defence. Singular phenomenon! Washington becomes a private citizen! He exchanges supreme command for the tranquillity of domestic life! Go, incomparable man! to adorn no less the civic virtues, than the splendid atchievements of the field: go, rich in the consciousness of thy high deserts: go, with the admiration of the world, with the plaudit of millions, and the orisons of millions more for thy temporal and thine eternal bliss!"

The following view is given of the motives of Washington's declining a re-election to the office of supreme magistrate:

"Let not his motives be mistaken or forgotten. It was for him to set as great examples in the relinquishment, as in the acceptance of power. No mortified ambition; no haughty disgusts; no expectation of higher office, prompted his retreat. He knew that foreign nations considered his life as the bond, and his influence as the vital spirit of our union. He knew that his own lustre threw a shade over others, not more injurious to them than to his country. He wished to dispel the enchantment of his own name: he wished to relieve the apprehensions of America, by making her sensible of her riches in other patriots; to be a spectator of her prosperity under their management; and to convince herself, and to convince the world, that she depended less on him, than either her enemies or her friends believed—And therefore he withdrew."

On the style of this performance, it is not easy to pass judgment in which many will concur. It is vehement and figurative. Bold flights of passion, and of metaphor, are frequently attempted. To soar on such aspiring wings, with gracefulness and dignity, is surely difficult. Not sometimes to pass the bounds of propriety, of language, and of thought, is scarcely possible.

There is a strain, earnest and pathetic, fervent and bold, creative of solemnity and sorrow, rich in ornament and splendor, but never grotesque and extravagant, fantastic and incongruous, which all desire and all labour, but few are able to reach. We fear that Mr. Mason is sometimes to be found among the unsuccessful number.

If the test of rhetorick be the effect which it produces on the hearers, these errors cannot be imputed to this performance. There are few, with respect to which the approbation of the audience, and of the public in general, has been more ardent and unanimous; and this is a criterion of merit on which Mr. M. may safely rely, in despite of the censures of critics like us, even should we be inclined to censure.

Art. XXX.

An Eulogy on General George Washington, pronounced at Boston, on Wednesday, February 19, 1800, *before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, by their appointment, and published at their request: By* John Davis, *Member of the Academy, &c. Boston.* Spotswood. 1800. *pp.* 24. 4*to*.

THIS address is remarkably characterized by simplicity and seriousness. It is of a mild and equable tenor. It abounds with proofs of clear judgment, and is free from all extravagance, or affectation.

We cannot but remark, likewise, that this orator has exhibited the character of the deceased in a light entirely new. His military and political virtues only, have been descanted on by others; but the occasion on which this eulogy was spoken, made it higly proper to view him as a lover and promoter of science; as one qualified for general pursuits, and accustomed to speak and write, as well as to act. After discussing his qualities as General and Magistrate, and pursuing him through the various events of his life, the following judicious remarks are made upon his character, as a patron and votary of learning.

"The illustrious Man, whose loss we now deplore, was among the first of your elected associates. It was a time of multiplied calamities. The military operations of the enemy were to be opposed in five different states of the union. A mind occupied with such immense concerns, could not be expected to apply itself to the immediate objects of your institution. Yet he accepts your invitation; looking forward, doubtless, to the happier days, when the arts of peace should succeed the horrors of war. As the first among the public characters of the age; as the pride and defence of your country, he was entitled to the earliest and most respectful expressions of your attention: but he was your associate by still more appropriate characters, by dispositions and accomplishments, altogether congenial to the nature and end of your institution.

"It is among the declared objects of your inquiry, to examine the various soils of the country, to ascertain their natural growths and the different methods of culture: to promote and encourage agriculture, arts, manufactures and commerce: to cultivate the knowledge of the natural history of the country, and to determine the uses, to which its various productions may be applied.

"Pursuits of this nature always commanded his attention, and to some of them he was peculiarly attached. They were frequently the topics of his conversation, and the subject of his correspondence, with ingenious and public spirited men, in different parts of the world.

"With a mind well-fitted to acquire just conceptions on any subject, to which his attention was directed, he would, I am persuaded, have been distinguished in the abstruser branches of science, if the course of life, which he had chosen, or to which he was impelled, had not been incompatible with the pursuit. In patient investigation, unwearied assiduity, and systematic arrangement, he was excelled by none. The uniform success, which attended his operations in military and political life, evinces great solidity of judgment: and he, who could produce such correct and prosperous results, in the great affairs of a nation, so liable to be defeated or impeded, by the ever varying humours and prejudices of men, with like application, might have been equally distinguished in the steady regions of science, whose permanent relations and connected truths, never fail to disclose themselves to industrious research and attentive contemplation."

In the following estimate of the style of Washington's compositions, we willingly concur, objecting, however, to praise implied by the unqualified use of the terms of "purity, propriety and precision."

"While contemplating the character of *Washington*, in a literary point of view, I must not omit to consider his style. It is distinguished for purity, propriety, and precision; and some of the most correct philologists have pronounced, that most of the qualities of a good style are united in his compositions. In his letters he is plain: in his public addresses elegant: in all he is correct, expressing, in a small compass, his clear conceptions, without tiresome verbosity, or any parade of ornament. In attending to what has fallen from his pen, the connection between modes of thinking and writing; between character and composition is apparent. His writings are marked with the strong and pleasing features of sincerity, simplicity and dignity."

There are few of these publications, on which the judicious reader will reflect with more satisfaction than the present. The strain is uniformly rational and temperate, and that level is invariably preserved which it is more disgraceful to fall below, than honourable to rise above.

Art. XXXI.

An Oration upon the Death of General George Washington; delivered in the State-House, at Trenton, on the 14th January, 1800. *By the Rev.* Samuel Stanhope Smith, *D. D. President of the College of New-Jersey: and published at the desire of the Committee of the Citizens, &c. of Trenton, at whose request it was pronounced. Trenton.* Craft. 8*vo. pp.* 45. 1800.

"GREAT God! we adore thy sovereign providence, which hath smitten the father of his country, and left a nation in tears!" Such is the exordium of this oration, which pursues to the end, though with somewhat diminished vehemence, the same strain of glowing eloquence.

Washington is here delineated from the dawn to the evening of life. His education and exercises are briefly related. His conduct in youth, as negociator and soldier, his generalship during the revolutionary contest, and his transactions as legislator and magistrate, are displayed to view, and embellished with all the colours of rhetoric.

In the summary narrative which is given of his military exploits, we must see the peculiar propriety of dwelling, most circumstantially, upon those events which took place at Princeton and Trenton, and, in general, in the native State of the orator and his auditors.

The private life of Washington is thus described:

"In private life, he was as amiable as virtuous, and as great as he appeared sublime on the public theatre of the world. How many conquerors, renowned in history, have been great only while they acted a conspicuous part under the observation of mankind! The soul, in such a situation, perceives an artificial elevation—it assumes the sentiments of virtue corresponding to the grandeur of the objects that surround it. In private, it subsides into itself; and, in the ordinary details of life and conduct, the men, who seemed to be raised above others by the splendour of some rare occasions, now sink below them; they are degraded by their passions; those who were able to command armies, have lost the power of self-command; and, when they are not *heroes*, they are nothing. Washington was always equal to *himself*. There was a dignity in the manner in which he performed the smallest things. A majesty surrounded him that seemed to humble those who approached him, at the same time that there was a benignity in his manners that invited their confidence and esteem. His virtues, always elevated and splendid, shone only with a milder light by being placed in the vale of retirement. He was sincere, modest, upright, humane; a friend of religion; the idol of his neighbours as well as of his country; magnificent in his hospitality, but plain in his manners, and simple in his equipage. And the motives of these virtues we are not to seek in a vain affectation of popularity, which has often enabled the cunning and the artful to make great sacrifices to public opinion, but in the native impulse and goodness of his heart. His emotions, naturally strong and ardent, as they are, perhaps, in all great men, he had completely subjected to the controul of reason, and placed under the guard of such a vigilant prudence, that he never suffered himself to be surprised by them. Philosophy and religion in his breast had obtained a noble triumph: and his first title to command over others, was his perfect command of himself. Such a sublime idea had he formed of man, that, in him, you never detected any of the littlenesses of the passions. His consummate prudence, which was one of his most characteristic qualities, and which never forsook him for a moment, contributed to fix the affections and the confidence of his fellow-citizens, which he had acquired by his talents. Eminently distinguished for his conjugal and domestic virtues, the perfect purity of his private morals added not a little to that dignity of character in which he was superior to all men. There is a majesty in virtue which commands the respect even of those who do not love it, and which gives to great talents their highest lustre. Ah! if the ambitious knew, or were willing to estimate its influence on reputation, and its powerful command over the minds of men, they would study to be virtuous from self-interest."

The close is as follows:

"Finally, every thing serves to remind us of our departed and beloved chief, and to renew continually in our breasts, the most grateful, along with the most afflicting recollections. If the husbandman tills his lands, and calls them his own, have they not been gained by his wisdom and valour? Do we enjoy our hearths and our altars in peace? Have they not been purchased by his toils and his dangers? There is not a village, not a field, not a stream which he has not stained with the blood of our enemies,* or where he has not inscribed on the earth with his sword, the characters of American liberty. Ah! by how many dear and tender ties does he hold possession of our hearts! Wives and mothers think they have lost him who preserved to them their husbands and their infants; the young think they have lost in him a father; fathers that *they* have lost more than their children; the republic that she has lost her founder and her saviour; every citizen fears lest the peace, the union, the glory of America is entombed with him. No, my fellow-citizens! This fear shall not be realized. Washington, though dead, is not lost. His ashes shall defend the republic that contains them; the capitol, that rests upon his remains, shall be immortal; his example shall live to instruct posterity; his virtues shall descend as a precious inheritance to future ages; the future lawgivers and rulers of America shall come to his tomb to reanimate their own virtues; and, if it be true that the wise and good, amidst the supreme felicities of their celestial existence, are still occupied with the cares, and sometimes made the guardians of that which was the dearest to them upon earth, O spirit of Washington! will not thy beloved country still be thy care?"

---

* This is almoſt literally true of all the middle counties of New-Jerſey.

After these specimens, it would be useless to comment upon the style of this oration. The reader will judge for himself, and will doubtless perceive many things worthy of applause, not only in the selection and arrangement of sentiments and facts, but in the mode of composition. The language is always flowing, animated, and uncommonly correct.

There is no absolute criterion of eloquence. All its merit and demerit is comparative. Our standard is drawn from the highest excellence which we have witnessed, and orators are censured or applauded in proportion as they fall below or reach this actual standard; as they are better or worse than their neighbours.

Truth is, in no respect, the measure of their claims. The fidelity to nature of the portrait drawn by a professed eulogist, is a foreign consideration. We are only to consider its lustre, brilliancy, and gracefulness. The contest between dealers in encomium, is which shall praise with most ardour. They do not vie with each other in the accuracy with which they copy the face or character intrusted to them, but in the perfection of their picture, considered merely as a picture. The question to be asked is, merely, in whose portrait are most virtues assembled? On whose canvass has abstract excellence been exhibited with most completeness and most skill?

Eulogies, therefore, reflect little light upon the character of him who is the subject of them. They are chiefly specimens of the genius of the orator. They display the richness of his fancy, the fertility of his conception, the luxuriance of his style, and his mode of estimating moral duty and intellectual excellence.

Considered in this light, Dr. S. will surely stand high in the catalogue of eulogists. There are few who have commented with equal copiousness and energy upon the following text: "His character is a constellation of all the great qualities that dignify and adorn human nature. The virtues and the talents which, in other instances, are divided among many, are combined in him."

ART. XXXII.

The Death of Washington, a Poem, in imitation of the manner of Ossian. By Rev. John Blair Linn, *A. M. Minister of the first Presbyterian Congregation of Philadelphia. Philadelphia. Ormrod.* 8vo. 1800.

THE design of this writer is to borrow the phrases and images of the Scotish Bard, and apply them to Washington. The propriety of this design is a consideration very different from that of the success with which it is executed.

We cannot sincerely applaud, neither shall we very earnestly condemn the design. As a sport of fancy, as productive of that amusement and surprise, resulting from the adaptation of images and allusions of a remote and uncultivated age, to the events and characters of the most enlightened and improved; such performances may not displease an indulgent reader. The scrupulous might deem such combinations uncouth, grotesque, and, perhaps, debasing. The artless harp, the barren heath, the misty isles, the round tower and glimmering hall, the bow and the spear, and all the bleak, comfortless, and rude appendages of a savage state of manners, a churlish soil, and an unfriendly temperature, may seem to some but ill suited to convey or adorn the regrets of a civilized and numerous people, for a statesman and leader of the eighteenth century.

A scheme of this kind circumscribes, in many ways, the efforts of imagination and genius. As Washington is changed into Fingal, and his poet is a countryman of Ossian, the topics of praise should, of course, be such as is suited to his visionary character. Whatever distinguishes the head of the American armies or senates, from the chieftain of Morven, must, to make the imitation just, be excluded from the picture. His military virtues must resolve themselves into valour and skill in the management of his spear, and his civil virtues disappear altogether. In acting the savage, we must necessarily put off the guise of the civilized man. We must make ourselves naked and forlorn as he.

In the prosecution of his plan, Mr. Linn has fallen into errors, which, indeed, could have hardly been avoided, but by a naked and meagre transcript of the Hebridian poet. He has transported us to the age and country of Fingal and Ossian. He has given us their mists, halls, and harps, but he has improperly introduced, into such company, Vernon, Potowmack, Monongahela, Princeton, Delaware, York, Boston, Columbia, and Braddock; the tribes of the desert, and towered cities. In carrying us to the Hebrides, these, and all images foreign to our new abode, should have been left behind.

Being master of Hebridian scenery and manners, and conversant with the allusions and phrases of Ossian (or M'Pherson), it is not difficult to imitate them; that is, to place these images, allusions, and phrases, in a new order, and bestow them upon men with new names. The skill and prowess of his hero in battle, the suspense of his wife, and the lamentation of the bard, will be the theme of his song. "The thistle" will "shake his lonely head." Silence will be "in the hall of his fathers. His bow hangs unbent. His spear leans against the wall. His foes no longer hear the sound of his shield. His wife is left alone in her sorrow."

The success of this attempt will be best discovered, by the disciples of Ossian, in the following description of the passage of the Delaware.

"Shall he follow to Trenton, thy silent footsteps, where the foe were surprised in their slumber, and fell before thy arms of power: Dark was the night—such as when the spirit of Loda takes his flight. Silence had folded her wings and slept upon the hills. The weary warrior rested on his shield. Fingal with his band were awake. The darkened Delaware rolled beneath the winds. The spirit of destruction guarded his shores, and shrieked amid the angry deep. Fingal approached. The light glimmered on the distant way. His joy arose amid the storm, like the lightning's path through the sky of darkness. He pointed with his spear the course to his friends. He dashed the waters beneath him—and leapt on the ground of the foe. The foe awoke amid the arms of Fingal——Strike the harp, sons of Columbia!—let the voice of the song arise—such as the hero might hear, while he leaned upon his shield, and his warriors slumbered around."

On the whole, this attempt deserves to be approved, though we should be pleased to see Mr. Linn select a different pattern for his imitation. He has talents which might be successfully employed in a manner more conducive to a lasting reputation.

Art. XXXIII.

A Poem; sacred to the Memory of George Washington, late President of the United States, and Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States; adapted to the 22d February, 1800. *By* Richard Alsop. 8*vo. pp.* 23. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin.

WHEN the death of Washington had awakened every sympathetic feeling, and roused every faculty of the orator to do justice to his character, and render homage to his memory, it was not to be expected that the poet would slumber in silence, or his lyre be unstrung. But the effusions of the latter have been extremely rare. Thousands may, from education and habit, deem themselves qualified to discharge the functions of an orator or eulogist on this occasion, but those of the poet are more arduous, and demand those splendid endowments, those divine energies which belong only to the few.

The plan of the present poem is simple and inartificial. Ideas succeed each other, and events are related in their natural order, without any admirable contrivance or studied arrangement. There is no great boldness of design displayed, nor much of that fine phrenzy, that magic power which leads the imagination captive, awakens and irresistibly sways all the feelings of the soul. Without being impassioned and impetuous, flows in a strain equable, clear, and melodious. The thoughts are just and appropriate, and the author appears to have been satisfied with clothing them in a poetical dress, without exerting the utmost powers of art and imagination. If his fancy soar not on eagle-wings, under the guidance of a chaste and correct judgment, it bears him on his way with dignity and ease. It is not overheated with the subject, nor embarrassed with crude and half-formed images of things, and all the distortions of a labouring mind. No disjointed or shapeless figures, decked in gorgeous attire and glittering with gaudy hues, flit before us. Enlightened judgment and good taste are discernible, but they are exercised rather in rejecting what is vitious, false, or inelegant, than in adopting those transcendent qualities, those splendid and divine attributes which belong to performances that have attained the highest point of poetic merit. The composition has all the advantages of thought, of numbers, full, flowing, and harmonious, and a versification, with few exceptions, smooth and elegant. While he bestows praise on these essential and valuable ingredients of style, the lover of genuine poetry may, perhaps, require something more—rich and splendid imagery, and an eloquence fervid, pathetic, and transporting, which at pleasure awakens and subdues every emotion of the heart, filling it with sensations of wonder and delight.

The following introductory passage, by its solemnity and pensiveness, is well suited to the opening of the poem:

"Why on this day[*] when erſt in ſmiles array'd,
Each cheerful mein the ſigns of joy diſplay'd;
When the gay pomp of military ſhow
With ſprightly ardour gave each breaſt to glow;
When the ſcarr'd veteran, fill'd with honeſt pride,
Reſum'd his war-worn garb and martial ſtride;
When feeble age rekindling vigour knew,
And playful childhood ſtill more ſportive grew;
With added charms when beauty ſmil'd ſerene,
Prepar'd to grace the feſtive birth-night ſcene;
Why o'er the city ſpreads this death-like gloom?
Why round diſplay'd the emblems of the tomb?
Why ſounds yon paſſing knell in accents ſlow,
And ſtrings each heart in uniſon of woe?
Why o'er thoſe martial bands gay ſtandards wave
In mournful pomp the colours of the grave?
Why droops yon veteran ſoldier's hoary head,
His honeſt pride, his wonted ardour fled?
Why heaves the breaſt of age, that tort'ring ſigh?
Why mark'd with gloom is childhood's frolic eye?
Why does the fair abſorb'd in grief appear,
As down her cheek ſlow ſteals the unbidden tear?

"Has that dire fiend, who holds unſeen his way
In midnight's ſhades, or midſt the glare of day,
Again reſumed his waſteful fell career,
Arm'd with new wrath, with terrors more ſevere?
Does each amid the gen'ral ſuff'ring mourn
A friend or father from his boſom torn?
Does age lament his ſole ſurviving ſtay,
Or childhood weep a parent, ſnatch'd away?
Do floods of grief the cheek of beauty lave
To mark a father's or a lover's grave?
Ah, no! the peſtilence' malignant breath
Waſtes not our cities with the blaſt of death,
In icy chains the noxious fiend is bound,
And pureſt gales ſalubrious breathe around.
Theſe marks of woe, no private loſs the cauſe,
No private grief the tear from millions draws,
But all a guardian, friend, and ſire deplore;
The great, *the immortal* Waſhington's no more.

Mr. A. then relates the defeat of Braddock, the departure of the British forces from Boston, the retreat of the Americans from York Island, the capture of the Hessians at Princeton, the battle of Monmouth, capture of Cornwallis, the return of peace, the retirement and civil administration of Washington. This description is forcible, correct and pleasing.

The following is a sketch of the character of General Washington:

"Exalted Chief, in thy ſuperior mind
What vaſt reſource, what various talents join'd!
Temper'd with ſocial virtue's milder rays,
There patriot worth diffus'd a purer blaze:
Form'd to command reſpect, eſteem inſpire,
Midſt ſtateſmen grave, or midſt the ſocial choir,
With equal ſkill the ſword or pen to wield,
In council great, unrivall'd in the field;
Mid glittering courts or rural walks to pleaſe,
Polite with grandeur, dignified with eaſe;
Before the ſplendours of thy high renown
How fade the glow-worm luſtres of a crown,
How ſink diminiſh'd, in that radiance loſt,
The pride of conqueſt, and of power the boaſt!
Let Greece her Alexander's deeds proclaim,
Or Cæſar's triumphs gild the Roman name,
Stripp'd of the dazzling glare around them caſt,
Shrinks at their crimes, humanity, aghaſt;
With equal claim to honour's glorious meed,
See Attila his courſe of havoc lead!

---

[*] The birth-day of Waſhington.

O'er Aſia's realms, in one vaſt ruin hurl'd,
See furious Zingis' bloody flag unfurl'd.
On baſe far-different from the conqueror's claim
Reſts the unſullied column of thy fame;
His on the woes of millions proudly bas'd,
With blood cemented and with tears defac'd;
Thine on a nation's welfare fix'd ſublime,
By freedom ſtrengthen'd and rever'd by time.
He, as the comet, whoſe portentous light
Spreads baleful ſplendour o'er the glooms of night,
With chill amazement fills the ſtartled breaſt,
While ſtorms and earthquakes dire its courſe atteſt,
And nature trembles, leſt, in chaos hurl'd,
Should ſink the tott'ring fabric of the world.
Thou, like the Sun, whoſe *kind propitious* ray
Opes the glad morn and lights the fields of day,
Diſpels the wintry ſtorm, the chilling rain,
With rich abundance clothes the ſmiling plain,
Gives all creation to rejoice around,
And life and light extends o'er nature's utmoſt bound."

The poet then deſcribes the magnanimity and reſignation of General Washington in his laſt illneſs, and anxiouſly deprecates the influence of faction and diſcord, now the voice of him who had hitherto reſtrained their progreſs, is no more.

To chide theſe gloomy foreboders of the helpleſs condition of our country, deprived of its ſupport and protector, a heavenly meſſenger is introduced:

" ———But lo, from opening ſkies,
What white-rob'd form deſcending meets my eyes!
Bright beams of glory o'er his temples twine,
And in his eyes celeſtial lightnings ſhine.
He ſpeaks—in ſilence all is huſh'd around,
And ſinks the liſtening breeze in calm profound.
' Short-ſighted mortal! by what fury driven,
' Dar'ſt thou arraign the high beheſts of heav'n?
' What raſhneſs wild, what madneſs of deſpair
' Prompts thee to doubt the Almighty's guardian care?
' Say, doſt thou murmur that the harveſt's Lord
' The ripen'd ear has in his garner ſtor'd?
' Would'ſt thou complain that, freed from ills of life,
' From this low vale of ſorrow and of ſtrife,
' With honours laden, and in full of time,
' To realms of joy and ſeats of bliſs ſublime,
' Great Waſhington has wing'd his raptur'd way,
' And walks with angels mid the blaze of day?
' Learn that the ills you plain are light to thoſe
' Deep-ſtamp'd in blood, offending Europe knows."

The ſtate of America is then contraſted with the miſeries of Europe, produced by revolutions and wars, and we are bidden to derive conſolation and hope from the ſurvey.

' Then ceaſe to murmur at the afflicting rod,
' But bow ſubmiſſive to the will of God,
' And taught by other's woes, convicted, own
' That mercy e'en in chaſtening ſtill is ſhown.
' Freed from the world, reſign'd its load of cares,
' Though Waſhington the bliſs of angels ſhares,
' Yet, not unmindful of Columbia's weal,
' Still glows his breaſt with love and patriot zeal,
' Her guardian Spirit, ſtill with ſhielding hand,
' He turns the ſtorm that thickens o'er her land,
' With generous pride her ardent youth inſpires,
' Directs her ſtateſmen and her warriors fires:
' His name, his bright example long ſhall prove
' Her bond ſecure of union and of love,
' Shall urge her ſons to emulate his worth,
' And wake each ſlumb'ring virtue into birth:
' Adhering firmly to his precepts pure,
' To lateſt time her freedom ſhall endure,
' If not ſeduc'd, to foreign wiles agree,

'She madly caſt the precious boon away.'
—Fleets the fair form, but ſtill the voice I hear,
Still its laſt accents ſtrike upon my ear.
Reprov'd and humbled I my error ſee,
And bend in rev'rence to the high decree.'

Mr. A. earnestly exhorts the youth of our country to emulate the great example of their patriot father; to resist foreign influence and domestic intrigue; to maintain the edifice of our political freedom; and, discarding local prejudices and party animosities, to unite in the disinterested pursuit of their country's welfare.

The concluding lines are a tribute of delicate respect to Mrs. Washington, to whom the poem is dedicated by the author.

"Ere yet the Muſe in ſilence cloſe the ſtrain,
While ſtill her hands the ſinking lyre retain,
To thee, reſpected Mourner, would ſhe pay
A ſolemn tribute in the heart-felt lay,
Awake the ſtrings to ſympathetic woe,
And bid the notes of conſolation flow.
But who ſhall venture with preſumption rude,
On ſorrow's ſacred ſilence to intrude;
May no raſh voice diſturb that deep repoſe,
Afflicted Mourner, hallow'd be thy woes!"

SELECTED.

Remarkable Adventures of Mr. JOHNSON, *of Virginia, taken Prisoner in* 1790, *by the Indians.*

[Continued from p. 155, and concluded.]

THE prisoners, we may easily conceive, profited by the liberty they enjoyed of keeping constantly together. Their melancholy conversation breathed despair in consequence of their having missed the last favourable opportunity of escape, rather than hope of meeting with another. Yet this hope, chimerical as it might appear, was not entirely abandoned. The chief of the troop had conceived some mistrust from their being constantly together; and his apprehension increased at the sight of a knife, which Mr. Johnson inadvertently drew out of his pocket, and which he had carefully preserved for the purpose of cutting the ropes with which he was tied at night, if any favourable opportunity should offer. On the prisoners being again searched, a few guineas were found in the pocket of James Skuyl, which had been overlooked at the first search, and which heightened the mistrust. The first means to which the Indians resorted for their security were, to strip both the unfortunate prisoners of their breeches, instead of which they were furnished with a short apron, tied round their hips, and reaching half way down their thighs, which cloathed them in the Indian fashion. Their shirts were exchanged for coarser ones. Yet, all these precautions were not sufficient to allay the fears of their keepers. On the next morning, the chief ordered the troop to separate into two divisions; and James Skuyl to proceed with one, while Johnson continued with the other; they were both to reach the same place of destination by different roads.

This new separation proved extremely painful to Mr. Johnson; the fellowship in misfortune had converted a four-days acquaintance into the most intimate friendship. Skuyl was his support, his hope, the only being with whom he could associate; yet him he lost, left alone in nature's vast domain, and given up entirely to his grief and apprehensions, considerably heightened by this loss. The separation from a dearly beloved wife, Mr. Johnson said, could hardly affect the heart with keener pangs, than he felt on being torn from this four-days friend. Yet, how was he to oppose the iron-hand of necessity? A wise man, and this is his chief merit, resigns himself to calamities he cannot avert: thus did Mr. Johnson. He soon determined on concealing, as much as possible, his painful sensations; and, under the appearance of serenity, to beguile the mistrust of his masters. He was powerfully supported in the execution of this design by an innate firmness, calmness, and cheerfulness of temper. Though the hideous image of impending death would often press upon his mind, he found some consolation in the thought, that not every prisoner is irrevocably doomed by the Indians to suffer death; but that, at times, they employ their captives to assist them in hunting, or adopt them as members of their tribes. He has repeatedly assured me, that even in moments of the most imminent danger, during his captivity, his spirits never failed him for any length of time. A ray of hope would constantly re-animate his courage, though, wanting probability, it quickly vanished; but, though less miserable than many others would have been in his situation, he was constantly wretched.

The sameness of the remaining journey was not chequered by any remarkable events. The marches were longer or shorter in proportion to the game they killed, to the duration of their sleep at noon, and to the delight they found in smoaking their pipes. But their length especially depended on the will of the chief, and the advice of the conjurors. Their dreams frequently alter the direction of their journies. They fell in with several wandering troops of Indians, which caused a longer or shorter delay, according to the hour at which they met. At times, the two troops would dine together; but they never parted without having informed each other of their exploits, and exhibited their prisoners with pride and ostentation. At night, Mr. Johnson was always tied looser or tighter, according to the whim of the Indian who undertook this charge, without always belonging to his guards, being sometimes deputed by one of them who had, perhaps, some business in front or rear of the troop; and, in this case, the deputy would often endeavour to justify the confidence placed in him, by tying his prisoner as closely as he could. One night, he was tied so tightly, that the ropes cut deep into his arms, and were covered by the swelling they occasioned: yet, he dared not to complain, for the whole party being interested in the preservation of prisoners, every measure tending to that purpose, could not but obtain universal approbation. At another time he was beaten by the chief for no other reason than the ill humour of this brute, yet he dared not to murmur. Once he was severely beaten by an Indian from a mere brutish desire of using him thus: but this time his patience forsook him. He returned the blows with the approbation of the whole troop. They said he had proved himself a man; none but women submitted to such treatment without opposition. From that time he observed, or fancied, that they treated him with more respect. In the meanwhile the real commander or chief of the troop rejoined them, after two days separation. Having altered his idea of reaching home sooner than the rest, he resolved on scouring the woods with his Indians, and it was by mere accident he fell in with the troop from which he had separated. Peggy Flemming was with them, apparently much habituated to their masters, as she preferred their protection to the company of Mr. Johnson. A few days after, the troop met a negro laden with whisky. He was the slave of an Indian, who was hunting in the woods, and had commissioned him to sell this liquor. Within a short time the negro sold his whole stock, and followed the troop, waiting for his master. The Indians halted soon after to drink their whisky with more ease, and to prepare for their entrance into Sandusky, which was distant but a few days journey. Their preparations consisted in the complete process of an Indian toilette; that is to say, they touched up and refreshed the colours with which the Indians are accustomed to paint both the face and body. Every one is at liberty to paint himself after his own fancy, except that they all wear one certain mark either on their breast or arms. A black paint, prepared of charcoal, and a red, composed of minium and cinnabar, are most frequently used. The whole body and face are plastered with these paints. They suffer their hair to grow only about the scalp; and cut off the rest, close to the head, either in irregular lines, proceeding from the eyes and the root of the nose, and branching out from this central point in various forms, or parallel lines, extending near each other in the same direction. At times it is a sort of hair-dress, on which, apparently, no care is bestowed. But the fact is, that they attend to this sort of ornament with a peculiar care, and pass whole hours before their looking-glass, which they carry constantly about them to complete their dressing. This they value as highly as the handsomest European coquette can do; and are as much pleased, when it is finished to their satisfaction, as she may be. On such days they pluck off the hair from the eye-brows and beard, with more care than they usually bestow on this operation. As to the common mark or sign, which they wear painted on their breast or arms, it is generally the image of some animal. That of the tribe of the Shawanese was a wolf. The women wear it in common with the men; but they paint only the cheek-bones, for the most part, red. They suspend small silver or iron rings from the whole cartilaginous part of the ear. The men wear them in the nose. Either sex generally wears a silver collar, from which a cross is suspended. A short shirt, reaching down to the apron, which is tied round the hips, is the common dress of both sexes; in cold weather they throw a short mantle round the shoulders. Such, at least, are the dress and fineries of the Shawanese. Nearly all the tribes vary in this respect, as well as in many others. After the company were thus arrayed, they proceeded on their journey. The negro spoke English; and, as the Indians entertained no mistrust against him, he had it in his power to impart to Mr. Johnson some interesting information, which, though not calculated to inspire the prisoners with hope, yet proved to him extremely valuable and important. The troop was soon joined by the master of the negro, and shortly after by two other Indians, who took Mr. Johnson by the hand, and conducted him to the chief, whom they seemed to address in a suppliant manner, and with an air of submission. At the close of an hour's conversation, the subject of which was the prisoner, and after the petitioners had delivered two gallons of whisky, mostly quaffed by the chief, Mr. Johnson was surrendered to them and carried off. All his ideas were absorbed by the prospect of certain destruction, which impressed his mind; every ray of hope vanished for a moment; every perception was lost; he dared not to ask the negro, who, in conjunction with his master, had joined the two Indians, ignorant as he was, whether he might not be conducted with them; whether the compassion he seemed to shew, were not an artifice to betray him; whether he were not, perhaps, his most cruel enemy, his executioner! For sometime, he moved on in silence and secret despair; but, being no longer able to support the torturing idea of the uncertainty of his fate, he, at last, with great timidity, had recourse to the negro, and learned from him, that one of the two Indians, to whom he now belonged, having some time ago killed an Indian of the tribe of the Mingoes, he was bound by the laws of the tribe to furnish a person instead of the Indian slain, or, in default of this, to be himself surrendered up to the vengeance of his family; that, being too poor to buy a prisoner, he had prevailed upon the Shawanese by his entreaties, and persuaded the chief, by means of the whisky, to make him a present of Johnson, so that he now pertained to the tribe of the Mingoes; but that previously to his being delivered up to them he would pass a few days at his master's, who was a neighbour of the two Indians. The prospect of slavery was pleasing to Mr. Johnson; he was happy even at this price to preserve his life, the loss of which had been constantly before his eyes. He deemed himself more fortunate, as he entertained a hope, that by some means or other he might be able to shorten the period of his captivity. He journeyed on about four days with his new masters, and lived with them in the same manner as with the former, except that he was not tied at night. His old masters had given him back his clothes, and, on comparing his present situation with his former, and especially with that which he expected in anxious suspense, he felt happy. But this happiness was not of long duration. His unlucky stars would have it so, that after four days marching he again fell in with the Shawanese. The chief, who now had become sober, was no longer so generous as before, and regretted his former generosity. He demanded Mr. Johnson from the two Indians, but was refused. The two Indians referred to the testimony of the negro and his master, which was in their favour; but, the Shawanese being the stronger party, they proceeded from demands to menaces, and from menaces to acts of violence: the two Indians, destitute of all means of defence, were easily conquered; and Mr. Johnson, torn from the Shawanese, was re-plunged into his former anxiety and misery. His situation appeared to him the more desperate, as a French merchant of Canada, who, being informed by the Indians, that the Shawanese had a white prisoner with them, came to redeem him, but had met with a refusal from the chief, who told him, that he meant to lead him, with the other booty, in triumph through his town. The merchant promised Mr. Johnson to renew his application the next morning, but the latter had renounced all hope. The merchant actually came the next morning, according to his promise, at the time of the arrival of the prisoner, and made several trifling bargains with the Indians; but all his applications concerning Johnson were in vain. The unfortunate young man, therefore, had no hope left, but what the prospect of occurrences, incidental to a journey of one hundred and fifty miles, the actual distance of his place of destination, could afford. An event, with which his most sanguine hopes could not have flattered him, soon took place. The Shawanese, proceeding on their journey, met an Indian with a horse loaded with whisky; part of the booty was quickly exchanged for some barrels. The next morning the remainder of the booty went the same way, and on the following day they paid the Indian for what whisky he had left, in horses, which they had brought with them from the banks of the Ohio. The Shawanese passed six days in a state of continual intoxication, and continued drinking until they had nothing left to drink. Ashamed to return to their tribe without any trophies but one single prisoner, they determined on another expedition, in which Mr. Johnson was to co-operate. Yet, on mature deliberation, they found it still more adviseable to sell the prisoner, in order to be able to drink whisky, and drink it largely, previously to their taking the field again. The expression of vehemence and savageness in their faces, which was heightened by the fumes of whisky, not yet altogether evaporated, greatly increased Mr. Johnson's uneasiness during these debates. It was in vain his woe-worn mind endeavoured to find out their object, when the following morning he was called to the two chiefs, who ordered him to mount a horse and push on with them as fast as he could. He now imagined that his last hour was come; but this time his fear was not of long duration. The place whither he was conducted was not above five miles distant; it was the habitation of Mr. Duchoquet, the merchant whom he had already seen. After some glasses of whisky had been drank, the bargain was soon struck; six hundred small silver shirt-buckles, such as the common people wear, constituted the ransom, amounting to twenty-five Louis d'or. Mr. Johnson's happiness may be easily conceived, but he did not yet feel it in its whole extent; which is generally the case in sudden transitions from extreme wretchedness to a state of felicity and peace. The rapid and complete delivery from death and bondage appeared to him like a dream, in which he dared not to indulge. Mr. Duchoquet endeavoured to convince him of the reality of his happy situation, and he began to believe in it, when the next morning the two Indians who had conducted him thither, again made their appearance. Mr. Duchoquet was himself of opinion that they came to rescind the agreement, and confirmed his new guest in the determination he had formed, to sell his life dear; when one of the Indians came up to him, unarmed, and said smiling, "That on the preceding day he had forgotten something which belonged to him, which most certainly he must have missed, and which they came to return to him." It was a code of laws for Virginia, which his masters had left him during his journey. Mr. Johnson was less sensible of the delicacy of this conduct, which even among refined Europeans would have been considered as a proof of great attention, than happy on account of the perfect security which this behaviour of his former masters guaranteed to him, and which continued undisturbed by any further accident.

Not being able to reach the settled parts of America without a guide, he was necessitated to wait the season, when Mr. Duchoquet usually went to Canada. Until that period he continued with him in his habitation, and assisted him in his trade with the Indians. This afforded him an opportunity of getting acquainted with several tribes, whose manners and customs differed but little from those of the Shawanese. Unacquainted with their language, he could not himself collect much information concerning them; and besides, he was too much occupied by his eager desire of being restored to his family and friends to study the manners and habits of savages whom he was anxious to quit. He learned, however, from his host, that all the tribes in that neghbourhood believe in a Supreme Being, and in the duration of the existence of the soul after the close of this mortal life. They hold that the punishment of those who have rendered themselves guilty of wicked deeds (and with them none are wicked deeds but inactivity and cowardice in hunting and warfare, and perfidy to their friends), consists in their being removed after death into unhealthy woods, where there is no other game but small birds; while they who have constantly observed an honest, gallant conduct, are transplanted into forests abounding with the largest game, of which the numbers never diminish. He farther was informed by his host, that Indian women (called in their language squaws) are kept by their husbands in a sort of slavery, frequently beaten, and, in case of adultery, often maimed by them—a punishment which they are much inclined to inflict. Girls, or unmarried women, on the contrary, enjoy full liberty to gratify their desires as they please; and, so far from their forfeiting, by this gratification, the esteem of the men, a woman is held in little estimation by the Indians who, previous to her marriage, has not been engaged in some amorous intrigue; "For," say they, "disdained as she has been by all men, she is unworthy of love." According to his observation, the Shwanese are lazy, imprudent, melancholy, silent, and without thought for the coming day. As to the general character of the Indians, he knew that, whatever acts of cruelty they may exercise against their prisoners, in particular against such as they take in time of war, they are in their friendship true and faithful to a degree which has long become obsolete among civilized nations.

At the beginning of June, Mr. Duchoquet set out with his guest on his journey to Canada. Lake Erie was but fifty miles distant. They embarked there for Detroit, where Mr. Duchoquet resides. But, before they reached Lake Erie, they had to pass the small lake Sandusky. A violent gust of wind drove them to a small island in the middle of this lake, inhabited by two Indian tribes. Mr. Johnson was there invited, with his friend, to a grand feast, given by a family in celebration of the recovery of an Indian lady. The feast consisted of a grand meal, preceded by a great deal of dancing around a large fire. Almost all the inhabitants of the island were invited. A small painted stick supplies, among the Indians, the use of our cards of invitation; and these dances, these banquets, and large fires, are religious rites, deemed by the Indians extremely efficacious in curing their sick: in all probability, they less obstruct their recovery, at least, than the prescriptions of many physicians might do.

Mr. Johnson reached Detroit on the 13th of June; and there separated from Mr. Duchoquet. The English governor ordered him to be conveyed across Lake Erie in a king's yacht. Thence he went, in another vessel, to the celebrated cataract of Niagara, to conceive an adequate idea of which, is beyond the powers of human fancy. From this stupendous water-fall, he proceeded, in a boat, along the banks of Lake Ontario, and thence on the river Oswego to Albany, New-York and Virginia, where, having been afflicted six weeks by fate, savages, and musquetoes, he rejoined his family, whom he had utterly despaired of ever seeing again; happy that so many sufferings terminated in this fortunate but unexpected event.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

AFTER a ſtorm of rain with thunder and lightning, on the evening of Saturday the 12th of April, the ſtreets of this city appeared covered with a yellow ſubſtance reſembling ſulphur. Several gentlemen made experiments upon this yellow duſt, and found that it poſſeſſed *none of the properties of ſulphur*, but was a vegetable ſubſtance, ſuppoſed the *pollen*, or fecundating duſt, of the pine foreſts of New-Jerſey. The ſame appearance of yellow duſt was alſo obſerved after the ſame ſtorm, on Long-Iſland, more than thirty miles from New-York.

Chaptal, in his Chemiſtry, mentions the vulgar notion of *ſulphur-ſhowers*, which are nothing but the *farina*, or yellow powder of the pine, carried to a diſtance by the wind.

In the Encyclopædia Britannica, article *Pinus*, it is ſaid that the farina, or yellow powder of the male flowers of the pine, is ſometimes, in the ſpring of the year, carried away by the winds in ſuch quantities, where the trees abound, as to alarm the ignorant with the notion of its raining brimſtone.

The literary productions of the laſt month ſeem wholly confined to one ſubject, the death of Waſhington.

FOREIGN.

Recent Diſcoveries in the Pacific Ocean.

EARLY in the preſent year (1799), the Hunter, an Engliſh veſſel, in her paſſage from New-Zealand to Calcutta, fell in with two ſtrange iſlands, and a very extenſive range of ſhoals, which not appearing in any chart extant, are preſumed to be diſcoveries, and are thus communicated by Captain Fearn.

“ A ſmall iſland, of a conic figure and conſiderable height, lat. 22. 24. ſouth, long. 171. 50. eaſt, lying nearly eaſt, diſtant about twelve leagues from Mathew's Rock, which was ſeen at the ſame time. It is named Hunter Iſland.

“ A beautiful little iſland, perhaps four miles long, latitude (by double altitude) 00. 20. ſouth, long. 167. 18. eaſt. This ſolitary ſpot was found extremely populous; although the neareſt known land is placed by the charts above ſix eqautorial degrees diſtant. The want of a meridional obſervation may have cauſed ſome error in latitude; but it is hoped not a great one. I named it Pleaſant Iſland.

“ On the morning of the 16th November, 1798, the Hunter made Brown's Range, bearing in the N. W. and being unable to paſs to the eaſtward of them, we bore away to leeward. On approaching the ſouth point of the ſouthermoſt (Parry's) Iſland, it was perceived that a long narrow reef, or ſhoal, projected from that point under water, till it joined a low ſand iſland which ſhewed itſelf about ſix miles W. 1-2 N. from Parry's Iſles. This ſand key was ſucceeded by other keys and ſhoals, forming an uninterrupted chain of about thirty-five miles long, by the ſouth ſide of which, the Hunter ranged within a mile, and frequently half that diſtance, without any ſign of ſoundings. After running this track from an early till a late hour of the day, with the velocity of ſeven and eight miles an hour, in a direction weſterly to N. W. the courſe became clear; but the extent of this remarkable danger is yet unknown, as, when it deviated from our track, we could trace it, taking a northerly direction, till loſt from our maſt head in the horizon.

“ By a lunar obſervation, taken in ſight of Parry's Iſles, I agree, to a mile, with Captain Butler, of the Walpole, in making its longitude 162. 52. eaſt of Greenwich.’ Its latitude being 11. 21. north.

“ On this chain, which occupies ſo large a ſpace, W. W. N. W. N. W. (and perhaps more north) from Parry's Iſles, there ſtand two Sand Iſlands, or Keys, having trees or ſhrubs on ſome parts of them. Theſe I have preſumed to call Eaſt and Weſt Danger Iſlands—expreſſive of their native and relative poſition. They form an appendage to Brown's Range, which bounds them on the eaſt.”

POETRY.

A WORD-CHASE FINISHED.

CONUNDRUMS, art may make obſcure, no doubt,
But none of them I hold *paſt finding out*;
An hunted word, like hunted fox, may chance
To lead ſlow-witted hounds an endleſs dance;
But nature rarely makes *this* game ſo fleet
As to out-run my never-tired feet:
No craft her bounty on this race beſtows,
That can out-wit my perſpicacious noſe.
And now to prove my proweſs in the chaſe,
I hunt your word to its laſt hiding-place.

What once-a-day delights two parts in three
Of human kind, can it be aught but *tea*?
What every man procures, if he be able
To hew a log, can it be aught but *table*?
And why is two-legg'd man, who proudly walks,
Above the wiſeſt beaſt?—Becauſe he *talks*.
Though man his talking faculty may boaſt,
The greateſt fool is he—who talks the moſt.
If *table* kindly couple hands with *tea*,
Tea-table ſtraight, with link between, we ſee.
If rather *table* chuſe with *talk* to wed,
A *table-talk* betwixt them twain is bred.
If ſtill in wider bonds they wiſh to blend,
See in *tea-table-talk* their union end.

Now ſet your compaſs and lay flat your ſcale,
And meaſure ev'ry part from head to tail;
Will all the members duly act and fill
The place aſſigned? Believe me, Sir, they will.

From out of this, twelve current words you ſay
Are made at will? Now mark you me, I pray;
Your *tea*, and *talk*, and *table* then, will make
Full three of thoſe you ſeek, or I miſtake.
From theſe, if no obſtruction riſe to baulk,
Tea-table next proceeds and *table-talk*.
The talkative at table, large or ſmall,
We *table-talkative* may juſtly call.
And thoſe to whom *tea-table-talk* is fame,
We next *tea-table-talkative* may name.
And *talkative*, though ſingly it may ſtand,
The praiſe of good ſound Engliſh to demand,
May gain in *neſs* one ſyllable, or more
If table, or tea-table, march before:
From talkative, thus *talkativeneſs* ſprings,
As king*lineſs* denotes the guiſe of kings;
While *table-talkativeneſs* follows faſt,
There comes *tea-table-talkativeneſs* laſt.
An heptaſyllabic our eyes before
Appears, with letters one above a ſcore;
And now the chaſe is at an end, I ween,
Since boſom'd in one word, twelve words are ſeen.

ODE

To LUCAS GEORGE, *on his arrival at New-York from South-Carolina.*

By JOHN DAVIS.

QUICK wafted by the vernal gale,
Thy preſence here once more I hail,
And ſweep to ſounds of joy the ſtring:
Sacred to Phœbus be that day,
Which firſt inſpir'd my riſing lay,
Of friendſhip's pureſt joys to ſing.

Not Horace at the Appian way,
Partook more tranſport from the day
Which Maro to his arms reſtor'd;
Than I, in plenitude of ſoul,
For thee prepar'd the roſy bowl,
And to my bard libations pour'd.

Spare not the caſks I have in ſtore,
No more the ills of life deplore,
But ſcatter breathing flow'rs around:
Snatch the gay joys within thy pow'r,
Sacred to friendſhip be the hour,
Thy brows with wreaths of ivy crown'd.

To FLAVIA.

By the ſame.

WHY, ſweet nymph, that upheav'd ſigh,
Which thy lovely boſom rends?
Whence that penſive, downcaſt eye,
Whoſe magic glance ſoft tranſport ſends?

Sure thy roving thoughts recall
Some faithleſs lover to thy mind,
Whoſe heart thy charms did once enthrall,
But now inconſtant as the wind.
Ah! diſclaim his fickle love,
Chooſe ſome more deſerving ſwain;
The tale he whiſper'd in the grove,
Heed not when he tells again.

AD PUERUM.

By the ſame.

HERE, boy! the roſy wine prepare,
To toaſt the faireſt of the fair;
With wreaths of ivy crown my brows,
And let me near the ſtream carouſe;
Place by my ſide the trembling lyre,
I'll ſwell to ſofteſt ſtrains the wire;
Like Ennius beſt my verſe I roll,
When wine with tranſport fires my ſoul.

HORACE IMITATED.

Book II. Ode XXII.

By the ſame.

OH! for the poet's deathleſs fame!
Th' applauſe of diſtant worlds to claim,
And live through endleſs ſong:
Not kingly wealth could e'er redeem
'Its owner from oblivion's ſtream,
To bards theſe rights belong!

Me, where *Potowmac* rolls its waves,
And *Waſhington*'s great city laves,
The youth ſhall oft recite:
And the fam'd banks of *Delaware*
Shall, echoing to my tender air,
Impart ſerene delight.

Let no bewailings mark my bier,
I only claim the gentle tear
That melts in friendſhip's eye:
Yet oft th' enthuſiaſts of ſong
Shall nightly come the tombs among,
And o'er me heave the ſigh.

ODE *to* LUCAS GEORGE.

Written in South-Carolina.

By the ſame.

THE ſmiling ſpring its bloſſoms pours,
And gaily paſs the circling hours,
The red-bird warbles from the ſpray,
The mocking-bird repeats the lay;
Each comely Grace, to muſick's ſound,
With feet alternate beats the ground;
The cheerful ſwain now tells his love,
Within the covert of the grove,
While birds and beaſts partake the flame,
And glowing joys all breaſts inflame.
Now, George, with wreaths of myrtle gay,
Entwine thy brows while ſmiles the day;
Or, crown'd with chaplets of the roſe,
Diſdain not hours of ſoft repoſe,
With cups of maſſic in the ſhade,
For eaſe and contemplation made;
But feſtive let thy moments flow,
And give to fickle winds thy woe,
While laughs the blooming ſpring around,
And flow'rs enamel all the ground.

SONNET

To Charlotte Smith.

Written at Savannah, in Georgia.

By the ſame.

BLEST Poeteſs! who tell'ſt ſo ſoft thy woe,
I love to ponder o'er thy mournful lay,
In climes remote, where wan, forlorn, and ſlow,
To the waſh'd ſtrand I bend my liſtleſs way.
Now on Savannah's cliffs I wayward read,
In joy of grief, thy pity-moving ſtrain;
While ſmiles afar the variegated mead,
And not a wave diſturbs the tranquil main.
Like thee, the Muſe has from my infant hours,
With ſmiles alluring won me to thy grove;
Snatch'd, in a playful mood, ſome ſcatter'd flow'rs
To deck my head, gay emblems of her love:
But mine of light, deceitful hues are made,
While thine of bloom perennial ne'er will fade.

ODE

To the Honourable Judge Grimke, *of South-Carolina.*

By the ſame.

RETIR'D within fair *Belmont*'s bow'rs,
Where *Enoree* meand'ring flows;
Where Wiſdom conſecrates the hours,
And Nature all her gifts beſtows:
Treading on philoſophic ground,
Thy ſoul to noble thoughts reſign'd;
The laws of nations to expound,
Or fortify the human mind:
Say! can'ſt thou deign, thy bow'rs among,
To liſten to the airy Muſe;
To ponder o'er my humble ſong,
Nor to my lays thy praiſe refuſe?
Then to the ſkies I'll raiſe my head,
Since Grimké deigns my verſe to read.

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
AND
AMERICAN REVIEW.

Vol. II.] MAY, 1800. [No. 5.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Monthly Magazine.

On Early Attachments.

IT is a common remark, that friendships formed in childhood are most permanent. But observation and experience will lead us to doubt its truth; and to believe that the intimacy between children of the same age rarely continues to years of maturity. In youth, absence or a change of fortune, weakens or destroys the sentiment of friendship. Early attachments, it will be found, are often unfavourable in their impressions, and injurious in their consequences.

As soon as we become capable of investigating the characters of men, we begin with the study of those of our juvenile associates. Through inexperience, imbecility, or caprice, we suffer them to fall from our affection without an effort to retain them. The ingenuous and worthy are often rejected, while we bestow our esteem, and lavish our caresses on the artful and undeserving.

Matilda and Felicia were natives of the same town, and of the same age. They were educated together until the age of seventeen, when Matilda was sent to a distant part of the country to complete her education in a boarding-school.

Frequent communications by letter, beguiled the tedious lapse of a year; at the expiration of which time, Matilda returned with a heart glowing with affection for Felicia. They were equals in fortune; but Matilda was superior in beauty and elegant accomplishments. She loved to be admired, but wished to have but one intimate acquaintance from whom she could claim unbounded confidence and unlimited attention. Though arbitrary on this subject, in regard to Felicia, yet she always treated her with kindness. Felicia had several favourites of her own sex, by whom she was beloved. Her frankness and unconscious simplicity of manners and conversation rendered her society always delightful to them, and amusing to her superiors. She displayed a lively curiosity and much intelligence. Felicia could not boast of regular features, a brilliant complexion, or a fine form; but she possessed a countenance always expressive of her sentiments, and eyes which reflected the image of her soul. Health glowed in her cheeks; activity gave ease and spirit to the motion of her limbs.

As their dwellings were contiguous, they were scarcely separated for a day. They walked, read, worked, conversed, and sung in concert. Wherever they went, peace followed their footsteps. Though opposite in tempers, they were never discordant. Equality of fortune preserved the one from servility, the other from superciliousness.

Both actively benevolent, they spent many hours in the cottages of the poor and afflicted, administering to their wants, and alleviating their sorrows.

Thus smoothly flowed the stream of time until they reached their eighteenth year; when Felicia, for the first time, bade adieu to her native walks, her parents, and her friends, to visit a relation who was just married in a distant metropolis. The mutual promise of a frequent interchange of copious epistles, soothed the sorrow of separation.

A few weeks after the departure of Felicia, Matilda, by the death of a near relation, became heiress to an ample fortune. She did not fail to make this change of fortune known to her friend, who returned her the warmest congratulations.

Mistress of a splendid mansion, numerous domestics, and surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who poured into her ear their baleful adulations, Matilda scarce thought on her absent and humble friend. She soon read the frequent and charming epistles of Felicia without emotion, and never replied to her pathetic complaints of negligence or forgetfulness. She forgot her studies, former companions, and thought no more on the children of adversity.

Two years thus passed away, when Matilda selected from her train of suitors, one of inferior capacity, but rich. She loved him, no doubt; but she would have loved him less without a fortune. During the preparation of the intended nuptials, Felicia informed her friend that she should return to her father's house in a week at farthest, to make arrangements for a projected journey to the south. The day preceding her arrival, Matilda gave her hand to Albert. Mirth and congratulations re-echoed through the spacious mansion. They seemed above the mutability of fortune, and beyond the reach of discontent. Amid this gay prosperity, the image of Felicia was not suffered to approach. The lowly children of poverty and worth could here gain no admittance. However modest their deportment, and eloquent their speech, it would have been temerity to have entered this courtly dwelling. One would almost have said with Diogenes, "They lived as if they were never to die."

The parents of Felicia gave a circumstantial narration of the incidents and events that had occurred in her absence; adding their suspicions that she no longer lived in the fond remembrance of Matilda. This information accounted for the unfriendly silence of her beloved companion, but could not impart satisfaction to the ingenuous mind of Felicia. Eager to embrace the friend of her infant years, and mingle forgiveness with the tears of genuine affection, she hied to the new habitation of Matilda. After much ceremony, she was ushered into her apartment. Matilda was dressing. "My dear Matilda," cried Felicia, embracing her, "how happy do I feel at seeing you again. I feared you had forgotten me," she said, while tears of joy stole down her cheeks and dropped warm on the bosom of her friend. To these ardent testimonies of affection, Matilda returned a cold salutation, and asked her to be seated.

Shocked by this conduct, Felicia

burst into tears, and earnestly inquired if she had offended. To which Matilda haughtily replied, "You know that I can love but one object at the same time. I no longer feel delight at your approach. One being, alone, possesses my heart and my fortune. You will envy me my happiness in being united to a man of worth and opulence. My wealth will always procure me ease and abundance. Your condition is now too lowly to render you a suitable companion. Indeed, we should think that your presence would cast a shade on our splendour. To me you are indebted for that society to which you are now admitted. Your poverty would have kept you concealed in obscurity had not my benevolence conducted you to the fashionable walks of life."

"I knew not," replied Felicia, "that I was indebted to you for the society I at present enjoy. You were once my equal in fortune, and my claims to that enjoyment are not inferior to your own." "Recall not to mind my former condition," peevishly returned Matilda; "leave me, nor visit me again, for I wish to forget you for ever." Felicia, though hurt at the injustice of one she had thought her friend, replied, "I have always loved you, and shall continue to feel an interest in your welfare. Whatever is your situation, may it be happy." In pronouncing these words, tears trickled down her cheeks, and, as she bade adieu, her trembling limbs scarce bore her from the dwelling.

They seldom meet but in public, and then without exchange of civilities. Thus do they live in a state of indifference, neither loving nor despising each other. Matilda knows that Felicia is too good to injure another, and Felicia is content to resign a friend so unreasonable and capricious, for one whose maxims of conduct are more just, and whose sentiments are more congenial to her own.

WHAT IS LOVE?

WAS there ever any satisfactory account given of the passion of love? Was the subject ever handled *didactically?* What is love? Has this question, so often asked, ever been properly and clearly answered?

Some call it a passion. Some term it a disease. Some describe it by its symptoms, and give us, instead of definition, a case. When we want reasoning and deduction, they amuse us with a *story*. Perhaps this is the best, and the only way. The situation in which an affection of the mind takes root, grows up, flourishes and dies, the sensations that attend it, and the consequences mentally and personally that ensue, are, perhaps, all that can be said in answer to him who asks, "what is love?"

Yet I am not contented with this. I seem, after all, to be as much perplexed and uninformed as I was before the tales were told; nay, more so. Instead of stopping, or returning, my anxiety is more active, my wonder more importunate. The cases stated, are full of seeming contradictions, of incidents and feelings, which I cannot connect in a distinct chain to each other. Events take place, and emotions are produced *unaccountably*. Now, do these difficulties rise merely from my own ignorance or want of penetration, or from the very nature of the thing?

Love is often an error; an evil; it murmurs at obstacles that cannot be removed; it desires what cannot be obtained. It unsettles the thoughts; hurts the understanding; preys upon the health. It sometimes generates sorrow, sometimes madness, sometimes death; either by secretly consuming the vital principle, or arming the enamoured wretch with self-destroying steel, or cord, or poison.

It is an evil of every degree. Some it affects for a moment; others it torments for years. Some it slightly incommodes; others it tortures and kills. All degrees of force, from sobering the features to bursting the heart; all degrees of duration, from a moment to an age, are attendant on the thing called love.

It is modified by custom, by opinion, by individual habits and propensities. Love in one age, in one nation, in one sex, in one person, is different from love in another age, nation, sex, or person. It is mutable, capricious, deceitful; it can never be foreseen, prevented, or, by any medical and expeditious process, be cured.

Love is never the same thing in the same mind for any perceptible duration. It varies each month, each day, each hour, and each instant. It varies as the circumstances that surround us vary. It is never at a stand; always growing or dwindling; and never waxing or waning at the same rate in different persons or at different times; and yet, in all its variety of shapes, and sizes, and duration, and symptoms, and effects, it is always recognized by the same name. Variant as this passion is, we are never at a loss to *name* it.

Since, according to events, it leads either to happiness or misery; since its misery is endlessly diversified in kind, duration, and degree, so, likewise, its happiness is no less wonderfully varied. As it has occasioned instant death through too much sorrow, instant death has followed it from too much joy. Its success, as its disappointment, has enfeebled and destroyed the frame at one time, and dispelled disease and recalled from death at another.

The end that it toils after, the good that it craves, is by no means uniform. As its force and symptoms are modified, so its objects are influenced by custom. Sometimes it is exclusive; sometimes it is contented to participate with others; sometimes it merely craves possession of the person; sometimes is contented with obtaining the affections; sometimes is only to be satisfied by both. It is sometimes a monopolist, sometimes a partner, and sometimes is not offended at absolute *community*.

Other passions spring up in circumstances not incident to every one. Love is inseparable from sex; sex is the property of all; all therefore are liable, and all have experienced the influence, some how modified, of love; for all impulses and cravings, joys and sorrows, flowing from sex, varied as they are by customs, habits, and opinions, must still be resolved into *love*.

This passion is not extinct, because sex is not extinct, in absolute solitude. The misery of him that lives alone, chiefly flows from *love*: and this would be the case if he had never known a fellow creature, and was therefore ignorant of the meaning of the term sex. Such were the miseries, as Milton paints them, of Adam's solitude in Paradise.

I began with inquiring what love is, and perhaps have made, insensibly, some progress in answering my own question; but I am not satisfied with my own researches, and would gladly hear the question, not narratively or ludicrously, but gravely and scientifically answered.

L. D.

On the Foresight of SPIDERS.

WE have proofs in abundance of the limited faculties, and misplaced and misdirected passions of man; but, perhaps, as strong a proof as possible of both of these, is afforded by that obnoxious insect, the *spider*.

Can any thing more strongly evince the intellectual weakness of the animal called man, than the signs of fear, the starts, the shudderings which he sometimes manifests at the appearance of a spider? How many of us shrink at the mere imagination or description of a spider crawling on our bare shoulder or cheek! And yet, what is a spider? So light that its weight is not felt; so frail that we often crush it into atoms without knowing what we have done. Wholly inoffensive: a mere *spectrum*: as to its mischief-making and resisting power, it is nothing. A spider is, to a man, in *volume* and force, less than a mole to the elephant, than the elephant to Teneriffe.

As we fear, so likewise we hate it. We fly from it; we turn away our eyes; or gratify our spite by remorselessly mangling and exterminating it. To our fear, we add abhorrence; to our abhorrence, contempt; to our contempt, cruelty. Caligula killing flies, and Carrier killing Poictevans, give but too strong evidence of partaking in a common nature. The principle in each is—what? Surely not justice or compassion.

As we fear a spider, though harmless, we despise or neglect it, though wonderful in structure, and far surpassing us in sagacity. Man, with all his art, can never build his house with so much wisdom as the *ant*, prepare his food with so much skill as the *bee*, or provide himself with cloathing, and with the means of passing through fluids specifically lighter than himself, with so much expedition and success, as the *spider*.

I have seen spiders descend from the ceiling of an hall thirty feet high, to the floor, occasionally stop or linger by the way, and finally return, by means of a thread, safer to him than a bridge of marble to a man, drawn instantaneously, without seeming labour or pain, from his own substance. Materials for a bridge must be collected, by hundreds of concurring men, from the substances around and without us; but the spider has no need to go beyond himself; his materials are within him and perpetually renewed; his purpose is effected by new modifying, as it were, by the exertion merely of his will, *his own substance*. He prolongs himself, he stretches himself forward, so to speak, and to an extent more than *eighteen hundred-fold* greater than his own customary length; that is, he traverses a space as great, relatively to his bulk, as *two miles* would be to a human being.

How shall a man pass through the air from the summit of Etna to the surface of the sea? In a balloon. How must he descend, safely, eighteen hundred fathoms into the caves of the ocean? In a diving bell. But what is balloon or diving bell to the conveyance of the spider through a space *relatively* equal?

The reasoning or instinctive foresight of the spider is not less admirable. His house and domain in which he dwells, and over which he expatiates, are, in like manner, parts of himself, wrought into length and breadth, without pain, and with only temporary diminution of his substance. Not only the length, but the thickness and consequent strength of his cords, are accurately adjusted to present circumstances and to future. This fabric must be strong in proportion to the quantity of moisture and of motion in the air about him; but this quantity is variable, and his fabric is designed to last during periods when many successive changes may, in this respect, take place.

Hence the spider, in preparing his web, always ascertains the kind of weather that will prevail for the ten or twelve ensuing days. If he foresees, and his foresight is unerring, much wind or wet, he weaves his woof thicker and shorter accordingly. If he prognosticates a continuance of clear and still skies, he lengthens and *attenuates* without scruple. This knowledge of the future is obtained by some faculty or sense peculiar to himself. Man, on the contrary, must obtain this knowledge by means arduous, complicated, and uncertain. His only reliance, hitherto, has been experience, which is vague, and the barometer, which only predicts the weather for the next twenty-four hours. A very small part of mankind employs the barometer; and that is not the class to whom such knowledge is of most use. The shepherd and the husbandman know as little of barometrical prognostics, as they do of the spider's foresight in this particular.

But though we cannot hope to vie with the wisdom of the spider, it is certainly practicable and wise to profit by the information which he gives. By attending to his measures, by marking the size of his threads, we shall, at least, know *his* opinion of the weather; and thus be guided, in many instances, where a guide is of great importance to our happiness.

A Modern SOCRATES.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IT is strange that you bookmakers are a race of such grave, abstruse people, that you are fond of talking about things with which most people have no concern, and in a way that not many can understand, and still fewer are pleased with.

They tell us, I think, of old Socrates, that his great merit consisted in bringing philosophy from heaven down to earth; by which, I suppose, is meant that, instead of helping us to name the stars, to say fine things in a senate-house, to get the better in disputes about the nature of the Gods, he was satisfied with giving such instruction to the tradesman and farmer who chanced to fall in his way, as made them contented with their lot, or enabled them to improve it. He talked to mankind, and reformed their errors, upon subjects in which all of them, from king to peasant, had an equal concern. He taught them patience under evils which they could not elude, and kindness and frankness to each other.

It is a pity that the Socratic race is at an end; that none, or so few, of them, are to be found among us, who lay aside their long beard and their mantle, creep forth from their retirement, and, leaving their books and diagrams behind them, converse with their neighbours on the topics of the day, with benevolence, familiarity, and adroitness.

A modern Socrates, indeed, is not obliged to employ the same means as the old, in order to communicate instruction. He need not walk about the streets and markets, nod to every honest face, and enter into talk with the lounger and the disengaged. As most of us in this quarter of the world are taught to read, and are also willing to read; as the means of writing and publishing are extremely cheap, easy, and expeditious, the modern Socrates will put his dialogues and exhortations upon paper, will print them in the cheapest form, and disperse them through the city in a twinkling. He may thus hold half an hour's conversation, every day, with some thousands of his fellow citizens, without showing his face out of door, or robbing his wife and children of his company, nay, without even disclosing his name.

How easy it is to say what ought to be done in this or that situation, and how hard to practice it! I can easily imagine a man wise, benevolent, and gifted with the power of familiar eloquence; able to select the proper topics, and to arrange them in such a way that all shall be eager to read, and all who read shall be instructed and delighted; but alas! how is this imagination to be realized? Where is the man to be found?

It is common, especially for authors, to talk much about the stupidity and selfishness of mankind. Men are occupied with gain, and stick obstinately and all day long to their compters and their desks. Their leisure, if they have any, is bestowed upon the coffee-house, the tavern, the card-table, the chit-chat of the fire-side, the chess-board, the ball-room, or the theatre.

If they read, if they talk, if they meditate on subjects unconnected with their docket, or their ledger, their only theme is politics, and to this, their attachment is extreme. Thousands of pens and hands are incessantly busy in writing and printing, but they give us merely the history of Europe as it comes, peace-meal, to their hands, the things to be bought and sold in our neighbourhood, and speculations on the characters and conduct of our governors. As to morality and science, their pages are never profaned by such intruders, since they know that if these were admitted, they would soon be forced to stop the press and close the ledger.

There are many (authors, perhaps, they may be called) among ourselves, who have freely dealt in these complaints and invectives, but such complaints appear to me very preposterous. That men in general are luxurious and lucre-loving; that they bestow most of their time in obtaining the necessaries of life, and seek recreations of the body more than of the mind, is, surely, nothing new. It is an evil which entitles them to pity, and not to scorn, and which we should be far more laudably employed in *curing* than *lamenting*.

Such a scolder appears to me much like a physician, who, being called to the assistance of a lunatic, should waste his time in upbraiding the unhappy wretch for losing his reason, instead of labouring to restore it to him. To cure the disease, may, indeed, ask more patience or skill than he possesses, but what then? How absurd is it to fall to cursing and abusing the sick? Go fool, and deplore in silence thy own impatience and unskilfulness, or, what is better, go and search for more potent drugs and more salutary processes.

The truth is, that authors, like those whom they revile, are generally instigated by selfish motives. Reputation and money are their idols; the objects of their pursuit; and mankind, so far from paying or praising them, will not even admit them to an audience. Hence their disappointment and their anger. It never occurs to them that the fault lies with themselves, and that to insure their success, they need only make a better choice of topics, or handle their topics with more dexterity than they have hitherto done. Every thing is possible to genius and to courage, but the timid and weak will fly from beetles, and find mole-hills insuperable.

There are not wanting, even among ourselves, instances of writers who have risen to great popularity, and whose greediness of praise and of money has been abundantly gratified. Something in these cases was doubtless owing to the subjects and occasions chosen, but much more to the genius of the author. Topics that are useless and remote from ordinary understandings and daily experience, can scarcely be made acceptable by any skill in the workman; but these ought to be neglected, and those only adopted which are of practical utility.

Every man's ears are open to politics, but it would be folly to suppose them shut against every other theme. Every man stands in many relations besides those of governor and governed. He has family and neighbourhood, and his weal or woe essentially depends, and is perceived, by himself, to depend upon the treatment he gives and receives from those around him. If you cannot transform him to angel or philosopher, you may somewhat influence his taste, character and manners. If you cannot highly or lastingly benefit, you may innocently entertain, you may gain an occasional hearing, at least, you may rouse his curiosity, and by a skilful use of familiar illustrations, by the *lucky* dexterity of invention and wit, blend his pleasure with his benefit, and accomplish by the same means, more ends than one.

The success of the *Spectator* is a proof, that in the most factious and corrupt times, a daily paper may widely circulate and be much read, which yet is not a paper of news. As the world then could be brought to listen to one who told them nothing of the price of stocks, the proceedings of parliament, and the events of the campaign; who never suffered tories or whigs, republicans or jacobites, to dispute with him; who never praised or censured Bolingbroke or Marlborough, so at this day, it only wants wit, eloquence and learning, to be joined with benevolence and knowledge of men, to captivate all ears, without mentioning Adams or Jefferson; without inveighing against aristocrats or jacobins; without relating sea-fights in the West Indies, or battles on the Rhine.

We may lament that we want, and that our friends want this genius and this virtue; but it is idle to expect buyers and readers of our lucubrations, as long as these are not possessed. To revenge ourselves upon an inattentive world, by *scolding* it, is only to display our own folly, and to act like the low Irish, who, in their funeral lamentations, are said to put their lips to the ears of their dead friends and hollow, in the loudest key—"Why, Paddy, why, Paddy, why did ye die?"

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for January, 1800, I observed some account of a new species of wheat in Virginia, which I communicated to a friend of mine, a respectable farmer, who resides on some new land, a few miles north of the Mohawk River. In reply to my letter, he observes: "I procured, in 1797, about five quarts of the new species of wheat, called Virginia wheat, and sowed it on the third day of November, on twenty two rods of ground, measured for that purpose, of a free, loamy, and good soil. The ground being new, and just cleared of wood, it was only harrowed.

"The snow came on two or three days after the wheat was sown, which is earlier than it usually falls, and it lay on the ground until the latter part of March, at which time I had little expectation of getting any thing from my seed; but the weather soon grew warm, and about the 20th April, the seed sprang up. For some time it appeared thin and slender. About the last of May it grew thicker, and stronger. From many seeds there appeared more than twenty straws, of a colour much lighter and paler than those of the red-chaff wheat, which is a kind much esteemed in this part of the country, and which I sowed by the side of the Virginia wheat, at the same time, for the sake of experiment.

"The Virginia wheat ripened ten days earlier than the other, its straw was one fifth less in height, and scarcely one half in bulk. The berry was yellow, hard, large, plump and handsome. That of the red-chaff wheat was shrunk, and did not yield more than half the quantity of the Virginia wheat on the same space of ground. It is probable that the red-chaff kind would have done better had it been sown earlier.

"The ground which I sowed with the Virginia wheat yielded five bushels and three pecks, which is equal to forty-two bushels the acre. A bushel of it weighed sixty-one pounds. The heads of this wheat are shorter than those of the other kinds, and contain eight rows of kernels, whereas the other kinds have six rows only in a head. The kernels in the rows stand much nearer together than in those of the common sort.

"In the middle of September, 1798, I sowed five bushels and a half of the Virginia wheat on five acres of ground, a loamy good soil, and the ground new and well prepared. When the winter set in, the wheat looked very promising. The succeeding spring was very cold and backward. The snow on the ground, on the first day of April, was two feet and an half deep, much drifted, and very heavy. It did not disappear till the 1st of May, at which time the wheat appeared dead, and as if it had been smothered with the snow; which was the case. When the weather became warm, the roots which were alive, about one fifth of what was growing in the fall, began to shoot and grow, one after another, for about three weeks, and ripened in the same irregular manner. Many parts of the field were entirely bare. Notwithstanding these unfavourable circumstances, the five acres produced fifty-four bushels of a quality fit for seed, and which makes as good flour as the best superfine. Between thirty and forty bushels of this seed were sown the last season (1799), in my neighbourhood, and on different soils, some early, but the greater part in November. Of the next crop I hope to give you a better account. The snow is now (April 4, 1800) almost gone, and the season looks very promising."

It has hitherto been the practice to sow winter wheat in September. My correspondent remarks, that if the late sowing of the Virginia wheat should be found, on repeated experiments, to succeed, it would be of very great advantage to the farmers, as the price of labour is not so high in October and November, as in August and September, and the corn harvest, &c. may be got over before the time for sowing the wheat. In a country where labour is so dear, and so difficult to be obtained, this consideration, independent of its superior qualities, should induce our farmers to give the preference to the Virginia wheat.

AGRICOLA.

New-York, May 5, 1800.

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from p. 284.]

WHAT a state was mine! Sydney's indignation, my cousin's grief, all springing from imputed, but unreal offences of mine; all flowing from the disastrous influence of this stranger! "What can I do," said I "to shake off this evil?

"Clelia is said to be criminally connected with another. This assuredly is false. By what illusions could the caution, the discernment, the benevolent reluctance to condemn of Sydney, have been thus grossly abused? Why did he charge me with deceit and treachery? I merely asserted that I passed last evening in her company, and this assertion he stigmatized as false!

"Does a traitor lurk in Miss Neville's family? It is composed merely of a female negro, who once belonged to Calverton, whom I freed and recommended to my friend, and her servant Margarette, an Irish woman whom her aunt met with here and took into her family, and whose good sense, modesty, and discretion, her young mistress had always warmly commended. Peggy, alone, is capable or willing to disclose domestic secrets, and betray her lady."

I proceeded to recollect and revolve all that I had heard of Peggy. I had never directly talked with her. I had merely marked the circumspection and propriety of her silent demeanour. I had questioned Clelia, more than once, as to her character and history, and had been told that she had been sometime in America before she had entered Mrs. Keith's service. That her parents, herself, and one brother, had been Irish emigrants; that the parents were dead, but that the brother dwelt in this city, and pursued the trade of a carpenter.

This brother, whose name was Murphy, and who was a thrifty and honest young man, I was further told, was accustomed to spend his Sunday evenings with his sister in Miss Neville's kitchen, and this was the only associate or acquaintance which Peggy was known to have. Was it possible for surmises and for calumnies to find their way to Sydney's ear through this channel?

No conjecture had more plausibility than this. This man and woman were reported to be honest, but, in this respect, Miss Neville might mistake. Besides, what reason had my heart to rely upon any evidences of Clelia's honesty. I knew my temper to be sanguine, my ignorance and inexperience to be great. How should I dissipate this ignorance and restore myself to certainty?

No better scheme occurred to me, none which might be immediately adopted, and my temper could not brook delays, than to seek out Murphy, and, by open or indirect means, endeavour to extort from him the truth. I was personally unknown to him, and might therefore find him unaware and unsuspicious. I might easily so adjust the topics of our discourse as to discover whether he and Sydney were known to, and had any communication with each other. I knew where he lived, and, putting up my horse, hastened towards his work-shop.

Scarcely had I got within sight of it, when I saw, at a considerable distance, a person come forth from his house, in whom I instantly recognized Sydney himself. "Ah ha!" said I, "is not the author of the calumny now discovered? Is not this the channel through which

Sydney has obtained his intelligence?"

Sydney did not perceive me, and walked away in a different direction. I proceeded, but, on inquiring for Murphy, was informed that he spent the day some miles from town, having a job to execute for Mr. *Somebody*, who was building a country house on Delaware. With great reluctance I prepared to defer this desired interview till the evening.

Meanwhile the impatience of my thoughts was somewhat lightened by indispensible attention to concerns of a general and indifferent nature. I could not but notice the salutary effects of occupation. A vacant mind, a mind that has nothing to divert it from the phantoms of hope and chimeras of fear, connected with the future, experiences a kind of insanity. The impulses of love, and freaks of jealousy, are the torments of idleness. They are dreams that affect us like realities, merely because realities are absent, and we are not able, by comparison, to estimate their shadowy nature.

My business being dispatched before the decline of the sun, my impatience to clear up this mystery revived. Gradually it occurred to me, as the most feasible expedient, to visit Clelia. "Was not Sydney right," said I, "in thinking that the truth would be unavoidably extorted from Miss Neville by abrupt and unexpected questions? Should I lay before her, without preface or circuity, my knowledge, my doubts, and suspicions? Will she not be surprised into a disclosure of the truth?

"This is earlier than I am accustomed to visit her. Should I go thus early and enter her apartment unannounced and unbetokened? May not discoveries be made which no regular proceeding would reach? This paramour may not be merely ideal, and, at this moment, they may be together."

I was fired into inexpressible eagerness by this thought. Almost undesignedly I bent my way to the habitation of this girl. I opened the door without warning. As usual, the lower apartments and passages were deserted; and, as usual, I went up the stairs leading to the drawing-room, but, stimulated almost without regular thought by suspicion, I moved softly. I wished to enter her room without my approach being perceived.

I reached her door. I paused and listened. How was I confounded by distinctly overhearing two voices within, one of them a female's, doubtless Clelia's! the other wanting in feminine fluidity and sweetness, but not distinct enough for either its peculiar tones or words, to be heard.

I shuddered at the inference which I could not but draw from an incident like this! What was to be done? Should I enter, or would not the occasion justify me in hesitating and listening? In this, there was meanness and presumption. Perhaps, had leisure to reflect and compare been enjoyed, I should have seen its meanness and forborne it, but now curiosity and anger were impetuous. The voice of every foreign consideration was stifled. I bent my ear.

The guilt of the intention I was permitted to incur, but not the profit: for I had just time to discover, to my utter confusion, that the voice within was that of Sydney himself; when motion, as of rising from a chair, convinced me that he was preparing to come out. To be found in this situation would be productive of great and mutual embarrassment, from which I involuntarily shrunk. Yet, how should I elude this consequence?

By hastening out of the house, I could scarcely elude it, for I could not withdraw with so much speed as not to be overheard, or to attract attention from some one below. At that moment, likewise, I heard footsteps in the passage below, and a voice humming an air. They were those of Peggy.

I hurried to the head of the stair, and, noticing a door a-jar near it, and leading into a room adjoining the drawing-room, I rushed into it. I had no time to look around me, or weigh the dangers that might attend my being found in a bed-chamber.

The persons within parted, and Sydney left the house, while Miss Neville returned to her drawing-room. Had a glympse of my person been caught by Sydney as he left the drawing-room, had Peggy been busy in this chamber, or had Clelia entered it on parting with her guest, what misconstructions or embarrassments might not thence have arisen! My good fortune, however, had rescued me from this dilemma. I was now at liberty to pass into the hall, and enter the presence of my friend without the imputation or suspicion of having acted irregularly.

Now, however, new emotions succeeded to those of curiosity or jealousy. Sydney, with his usual unreserve, with his belief of my depravity, with his suspicions of Miss Neville, had saught and obtained a private interview. What effect must such an interview possess upon my happiness, upon her's, upon her good opinion of herself, and her confidence in me? How, in such circumstances, was it my duty, in the approaching interview with her, to demean myself?

No hasty reflection could enable me to judge rightly, and I entered her apartment in a mood made up of apprehension, doubt, and perplexity.

My friend was seated, thoughtfully, at a window. On my opening the door, she raised her eyes. They were full of trouble and disquiet. Never, hitherto, had she cast such looks upon me. Familiarity, tenderness, and joy, had flown. Solemnity, reserve, fear, were now strangely but significantly blended in her countenance.

I was astonished and chilled by her demeanour. I had not sufficient courage, though it had been my custom, to salute her. I seated myself in silence.

She at length spoke, but her faultering voice evinced how deeply she was agitated. She frequently stopped, looked at me, at one time with earnestness, at another with shuddering and trepidation:

"Unfortunate was the hour that I was born: disastrous and humiliating has been my life, but I have scarcely known misery till now." There she stopped, and, after an interval of unspeakable distress, resumed:

"Calvert! *Felix* Calvert! I have questions to ask, to which I conjure you to render me faithful answers. Will you?"

"I will."

"My good God! that voice! those looks! how could it be—yet, surely ——." She covered her face and continued:

"When did you—when—did you arrive on these—at this place?"

I mentioned the month and day.

"And whence did you come last?"

"From Burlington."

"How long had you resided *there?*"

"Ever since my infancy. All my life, till within the last half year, has been spent here and in Jersey."

Her surprise almost betrayed itself in a shriek. She conjured me to speak true, and repeated the question; to which I made the same answer.

She now, apparently convinced, sunk into silence. She covered her eyes with her hand; sighs struggled from the bottom of her heart. I was utterly unable to account for these appearances. I partook of her confusion and sorrow.

At length she recovered sufficient composure to request me to withdraw. She wished to be alone. My presence gave her pain.

I was irresolute. I was motionless. She repeated, with augmented vehemence, her request that I would leave her. I ventured, at length, to solicit an explanation of this scene; to ask whither her inquiries tended; in what I had offended her.

She answered me by repeating her injunctions to leave her. I had offended in nothing. I was blameless. *She* only was to blame. She had been guilty of negligence, and folly, and rashness, never to be forgiven. From that moment, compassion to herself, justice to me, demanded our eternal separation. Never more must she see my face.

Still I lingered in her presence, and renewed my intreaties to know the cause of this deportment. Still she declined any explanation; renewed, with augmented vehemence, her assertions of the necessity of my leaving her; of my leaving her forever.

At length, in the midst of my interrogations and my disclaimings of any intentions to injure or displease her, she burst from me and shut herself up in her chamber.

I was astonished! thunderstruck! petrified! I had no power, for a time, to leave the room or the house. I strove to awake from what I fondly deemed a fit of madness or an agonizing dream. Thus was I repulsed, cast off, banished, by two beings on whose good opinion my whole happiness reposed; whom I had, indeed, unknowing to themselves, treated with meanness, rashness, and duplicity, but who had punished me, if for these offences, with far more severity than they deserved: but not for these offences had they punished me, but for guilt unreasonably imputed; for crimes which I never had committed.

And whence had Miss Neville's newly born antipathy flowed but from the presumptious and detestable interference of Sydney? Had he not laid open to her the calumnies poured out against her? Had he not informed her of the existence, the excellences, the expectations, and the rights of my cousin, and thus raised an insuperable impediment between us? Was not this the source of her alarm and her grief?

To wait for or solicit an interview with Clelia was vain. She had seen me for the last time. My presence was an insupportable evil. It wounded more deeply than adder's tongue or the point of a sword. It became me, it was my indispensible duty to withdraw; and whither should I withdraw but to Sydney's, to wrest from him an explanation of this scene, and to avenge or upbraid him for his perfidy and inhumanity.

Sydney was at home, and readily admitted me. As I approached him, my eyes flashed indignation, but his sedateness and tranquillity were invincible. I spoke in rage and incoherently, but he readily comprehended the purpose of my coming, and, seizing a pause afforded him by my exhausted breath, rather than by my abated anger, he said:

"I am glad you are come, Felix. So far from acting in fear of your knowledge, I would gladly, had I known where to meet with you, have disclosed to you my purpose of visiting this lady, and have gotten you to go along with me. I sought you at your lodgings and elsewhere, and found you not; but now permit me to tell you what has passed between us. Your approbation of my conduct, I fervently desire, but do not expect. I will be contented with my own, in which, when reflection and experience have opened your eyes, I doubt not of obtaining your concurrence.

"When admitted to her presence, I made my apology, and effected my introduction by simply stating the motives of my visit. These were to know and to communicate the truth. I painted your situation and your character, and those of your cousin. I recounted the intelligence gained from Mr. L * * * and from other quarters respecting herself, and endeavoured, by being thoroughly in earnest, and by boundless sincerity, to convince her of the rectitude of my motives in acting thus, and of the interest which I felt in her welfare, in your cousin's welfare, and in yours.

"I have reason to believe that she was convinced of my integrity, for she listened to me patiently. She upbraided me not. She flew not into anger. She was, indeed, deeply, variously, and, in some respects, mysteriously affected. She was visibly shocked by the imputations contained in the Irish letter."

Eagerly I said, "Did she deny their truth?"

"No. It was the emotion of surprise and horror, but I cannot say of conscious guilt, yet not of conscious innocence. It was, indeed, inexplicable. It left me power to infer nothing. I put no direct questions. I left her at liberty, by expressing my wishes that the charge should prove false, and by pausing, to vindicate herself, but she did not speak. She trembled and wept, but said nothing to confirm or confute the story.

"Finding her in this mood, I rose to leave her, but first repeated what my compassion dictated. "I know not," said I, "how my conduct on this occasion may appear to you. Your silence and distress do not inform me whether I have been deceived or not with respect to you. Of that, I must go away ignorant; but, on every supposition, I wish to be your friend. I wish to serve you; is there no way in which I can serve you?"

"Yes," said she with vehemence: "You can serve me, but only in one way; by finding out Mr. Calvert, and acquainting him with my resolution never to see him more. By prevailing with him to desist from attempting, to desist from even wishing ever to see me again. That is the only good that you can render me; the only good that I can receive at your hands."

"And that," said I, "I will endeavour to do." "Saying this, I left her, and have since been looking for you, though in vain. I see, by your manners, that you have had an interview with her, and that her behaviour at this interview has been such as she gave me reason to expect. For her sake, for both your sakes, I rejoice at it.

"You are angry with me for marring your visionary schemes of happiness. This happiness you have endeavoured to build upon falsehood and deception. So short-sighted were you, as not to see the incurable frailty, the tottering structure of such schemes. Whence you contracted this vice, this stupidity, is inconceivable to me. How you could derive content from being esteemed more highly than you were conscious of deserving, how you could acquiesce in being looked upon as something different from yourself, what views could induce you to conceal your history, the existence of your mother and your cousin, and, possibly, impose upon her a tale utterly false, is a subject of the most painful astonishment.

"To imagine that time and the course of events would not betray you—how could you imagine it?

How could you desire to postpone the discovery?

"Did I not know your past life, your education, and your friends, the character of your tutor and your mother, my surprise would be less. But the world is eternally producing what, to our precipitate judgment, are prodigies, anomalies, monsters. Innate, dastardly, sordid wickedness frequently springs up where genial temperature and wise culture had promised us the most heavenly products. The ruffian and sensualist are fashioned by the discipline intended, and, as the fond preceptor dreams, adapted to produce nothing but generous magnanimity and heroism."

These accents, solemnly and calmly uttered, chilled me to the soul. They carried instantaneous and humiliating conviction to my heart. The virtuous upbraiding of this man had a sympathetic influence. It changed me into as profound a wonderer, as immeasureable a contemner of my own conduct, as himself. My anger melted into contrition. My confidence was changed to dismay. I hung my head and listened to his rebukes in silence.

He perceived these appearances, and went on in a tone of somewhat less severity: "Perhaps I have been too hasty and censorious. I know not all your motives. I can judge very superficially concerning you. I have made myself the arbiter of your conduct, not from insolence or envy, but because I love your cousin, and am anxious for your happiness; but, in exercising this office, I may, in my turn, and in consequence of erroneous observation, have judged wrong. Will you trust me with your thoughts? Will you relate to me the motives of your conduct towards this woman? No crime has been committed, I persuade myself, which cannot be atoned for; no evil is incurred which cannot be removed."

I had no power to confess my misdeeds. I merely acknowledged the truth of his suspicions in general, and admitted that I had been very faulty, faulty to a degree, for which inexperience, and youth, and a sanguine temper, afforded no apology. Yet I averred the innocence, in one respect, of my intercourse with Miss Neville. I had entertained no infamous views. I had never saught to obtain favours which her matrimonial obligations forbad. I had no reason to imagine, from any particulars in our exclusive intercourse, that insinuation or artifice, had they been exerted for this end, would ever have been crowned with success.

I had, indeed, deceived both her and my cousin. I had studiously misled them as to my actual situation and the motives of my conduct. Not by silence and concealment merely, but by positive untruths had I misled them. My remorse extorted from me thus much, but I meant not to claim his forgiveness. I had deeply offended my cousin, as well as my friend, and neither expected nor sought my restoration to their good opinion. I would instantly retire to the country, to my mother, and prevail upon her to consent to my going to Europe. My conduct hitherto had been base and inglorious, indolent and visionary. Henceforth, I would play a different part; and, shaking off these sordid fetters, be active, independent, and wise. I would leave these shores, and they should never hear from me. I would never return till—till my virtue was established on the basis of knowledge and experience.

Sydney now assumed an air of sprightliness and benignity, and, taking my hand, said, "I partly commend your scheme, Felix, but you need not overrate your offence.

You have done nothing for which you may not be forgiven. To see the impropriety of your conduct in its true light, is a sufficient title to my esteem. It will be a valid claim to your cousin's. I highly approve of your design to go to Burlington, for your mother and your mother's affairs have wanted you too long, and retirement and reflection I hope will be of service to you; but, meanwhile, you must go with me to my sister Wallace's. We must see Louisa together, and, if possible, establish affairs upon their old footing."

He quickly convinced me that he was thoroughly in earnest in this generous proposal, and I accompanied him with a strange revolution and turbulence of feelings. So much unexpectedness, such total novelty in my new circumstances, such quick transitions from one state of mind to another the most opposite, from fear to courage, from despondency to hope, from self-upbraiding to the whisperings of applause, made me, in my own eyes, a paradox, a miracle, a subject of incessant curiosity and speculation. The present condition of my thoughts and feelings was not merely a variation or succession, but the utter reverse of the last. In the short minute I had passed in Sydney's company, I had emerged from agony to joy, from despair to exultation.

"I bring you," said Sydney to my cousin, as he approached her in a lonely spot in the garden, "a penitent; a youth, erring through precipitation and passion, and deserving to be pitied and pardoned. He promises to be cautious for the future, and I have no doubt of his amendment. Come, give him your hand to kiss, and make him once more your own."

She looked at each of us wistfully, by turns, and, at length, exclaimed, "And do *you* forgive him? Has he justified himself to *you?*"

"He has condemned himself to me. He has acknowledged his error, and that is sufficient. At present, we can ask no more. His conduct must confirm or confute his promises; and, on his sincerity, meanwhile, we must be contented to rely."

"That is, indeed, sufficient. If you think him deserving, joyfully shall I again admit him to my heart." Stretching her arms towards me, she allowed me to salute her with my former tenderness. She admitted the propriety of my returning to Burlington, and, on that very day I set out, my cousin readily assenting to hold a correspondence with me.

In this tumult of passions and rapid succession of events, my mind knew no pause, my feelings no permanence. It was not till I passed the bounds of the city, and once more beheld the tranquil scenery and verdure, and noted the general repose of nature, that I was able to survey the late transactions with unmisty sight.

I was now going to the quiet mansion of my mother, with the feverish and motley images produced by the experience of the last three months, during which I had lived longer, if I may so speak, had admitted more ideas and more emotions, than during the whole period of my preceding life.

The theatre on which I had entered of a noisy and busy city, was as opposite as possible to the little circuit of my juvenile existence, the grass-plot, and the tulip-bed. The condition of proprietor of spacious fields, and the master of a numerous household at Calverton, was equally new; but the new impulses of the heart, the new exertions of the intellect, and the new gratifications of curiosity, which my late situation had produced, were perplexing by their number and variety, and astounding by their magnitude.

The character and demeanour of Sydney, and my cousin, of the Wallaces, and particularly of Miss Neville, passed in review before me. I distributed them in my memory as if they had been arranged in a book, and turned to this or that leaf, pondered on this adventure or that dialogue, and caused, with additional hues and adjuncts, all my recent ideas to pass, and all my emotions to be felt again.

Fortunately, perhaps, for me, or at least as I then considered it, my mother had gone to pass a fortnight or more, at the residence of one of her friends, ten or twelve miles distant from Burlington. No one was at home but a female servant, and an old negro, who was family property, and who assisted me in the court and garden.

My mother's curiosity would have occasioned much embarrassment. She would have justly deemed herself entitled to know more of my transactions during my absence, than I should have been willing to disclose. My behaviour would have been the subject of her anxious and constant scrutiny. A thousand misgivings and perpetual consciousness would have betrayed themselves to her vigilant eye. I was pleased that her absence took place at this time, and looked forward to my solitude, my wood-land walks, and my unfrequented garden, as particularly propitious to that intense musing to which I determined to devote myself.

Having returned home, and resumed my ordinary habits, I began, as I have just described, to ruminate on the past. In this employment, I found a plenteous source of humiliation and perplexity. Two incidents, particularly, at this time, arrested my attention. The first was the charge urged, with so much confidence, against Miss Neville, by Sydney, of nightly admitting the visits of a paramour, with whom she had intercourse in her native country. The next was the imputation of lying, which he had fixed upon me, in relation to the manner in which I had spent a certain evening.

I now remembered very mysterious words, which he had used on that occasion, and of which, in the hurry of my thoughts at the time, I had neglected to ask for further explanation. "Had you," said he, "been at her door, instead of *pushing pieces of wood over a chequered table*—" Then, on my affirming that I was, in reality, seated, at that very time, near her, he started, refused credit to my declaration; called me villain and deceiver! What was meant by this?

Sydney is not easy of faith, especially when the tale is injurious to the fame of another. His information, whether true or false, could not but have flowed from specious sources. Had I not nearly lighted on the source, and why did my infatuation forbear to prosecute the search still farther? I was within sight of the goal, when I allowed my attention to be drawn aside.

I was no player at chess. At draughts I had some skill, but had never played, nor even seen the game played by others during my absence from Burlington. My company had always been the Wallaces, Clelia, and my cousin, and my mind had always been too full of occupation, too busy in suspense, too engrossed by passion, to endure the tameness and monotony of the *draught-board*.

Rage at my own negligence, impatience to repair its effects, began to grow in my bosom. "Shall I not," said I, "return this hour to the city, seek out Sydney, and obtain from him a full disclosure? Louisa, and extort from her the cause of her indignation and aversion, so disproportioned, as it now seems, to my offence; so abrupt; so enigmatical; and rush into the presence of Clelia, lay before her the aspersions of her enemies, and wrest from her, by impetuosity irresistible, the cause of her deportment to me at our last meeting? A few hours will bear me thither, and a few hours restore me again to my home."

This impatience was counteracted by other thoughts. At parting from my cousin, I had solemnly avowed my resolution to absent myself from the city during the ensuing month. Would not my return so abruptly and so adversely to expectation, give weight to the charge of fickleness or dissimulation, of disregard to promises, and trampling on my honour?

May not this end be partly accomplished by a letter in which my perplexities respecting the mysterious expressions of Sydney may be mentioned, and a solution of the enigma demanded? Pleased with this scheme, I wrote forthwith. Having taken up the pen, I did not feel disposed to be brief. My heart was pierced by remorse; by newborn sensibility of my cousin's excellencies; by gratitude for her affection. My pen was pregnant with the emotions of my heart, and a thousand things did I say, a thousand incidents relate in this letter, which, before I began it, I was far from designing or expecting to disclose.

I felt a sort of generous pride in self-censure, in even painting my behaviour in darker colours than it merited, in assigning worse motives than truth required, and omitting alleviating circumstances. I seemed to be fated never to hit the just mean, and to carry generosity to as culpable and mischievous an excess now, as vanity had ever been carried before.

The letter was sent. I could not sleep till the answer arrived. I had besought her to inform herself on the points in which I wished for information, and to forward her reply with speed. At any rate, to reply without delay, since many topics of my letter required no deliberation, and no time but that which pen-work required.

No answer came. The sun arose and went down, my customary avocations were neglected, my impatience threw me into tremours. I inquired at the usual depository for letters in vain. Four days passed and no letter had been sent, or what was sent had miscarried or been intercepted.

I wrote again, and importuned with new vehemence and much upbraiding, for an answer. In reply to this, after the tormenting delay of five days, the following letter was delivered:

"*To* Felix Calvert.

"I did not expect, Felix, to write to you. Your two letters I received in due time, and merely write, at present, to prevent you from sending a third. If you do, I shall tear it into pieces, or throw it into the fire unread.

"Unhappy Calvert! What smiling prospects were thine! How eager was I once to link mine with thy destiny! Yet, if my precipitation had not been benevolently thwarted and restrained, what misery for my future years should I have laid up in store!

"Write to me not; talk to me not; lay aside even the wish to see me again; it cannot be gratified without giving me more anguish than my worst enemy can wish to give me.

"While memory, while conscience is with you, you cannot be at a loss why I write thus. You cannot but know your own unworthiness. All this parade of sincerity!

all these confessions! so seemingly minute! so apparently dictated by remorse! and yet false, cunning, deceitful! O! how my heart loathes, how it abhors a deceiver!

"And stupid as deceitful! Wandering into these crooked paths, when the forthright path is so smooth, conspicuous, and accessible! How deeply rooted must be that wickedness, how near to madness must be that folly, of which thy good name and my peace are the victims! Farewell, Felix.

"I take up the pen again to ask—for, possibly—yet, it cannot be. Nothing can I expect but asseverations, which add to thy guilt. Thou wilt not scruple to affirm what is false: thou wilt not scruple to swear.

"O! wretch! wretch!—But I will not upbraid you. I leave you to the stings of your own conscience. Again farewell.

L. Calvert"

"Wretch! wretch!" indeed! here is an entangling net, spread by some secret and flagitious hand for my ruin. To burst its threads is the privilege of that innocence that never stooped from its sunny elevation, that never was enervated by conscious guilt.

What can be meant? Some new offence it must be. It cannot be the mere disclosure of the charge urged against me by Sydney. It cannot be some new aggravation of that charge; for, was not that included in the pardon so generously bestowed on me?

I have it. In my last letter, I pretended to disclose my whole guilt, and, in truth, I did disclose it. Nay, I exaggerated my transgressions, but I said nothing, since nothing could be said, to justify the imputations of Sydney in that mysterious interview. On the contrary, I mentioned them, not merely to express my innocence, but to importune for knowledge of their meaning. Fraught with conviction of my guilt in that instance, this importunity and this inquiry must have looked, to them, like proofs of the last and most profligate degree of impudence.

Shall I be still? Shall I suffer time to disclose their error? Shall I wrap myself up in conscious innocence, and wait till time has rectified their mistake, and they seek my presence to expiate, by prayer and entreaty, the injuries which their easy faith, their precipitate suspicions have done me?

No; I have not intellectual force enough for that. The gratifications of that revenge would be delicious, but I cannot wait for it. I cannot endure to be deemed a guilty wretch by beings like Louisa Calvert and Sydney. That is the worst of evils.—I broke from this soliloquy to mount my horse, and set out that very hour for the city.

I first went to Wallace's. I saw Mrs. Wallace. She regarded me with looks in which contempt was mingled with sorrow. I inquired for my cousin. She was gone to Lancaster. She had returned home.

This was an unexpected and stunning blow. I stayed not to parly, but instantly resolved to find out Sydney. I was admitted to his presence. He looked at me with coldness and solemnity.

I threw my cousin's letter before him. I desired him to read it and to explain the contents.

He cast his eye on the first line, and then, putting it aside, said, sedately, "I have read it."

"You have read it? And know what it means? If you do, I swear by him that made me, that your knowledge exceeds mine."

He started at my emphatic manner, and said, with glances of anger, "Oaths, Felix, are not made to sport with. They are needless, at least, on this occasion."

"Will you explain to me the

meaning of this letter? You have read, it seems, and perhaps, dictated it."

He looked at me again, with solemn benignity! "It stands in no need of explanation."

"And you will not give me any?"

He paused for some time, and then spoke: "Felix! this demand is strange, but I will comply with it. On the evening of the Saturday before you left town, you were seen in a tavern in this city. There it was you spent the evening. Yet you afterwards affirmed upon oath, that you spent it with Miss Neville. You left the city promising an absence of some weeks, yet in a few days, you clandestinely returned, and renewed your commerce with this foreigner. You skulked all day in a sordid inn of the suburbs, and stole to the place of assignation by night, in a contemptible but ineffectual disguise: yet you wrote letters to your cousin, as if from Burlington, pretending the deepest compunction for past misdeeds, and promising wondrous reformation for the future."

"And this," said I, with a contemptuous and bitter smile, "is the explanation of this letter. This charge, false in every part, in every word of it, you have whispered to my cousin. Thus you have tainted her heart, and turned her affections away from me; but be it so. If your credulity is so great as to confide in such lame and ambiguous evidence as that on which a falsehood like this must rest; if your regard for me is so small as not to make you seek for my vindication from my own lips; if she is feeble and absurd enough to lend implicit ears to your tale, ye are both worthless, I cast ye off forever. Henceforth, I seek a different society—a new world." In saying this, my eyes, fixed steadfastly on those of my companion, flashed indignation, and my gestures gave force to the accents that fell from my lips.

The countenance of Sydney assumed an expression impossible to be described. He looked at me, but not as before. After a moment's pause he turned from me in silence, and left the room. There was nothing to detain me in it.

My resolution was now taken. Unhappily for me, external circumstances were favourable to the execution of a scheme dictated by rashness and want of foresight. A ship, bound for Ireland, lay at this moment in a cove near the mouth of the Schuylkill. Without preparation, without reflection, without delay, I put myself on board of her. In a few hours she hoisted sail, and in less than two days, left the coast of America. As its sandy heights faintly gleamed in the horizon, I exclaimed—"Farewell, my native land, farewell forever!"

(To be continued.)

Promenade à Georgetown.

Par J. Davis.

Je vais raconter à présent un voyage que j'ai fait à pied de *Charlestown* à *Georgetown*. Je me suis laissé dans ma derniere relation me separant à regret de mes ecoliers, que je ne vis point sans éprouver un serrement de cœur & un sentiment de tristesse. Ils étoient tous trois vivement émus. Des larmes abondantes venoient mouiller leurs paupières. Tendre innocence! Précieux apanage de la jeunesse! Oh! que vous êtes pure! Vous pleurez mes enfans, & vous me faites pleurer moi même. Je ne puis retenir mes larmes quand je temoigne vos regrets si simples & si touchants. Mais je vous consacrerai un souvenir dans mes écrits; & que mes

foibles travaux seroient bien recompensés si je pouvois inspirer de l'interet pour vous le cœurs de mes lecteurs sensibles.

Ce fut le 26 December, 1799, que je me rendis au Ferry de *Cooper River* vers huit heures & demie. Le passage fut favorable, & je debarquai à *Hobcaw*, dont le nom decele une origine indienne. Je me mis en marche à neuf heures du matin, sans m'arrêter à l'auberge qui se trouve sur le rivage de la mer. Me voila donc m'acheminant gaiement dans ma route, joyeux d'avoir renoncé aux travaux penibles de pedagogue, encore une fois aussi libre que le bon air que je respirois, & ayant pour but de mon voyage une visite à mon cher confrere en Apollon, qui tenoit école á *Georgetown*. O mes lecteurs, si vous aimez la liberté, partagez avec moi les transports que j'eprouvai en redevenant maître de moimême & de mes actions. Jamais je ne me sentis tant de joie. Je courois, je sautois, je siflois, je riois à gorge deployée, je fesois mille extravagances; on m'auroit cru fou.

On étoit sur la fin de Decembre. Un leger brouillard obscurcissoit l'orient; les vegetaux penchoient languissamment leurs têtes, & tout annonçoit l'approche de l'hiver. Je marchai dix milles pour le moins sans trouver d'autre batiment que les ruines d'une eglise, mais vers midi je m'arretai devant la porte d'une maison isolée, où le joli son d'un violon m'enchanta les oreilles. Je fus reçu á merveille du maître du logis, qui me fit entrer dans une chambre où il y avoit trois demoiselles, elegamment mises, dansant au son de l'instrument dont jouoit M. leur Maître de danse. Ces jeunes personnes s'arreterent un moment pour me faire une reverence, and recommencerent encore leur danse avec une grace inexprimable. Elles étoient toutes trois pleines de charmes, mais la plus jeune étoit si jolie! elle mettoit tant de graces dans sa danse & dans ses gestes, en tournoyant & en sautant legerement tantôt sur un pied, & tantôt sur l'autre! je fus stupefait d'admiration. Je la considerai dans un ravissement de cœur. De grands geux bleus, un nez tant soit peu rétroussé, une bouche mignonne, des levres fraiches & vermeilles, une taille leste & svelte, une jambe faite au tour, le bras, la main, le pied moulés par les Graces, formoient l'assemblage le plus parfait qu'on puisse concevoir. Constance alloit compter quinze ans, & deja la nature lui avoit fait part de ces boutons charmans que l'hymen seul a le droit de cueillir. Son petit corset, qui les réceloit avec peine, garantissoit ce trésor naissant de toute profanation. Le tout ensemble de cette jeune fille me fit souvenir de quelques vers de Boursaut.

Elle a bien quatorze ou quinze ans,
Fiere, mais ſans être farouche,
Les cheveux blonds, les yeux percans,
Une gorge naiſſante, & ſurtout une bouche!

J'apperçus avec plaisir que mon hôte étoit françois, & que ces jeunes personnes etoient ses trois filles. Constance ne parloit que françois; son accent seul eût suffit pour me tourner la tête. La danse se prolongea jusqu' á une heure, lorsque M. le maître de danse prit congé de ses douces eleves avec un ah! ça, Mesdesmoiselles! au plaisir! monta à cheval, & partit au petit galop. Me voilá donc libre d'entretenir trois belles demoiselles en mauvais françois, & parlant á peu près comme le beau Liandre. L'ainée de ces trois sœurs étoit une fille faite, dont l'embonpoint donnoit dans la vue, & dont les grands yeux noirs sembloient aller á la petite guerre. Je causai avec elle sur beaucoup de sujets; nous parlames histoire, poesie, roman; mais ni les beaux yeux de Mademoiselle Rencontre, ni les charmes de sa conversation ne faisoient venir le diner, qu'il me tardoit de voir. J'eus recours donc á une autre Segar, j'en avois deja fumé sept pour le moins, (tant je suis amateur de segars, mais surtout de celles qui viennent de la Havanne) quand une negresse entra pour mettre la nappe, qui étoit plus blanche que la neige. Pendant le diner M. Rencontre me fit mille questions, auxquelles je repondois avec une gaîete qui le fesoit presque etouffer de rire. Les demoiselles temoignerent leur satisfaction par un sourire, mais particulierement Mademoiselle l'ainée, dont les grands yeux noirs lançoient dans le cœur des traits de feu.—Le bon diner que je fis avec M. Rencontre & ses charmantes filles! Je m'assis entre Constance & la sœur dont je n'ai pas encore parlé. C'étoit une blonde aux yeux bleus, extremement timide, qui rougissoit aux moindres louanges qu'on lui donnoit. Mais ce que m'interessa davantage fut qu'elle avoit une tournure tout-á-fait françoise. Qu'on juge du regret avec lequel je quittai cette famille interessante. Que nos adieux furent touchants! Les yeux de Constance rencontrerent les miens en partant avec une expression qui redoubla l'agitation de mon cœur.

"She gaz'd as I ſlowly withdrew,
My path I could ſcarcely diſcern,
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return!"

Qu'on nie l'existence de cette douce sympathie qui agit sur deux personnes sensibles, faits l'un pour l'autre, & qui se rencontrent pour la premiere fois! Ce n'est pas pour de tels lecteurs que je prends la plume! Il étoit près de cinq heures quand je me separai de M. Rencontre & ses douces filles. Il me resta cinq milles à faire pour gagner l'auberge où je devois me coucher. Le tems étoit obscur, & je n'avois pour tout compagnon de voyage qu'une mauvaise segar. Enfin j'arrive à l'auberge qu'on m'avoit indiquée. L'hotesse qui me reçut etoit une grosse Rejouie, grande, quarrure, de l'embonpoint, avec un haut d'estomac capable de tenter un saint: d'ailleurs grande babillarde, gaie & même rieuse. Je ne puis comprendre par le mauvais souper que me servoit Madame S * * * * *, comment elle avoit pu devenir si monstrueusement grosse. Elle me donna une oie si dure que le meilleur couteau de la maison ne put aller jusqu'a la chair. J'avois beau lui faire des agaceries. D'ailleurs je trouvai chez Madame S * * * * * le plus mauvais gîte qui fut au monde. C'étoit assurément pour mes pechés que le destin m'y avoit conduit. Cependant accablé de sommeil je me jettai sur mon grabat, & m'endormis tout doucement comme si c'eût été sur un lit de roses. A mon reveil il fit un si vilain temps qu'il me fut impossible de sortir. Il fallut donc me consoler de la campagnie de mon hotesse, & d'un homme qui étoit arrivé après que je fus couché, & qui portoit le titre imposant de Colonel. Je dirai une fois pour toutes, que parmi les hommes que j'ai rencontrés en voyageant dans l'Amerique, je n'en ai pas trouvé deux qui ne fussent distingués par le nom soit de Colonel, de Major, ou de Capitaine. Je me felicitai donc de m'entretenir avec Monsieur le Colonel *Blockade*, qui s'étoit trouvé dans plusieurs combats où il avoit été blessé. Il étoit presque midi quand je pris congé de Madame S * * * * *, & de M. le Colonel, que je crus par les choses obligeantes qu'il lui disoit être un mari en herbe. Je ne parlerai point du déjeûner que je fis avant de partir. Ce n'est pas l'histoire de mon appétit que j'ai entrepis, mais celle de mon ame. Me voilà donc m'acheminant encore vers *Georgetown*, une segar á la bouche, dont le doux parfum me faisoit rêver delicieusement dans ma marche. La route á *Owendaw-Bridge* n'offre rien qui soit digne de l'attention de mes lecteurs, elle resemble au reste de la Caroline du Sud, c'est-â-dire que c'est un pays de plaine. Il étoit deja tard lorsque j'approchai de la taverne de Monsieur *Voluble*, dont Madame S * * * * * m'avoit fait l'eloge en m'assurant que je trouverois chez lui un très mauvais gîte. Cependant il faisoit un clair de lune superbe, & je me livrai aux douceurs de la meditation, en levant les yeux vers le ciel qui étoit degagé de tout nuage. Je repetois avec des elans de cœur ce sonnet exquis de Charlotte Smith qui commence par "*Queen of the silver bow!*" Je saluai l'etre supreme dans ses œuvres sublimes, me promenant dans un extase pu'on ne peut pas decrire. Arrivé à l'auberge appellée *Voluble's taverne*, je vis avec plaisir qu'il y avoit un bon feu dans la chambre où se rassemblent les voyageurs, que la maison étoit propre, & que l'hote, jeune homme de bonne mine, étoit disposé á causer. Me voilá donc assis fort á mon aise auprès d'un bon feu de bois, criant à pleine gorge à boire, & observant avec plaisir du coin de l'oeil entrer une jeune fille qui avoit pour toute coëffure les cheveux etroitement retroussés. C'étoit la sœur de M. *Voluble*, qui me presenta à lui avec plus de bonhomie que de grace. Mlle Voluble étoit assurément jolie, & je lui trouvai de l'esprit. Elle avoit le plus friand, petit pied que j'aie vu de mes jours, & c'est une belle chose qu'un pied mignon chez une jeune demoiselle. Comme ce n'est qu'en philosophe que je considere la beauté, je puis parler sans faire rougir mes lecteurs des pieds des fillettes que je rencontre dans mes voyages. Quand nous eûmes soupé, je me mis encore auprès du feu, & liai conversation avec Mlle *Voluble*, qui avoit eu soin de cultiver son esprit par la lecture des bons livres. Elle avoit bien lu le Paradis Perdu de Milton, & en savoit par cœur les plus beaux morceaux. Mais pour Monsieur le frere c'étoit effectivement le plus grand babillard dans la Caroline du Sud, qui m'ennuya jusqu'a minuit par des contes á dormir de bout. J'essuyai, quoique inutilement, deux ou trois fois de l'etouffer par la fumée de ma segar, mais il ne s'arreta qu'un moment pour tousser, & se remit encore á son babil. Enfin j'ordonnai qu'on me montrât ma chambre à coucher, & je me sauvai à toutes jambes en m'y rendant sur le champ. On croira aisément que je ne fus pas tenté de dejeûner dans cette maison. Après un doux sommeil je me levai avec l'étoile du matin, qui conduisit mes pas encore vers *Georgetown*. Le chant du coq se faisoit entendre, & les travaux des negres recommencoient dans les plantations voisines. Le charmant plaisir que celui de respirer la fraîche haleine du matin! Avec quelle douce emotion je voyois les premiers rayons de l'aurore percer le crepuscule, tandis que mes pieds chassoient devant eux la rosée qui baignoit le gazon. Je marchois legerement dans ma route, ainimé par le spectacle enchanteur du lever du soleil, qui repandoit sur ma promenade un attrait delicieux. Jamais je ne me sentis l'ame si degageé de soins. Il étoit environ neuf heures lorsque j'arrivai au ferry de *Santée*, où les eaux augmentées recemment par les pluies ne lassoient pas que d'être assez hautes. Je ne m'arretai que pour dejeuner à l'auberge qui se trouve à quelques pas du gué, & après avoir traversé la rivière dans un canot, je me remis en marche de l'autre coté. Mais ici une autre taverne se presenta à ma vue dont l'hôte etoit françois. Pour le coup c'étoit l'avanture des brancards. Vers deux heures & demie, & après avoir fait dix huit milles de chemin, j'arrivai au ferry de *Sampit*, & jouis avec une vraie joie du coup d'œil de *Georgetown*. J'arrive dans la ville, je vole chez mon cher confrere en Apollon, qui n'étoit occupé ni à la lecture, ni à l'étude. C'étoit un de ces moments où il ne sentoit plus la verve de la composition, mais un appétit robuste. Ce n'étoit plus une plume mais un couteau qu'il tenoit à la main. Dans le style vulgaire M. *George* étoit á diner. C'étoit assurément tant soit gagné pour moi, de sorte qu'un bon repas me convenoit mieux que le poeme le plus sublime. Que notre rencontre fut heureuse! Que de joie! Que d'embrassements! Que d'éclats de rire. Ah! vous voilà mon ami, mon cher philosophe, mon maître dans l'art de penser delicatement! Que je suis ravi de te voir dans ces lieux tristes & sauvages. Nous serons heureux comme des dieux! Hola! garcon! une bouteille & deux verres! Allons, mettez vous à table, il faut que vous aiez faim. Passe cela. Je n'ennuyerai point j'usqu' à la mort mes lecteurs de notre premier entretien, je dirai seulement que mon ami étoit vivement épris de neuf demoiselles, fraîches & jeunes, appellées vulgairement les filles de Jupiter. Cependant son amour ne lui avoit causé aucune langueur de corps, de sorte qu'il sembloit engraisser à vue d'œil.

A l'égard de *Georgetown* ce n'est ni une ville, ni un village. C'est un nombre de maisons qui sont repandues sans beaucoup d'ordre de côté & d'autre, & qui sont presque toutes separées. Si ce petit endroit avoit existé du tems des anciens, ils n'auroient pas dit que Vénus & les Graces faisoient leur residence à Cythere. En effet les femmes y sont bien jolies, & ont dans toutes leurs manierès cet air de modestie qui releve l'éclat de la beauté. Je me trouvai à un bal que donnoient les Messieurs de *Georgetown*. On commençoit & finissoit par les contredanses du pays. Les dames étoient les plus intrepides danseuses que j'aie vues de ma vie. Elles ne paroissoient point se lasser quoiqu'elles fussent dans un mouvement continuel pendant sept heures consecutives. Il faut assurément de bonnes jambes pour soutenir cette fatigue-lá.

Soit par un effet de la disposition de mon esprit, soit par la situation naturelle du lieu, le village de *Georgetown* me parut un des plus tristes sejours du monde. Il ne valoit pas celui de *Coosohatchie*. Je me hatai d'en partir dans le Carrosse de voiture pour me rendre à *Charlestown*, où je devois m'embarquer soit pour *Philadelphie* ou *New-York*. Tant il est vrai qu'on se degoute de tout.

Omission in *Séjour dans les bois de la Caroline du Sud*, page 249, column 1, line 39, after *à parcourir le pays*, insert *à pied*.

Query concerning Electricity and Magnetism.

For the Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

I HAVE often thought that a comparison, very amusing and instructive, might be drawn between the two kinds of attraction, *electricity* and *magnetism*. There are some points in which the leading principles of each have a remarkable affinity, and others in which they as remarkably differ. I do not recollect ever to have seen this comparison stated in any book of science, at least to any satisfactory extent. Might not an agreeable and useful paper, for your Magazine, be made out on this subject? I wish some of your correspondents

would take it up, and let us see what can be made of it.

I am, Sir,
Yours,
A. B.

New-York, May 13, 1800.

Query concerning Oxygen.

For the Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

AMONG those who adopt the chemical nomenclature of the French academicians, *oxygen* has been called the *principle of acidity*. To the presence of this substance they ascribe all *sourness*, wherever it exists. On this principle I beg to be informed by some of your chemical correspondents, why it happens that the *highly oxygenated muriatic acid* is *less sour* than that which has only its *ordinary portion of oxygen*. If the commonly received opinion on this subject were just, should we not expect the contrary to take place? As I am somewhat of an admirer of the new chemistry, I should be glad to have this difficulty removed.

I am, Sir,
Yours,
A. B.

New-York, May 13, 1800.

WORKMAN *versus* BARON.

For the Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Editor,

I AM sorry my question concerning the well, should not, by the manner of its statement, have conveyed the meaning it was intended to convey, viz. that each person's share of the expense for digging should be in proportion to his distance from the well, and not to the advantages of their relative situations, but to certain positive numbers expressed in the question, which are as 5, 7, and 9, only that he that lived at the greatest distance was to pay the smallest proportion 5, and he that lived the nearest was to pay the greatest proportion 9. Now as A's distance was the greatest, and his share was $\frac{5\text{ts.}}{21}$ of 40 dollars, and as C's distance was the nearest, and his share was $\frac{9\text{ts.}}{21}$ of 40 dollars, it was as natural to conclude that B's distance 7, should be $\frac{7\text{ts.}}{21}$ of 40 dollars, as that the letters in the following equations, Baron scot = a snot cobr = crab no sot, are equal to one another; and this, I believe, is the general opinion. A country school-master, of good common sense, in my neighbourhood, says, "Whatever calculations the man may have made, with his crotchets and his semi-demi-quavers, of the real value of the relative situations of A, B, and C from the well, they are nothing at all to the point; he has conceived a new question, perhaps, as it ought to have been stated, but not as it is. There is no mention made, nor the most distant hint given whatever, that the shares to be paid by A, B, and C, shall be in proportion to the advantages of their situations, but to certain numbers absolutely expressed in the question, which are as 5, 7, and 9; the question, therefore, has no relation to the advantages of situation, but to those given numbers and proportions; for, if A, B, and C were satisfied with the ridiculous agreement they had made with each other, what has the arithmetician to do with that? The conclusions must be drawn from the literal sense of their stipulation, let the nature of it be ever so absurd; therefore your former answer is the true one," And I should certainly have remained in this very erroneous opinion myself, if the polished gentleman whose "business it is to instruct the ignorant" in the mysteries of A, B, and C, had not so positively assured me to the contrary. I am prodigiously obliged to him for setting me to rights, and, indeed, so must every person who had conceived the question in the way it was intended. It is an affair of very great importance to the world that truth should be made to appear, and falsehood be detected and driven from her lurking place; and never is it more necessary than in the solution of arithmetical questions of intricate and of so important a nature as the present, in which the smallest deviation from truth is enough to make the man of infallibility go mad! And few, indeed, are the instances of such philosophic forbearance, and admirable command of temper, as this wonderful prodigy has shewn in the discussion of this question, after being grossly insulted by an opposition of sentiment! How truly admirable, too, his zeal for your interest! Without the most distant object of advantage to himself, in making your Magazine his monthly advertiser and the trumpeter of his fame, will he not voluntarily sacrifice his time, consume his candles, and would he not even run the risque of ruining his constitution, by being put into prodigious panics and profuse perspirations by the pen of some pigmy opponent, were his steady nerves not proof against all opposition? I much commend you, therefore, Mr. Editor, for the justice you have done this gigantic champion of mathematical and philosophical veracity, by adding trophies to his name and place of abode in your Magazine! Laurels, too! And a fillet to bind them on his brows bellipotent!!!

And now, Sir, as this mighty mathematician will probably decline any further contention with me, poor Adam, on account of my trifling questions and absurd answers, and not because he is not competent to the most profound investigation, I beg you will insert the following question in your Magazine for some of his pupils, or any other of your cunning correspondents, to answer:

Let the letters compris'd in C. Gunta's name
Be each of them units, but no two the ſame;
And having premis'd the equations below,
The value of Baron I beg you will ſhew:
The letters in ſomber are each more than nine,
Then what are their numbers, Sirs, pleaſe to divine.

No. 1 $b+m=e+o+s$
2 $r+s=o$
3 $s+b=m$
4 $b+o=r+m$
5 $o+m=r+e$
6 $m+e=o+b+2s+r$
7 $grub=scot$
8 $nob+son=mum$
9 $sam+mar=one$
10 $mu+=2cat-2u$
11 $scab=rats$.

ADAM WORKMAN.

American Review.

Art. XXXIV.

A Treatise concerning Political Inquiry and the Liberty of the Press. By Tunis Wortman, *Counsellor at Law. New-York.* Forman. 1800. 8*vo*. *pp*. 296.

AN original speculative work on topics of this kind, is quite a novelty in America. Discussions of particular measures of the government, and of the meaning of constitutional articles, are not uncommon; but a treatise, abstract, fundamental, and relating to the rudiments of the social state, is almost without example among us.

On a cursory view of this performance, most persons will be disposed to impute to it one defect, for which, in a work of this kind, scarcely any excellence is sufficient to atone. This is the want of method, a method that should constantly strike the eye, and not require a painful scrutiny, and toilsome sifting and balancing of passages in order to discover it.

Another defect is the want of precision. Certain popular terms are lavishly employed, terms of the most abstract nature, vague, and used by different persons in different senses. Such terms can be of service in a chain of reasoning only when rigidly defined and limited.

The inconveniences arising from a want of method and precision, are incurable. One consequence of this defect is, that all the author's reasonings are thrown away. The subject, after volumes of ambiguity and confusion are written on it, is just where it was. The writer may reason well or ill in his own intellectual apartment, but of that the reader cannot judge till he understands the book.

All argumentation is a chain. The links are made merely to sustain and be sustained. They are parts of a series, unintelligible and useless by themselves, and only to be valued as they are orderly disposed and exhibit their mutual relation and dependance. Arguments, not regularly hung together, are brilliant shews and eloquent plausibilities, but inspire no conviction, and drag us not forward to any point.

The links that are wanting in Mr. Wortman's *catination* are, possibly, to be had. He might be able, but neglected or forgot to produce them; or, what he was unable to do, might, perhaps, be done by another; but, meanwhile, our opinions are unaltered, our conviction is unmoved. Since he has not displayed *all* the links, it was useless to display *any*.

A single glance at this work, informs us whence the writer drew his mode of judging and of composition. Every page will remind the reader of the works of Godwin; but he will perceive the great inferiority, in perspicuity and method, of the imitation to the pattern. The same principles are exhibited anew, but the terms employed are far more vague, the arrangement different, and seemingly arbitrary, and the illustrations uninstructive and inapposite.

From the introduction, we collect that the design of the writer is to shew that politics is a science likely to advance in proportion as it is made the subject of universal and unrestrained inquiry; that the general approbation will attend public measures in proportion as they are good, and their good or ill tendency will always be seen and acknowledged in proportion as they are freely and fearlessly discussed.

His speculations upon this topic, are distributed through fourteen chapters, in which there are a great number of ideas on the constitution of the human mind, of human society, equality of intellectual powers, equality of rights, nature of conviction, and the effects of unlimited inquiry.

The fifteenth chapter contains the application of his reasonings to the constitution of the United States; and, in the chapter ensuing, the freedom of the press is defended.

Supposing himself to have proved that *government* is only the tool of *society*, whose movements it is the right and duty of society to inspect, and that society is perfectly qualified for the business of inspection, a transition is naturally made to representative governments, and particularly to our own.

In this department of the work, two positions are examined: first, whether Congress possesses legislative power in relation to libels—secondly, whether the courts of the United States have jurisdiction in these cases. The reasonings of the preceding chapters were, perhaps, not improperly designed as preliminaries to this discussion; though, as our author observes, they are points to be determined only by the tenour of the written constitution itself. "The powers of the general government" are not to be measured by any arbitrary measure of political excellence, but "are such as are expressly granted by the constitution, or such as flow, by necessary consequence, from the powers thus expressly granted."

After recounting the various clauses in the constitution that may be supposed to affect these questions, he proceeds to examine the first position in the following manner:

"If we reason from the general spirit of the constitution, we shall find that the coercion of opinion is a subject entirely foreign to its jurisdiction. It exclusively contemplates and embraces such general provisions as relate to the common interests of the confederacy, and leaves the controul of every other subject to the legislative authority of the respective States.

"The general defence of the union is a trust reposed in the federal government. Accordingly it is invested with the right of imposing taxes and duties, borrowing money upon the common credit, declaring war, granting letters of marque and reprisal, raising and supporting armies, and such other powers as are absolutely indispensible to the effectual fulfilment of such trust. It is also the only organ of communication with foreign States; hence it was essential to confer upon it the authority of regulating commerce, the powers of negociation, and the right of punishing offences in violation of the law of nations. The general interest of the confederacy requiring that an unity of system should prevail with respect to a variety of objects of common concern, in order that mutual intercourse might not be attended with circumstances impolitic and embarrassing; hence, the regulation of domestic commerce, the establishment of an uniform rule of naturalization, the formation of uniform laws upon the subject of bankruptcy, the coinage of money and the regulation of its value, regulation of the value of foreign money, introduction of a common standard of weights and measures, the establishment of post-offices and roads, are subjects which, among others of a similar description, are properly submitted to the legislative authority of Congress. Subjects of interior and local concern, subjects of internal regulation, in fine, subjects not delegated to the general government by virtue of the constitution, are expressly reserved to the people, or to the governments of the respective States.

"It is plain that the restriction of political opinion, or the coercion of libels, is entirely foreign to any of the clauses contained in the constitution. It is equally evident that it is not embraced by the general paragraph which concludes the eighth section of the first article of that instrument, because the generality of expression contained in such paragraph, is particularly limited to accompany the powers which are specifically granted; it exclusively relates to the enaction of such laws as are *necessary and proper for carrying the specific powers into execution.* The particular clauses confer the *original* and *substantial*, the general paragraph conveys the *incidental* authority. The former relate to the subject matter of legislation, the latter is strictly referable to the means which are to be employed. The position which maintains that such general clause conveys the right of coercing opinion, is susceptible, with equal plausibility, of becoming tortured into any sense; it proves too much to be either perspicuous or valuable.

"Of the clauses contained in the constitution, some are *delegatory*, and others *restrictive.* It is the office of the first to *create* and *convey* authority, and of the latter to *limit* and *restrain* it. The restrictive clauses of the constitution cannot be creative of power so long as they speak a language strictly *negative.* They can only be rendered the evidence of authority when they express or unequivocally imply a *positive affirmation.* If I forbid you to take Vattel from my library, surely no construction of such prohibition can amount to a grant of taking Puffendorf, or any other book. If my expressions are ambiguous, still they convey no actual privilege. It is only where my words can be fairly construed into an affirmative, that they will amount to the grant of any positive right. Thus, where the ninth section of the constitution declares that 'the privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, *unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it.*' The direct and obvious meaning of that sentence is, that in times of invasion and rebellion, Congress may decree the temporary suspension of that writ. It is also a further construction of the same sentence, that it confers on the general legislature the authority of deciding what circumstances amount to such a rebellion or invasion as will entitle them to exercise the preceding power. But, on the contrary, the third article of the amendments of the constitution, which, among other things, declares that 'Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press,' is of a nature altogether negative; and cannot, therefore, become the basis of any positive authority which is not contained in other parts of the constitution.

"Most certainly it cannot be contended, that previous to the adoption of the third article of amendments, the Congress were possessed of power to create a national church, or to prohibit any mode of religious faith or worship. It cannot be maintained that they had a right to destroy the liberty of the press, or to abolish the privilege of the people to assemble and petition for a redress of grievances. Shall it be admitted, that before the auspicious period of amendment, the constitution of the United States was an odious and deprecable tyranny, and that it conveyed the most arbitrary and despotic prerogatives? That before that happy æra we were amused with the un-substantial phantom of public liberty, but in reality exposed to accumulated slavery and degradation? How is it possible that sentences altogether negative and restricting, can destroy the limitations of the original constitution, or be construed into a positive enlargment and extension of authority?

"The eleventh and twelfth articles of amendment expressly declare, that the enumeration in the constitution of certain rights, shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people; and that the powers not delegated to the United States by the constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people. With regard to these articles, it is to be observed that they are strictly declaratory, and that they produce no alteration in the law as it in reality stood at the time of their formation. They amount to nothing more than would have resulted from a fair and regular interpretation of the constitution: because it must ever have been a fundamental position, that the general government is entitled to no other authority than what is substantially granted by that instrument.

"It has, indeed, been contended that the paragraph of the third article of amendment, which declares that 'Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech or of the press,' necessarily implies and recognizes a right to enact such statutes to regulate opinion and the press as do not abridge the liberty with respect to them which was previously sanctioned by the established law. This pernicious sophism, which leads to the unlimited empire of constructive authority, demands a serious refutation. Let it be earnestly remarked, that it is the letter and genuine spirit of the constitution, and not the mutable opinions of men, which should constitute the exclusive standard of decision. Such restrictory provisions may proceed from superabundant caution; they may be derived from an apprehension that obnoxious powers may be challenged in consequence of an irregular latitude of construction; and, perhaps, they may frequently imply an impression on the mind that such powers are in reality contained in the constitution. Farther than this, the argument cannot extend. And even admitting that such third article of the amendments may be considered as presumptive evidence of the opinion of those who framed and those who adopted it, that Congress in reality possessed those powers, that opinion should not be taken against the liberties of the people. It cannot amount to a grant of new powers, nor can it alter the import of the original instrument. The opinion of no man can change the genuine sense and meaning of the constitution: the original must govern. It is a record which can only be tried by itself. The text is before us: we are not compelled to resort to any commentary.

"It is further to be observed, that it is exclusively the intention of the articles of amendment to furnish additional securities to public liberty, and not to confer additional powers on Congress. They can never, therefore, be taken as the basis of authority in derogation of the original constitution.

"It has also been maintained, that 'a law to punish false, scandalous, and malicious writings against government, is necessary for carrying into effect the powers vested by the constitution in the government of the United States, and in the departments and officers thereof, and, consequently, such a law as Congress may pass.'

"Such doctrine evidently proceeds from a bold and licentious construction of the clause authorising Congress to enact such laws as are necessary and proper for carrying into execution the specific powers of government, upon the ground that libellous publications tend to obstruct its measures, and even to endanger its existence.

"This interpretation undoubtedly weakens the limitations of the constitution, and destroys the certainty of its provisions. The terms '*necessary*' and '*proper*,' upon which it entirely rests, are extremely indefinite, and may, with equal plausibility, be advanced in justification of every exercise of authority. The preceding clauses invest the general government with its substantial powers. The clause in question appears to have been intended only as an auxiliary to enable them to adopt such regulations as may be immediately connected with those powers, but not to enlarge the subject-matter of its jurisdiction.

"The coercion of libels is an object of the most extensive magnitude. There is no subject which more seriously affects the liberty and interests of the public; there is none with respect to which the interference of government is susceptible of greater oppression and abuse. If, then, it was the intention of the framers of the constitution, that legislative authority in such cases should have been vested in Congress, is it to be imagined that they would have been silent upon so interesting a subject, and compelled the government to rest its claim to such important authority upon a forced construction of a merely auxiliary clause of the constitution?

"From such an interpretation Congress may claim discretionary and almost arbitrary powers in all cases whatsoever: for as they must necessarily be the judges, and judges in the last resort, of the necessity and propriety of their own measures, unless their substantial prerogatives are governed by the clauses which are specific and express, the qualities of precision and certainty must be eternally banished from the constitution.

"The coercion of libel is rather a subject of domestic superintendance, than an object which properly relates to the general interests of the union. Wherever such coercion is proper or necessary, our State legislatures and tribunals are possessed of sufficient authority to remedy the evil. It is therefore to be presumed to have been intended that the States respectively should solely exercise the power of controuling the conduct of their own citizens in such cases: for, had it been intended to confer upon Congress a jurisdiction over libels, why were they not mentioned as well as treason, piracy, counterfeiting the securities and current coin of the United States, or any other crime?

"Moreover, the words '*necessary*' and '*proper*' are of a texture too slight and equivocal to form the basis of definite and substantial authority. All the purposes for which the powers of Congress are created, are specific and express; and it is exclusively to effectuate such purposes that those powers are granted. The position, that it is necessary or proper Congress should possess the authority of punishing libels to enable them to carry their specific powers into execution, is only founded in speculation and conjecture. No conclusive reasoning has been advanced upon the subject. It cannot be advanced. The idea is merely founded upon vague opinion. What one individual may conceive necessary and proper, another may deem the contrary. Should Congress ever claim the most arbitrary prerogatives upon the same lax and equivocal ground of propriety and expediency, it would be utterly impossible to resist their pretensions.

"If the general doctrines of this work are founded in truth, it is evident that the coercion of libel on the part of the general government, is unnecessary and improper: for, in a community so enlightened as the United States, it is scarcely imaginable that any misrepresentation of public measures should be enabled to defeat the beneficial purposes of administration: and, if any overt-act of resistance should take place, or any improper combination exist, it undoubtedly possesses sufficient energy and vigilance to crush the evil before it advances to an alarming extent.

"But it has been contended, 'that under such general clause, Congress has already enacted laws for which no express provision can be found, and of which the constitutionality has never been questioned.' A stronger consideration against the propriety of the doctrine, it would be impossible to adduce. It exhibits, in an irresistible light, the danger of constructive powers; and evidently proves, that one violation of the constitution will ever be the foundation and the prelude of another. Let the constitution itself be the standard of decision; and let us beware how we 'travel out of the record.'"

The above copious extract will sufficiently exhibit the style and opinions of this writer. On the truth of his inferences on this occasion, or in the former parts of his work, we shall, for the present, decline the task of deciding. They will doubtless confirm those who previously sided with the author, while, such is the magnitude and intricacy of all questions of this kind, his antagonists will imagine that they easily perceive the error which deceives him.—We shall resume the examination of this work in the next number.

ART. XXXV.

A Discourse, occasioned by the Death of General George Washington, delivered December 29, 1799. *By* John Thornton Kirkland, *Minister of the New South Church, Boston. To which is added, Washington's Valedictory Address. Boston.* Thomas *and* Andrews. 8*vo. pp.* 44. 1800.

FEW of the orations which have commemorated the death of Washington can be quoted in comparison with this. The strain of eloquence is more unaffectedly impassioned, more correctly figurative, more temperately encomiastic, than commonly is met with.

It is a sermon, founded on the words of Job: "I chose out their way, and sat as chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners." But the text prefixed is all that reminds us of the pulpit, since, in the course of the performance, the text is not alluded to; nor, indeed, does there occur more than one scriptural quotation.

This discourse has no narrative. No account, circumstantial or compendious, of Washington's exploits is introduced. The principal features of the general and magistrate are selected and displayed in glowing colours, and the portrait is not disfigured by the affectation of historical accuracy or chronological method.

An analysis of the sentiments of this performance, or minute and particular criticisms on the style, would be of little use to the reader, and be unjust to the author, whose rhetorical merit must be estimated by the general effect of his composition, collectively and rapidly considered.

Eloquence, or that property which sways our imagination and our passions, is a lustre reflected from a large surface. Like beauty, it is an emanation from the whole, and vanishes when our eye proceeds to discriminate and particularize, to limit its view to dissevered parts and single atoms. We shall therefore content ourselves with quoting passages most replete with Mr. Kirkland's peculiarities of thinking or expression. The following specimen will suffice:

"Was the nation to be roused from dangerous sleep? his name was sounded in their ears. Was faction to be driven from the light? it was pointed to his awful frown. Was a foreign foe to be deterred from invasion? it was shown his hand upon his sword. With him, its patron, the federal administration would not despair of final support; with him, their leader, the armies of America would be ineffectually held up to odium, would be created with facility, and, in every conflict, would feel invincible. In the present dubious aspect of our national interests, every thing was hoped, in aid of the present system, from the part which he would take, in case of civil dissention, or increased danger from foreign arts or arms.

"Whilst the life of this personage was so interesting to the public welfare, it was not less subservient to the private virtues of the man, the citizen, and the christian. With him, its patron and model, no moral virtue wanted a living eulogy; no laudable sacrifice an animating incentive. We strengthened our defence of the gospel, by showing the infidel that Washington was a christian; and we put to silence the selfish traducer of patriotism, by reminding him of the patriot Washington. Men were animated to be just and sincere, disinterested and humane, diligent and frugal, modest and brave, not only because it was right and wise, but because it was to follow Washington."

Art. XXXVI.

An Oration, delivered at Weathersfield, February 22d, 1800, *on the Death of General Washington, who died December* 14, 1799. *By* E. G. Marsh. *Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 16.

THE usual detail of the incidents of Washington's life, his public and his private virtues, is given in this discourse. The narrative is not enlivened by many sparks of eloquence. The writer observes that "the sublimest eulogy of Washington consists in a faithful history of his life, and an impartial delineation of his public and private virtues;" and every reader will probably comply with his request to be forgiven, "if, in the sketch of his history and character, a strong affection for the man should appear, blended with a reverence for his talents."

This sketch is tolerably faithful and compendious, and beginning as becomes a faithful history, with the birth of Washington, ends with his death. "This day," says Mr. M. "completes sixty-eight years since the parish of Washington, in the county of Westmoreland, in Virginia, gave birth to this great man."

Art. XXXVII.

A Funeral Oration, occasioned by the Death of General George Washington; written at the request of the Boston Mechanic Association, and delivered before them February 22d. 1800. *By* Joseph Tuckerman. *Boston.* Manning *and* Loring. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 24.

THERE is no foppery or affectation in the present discourse. It is a plain, unornamented effusion of the understanding and the heart of a judicious man at the shrine of the dead. The customary detail of Washington's life, from the field of Braddock to his death-bed, accompanied with the usual testimonials of gratitude and admiration, were all that was probably expected by the audience, and all that the speaker aspired to give.

ART. XXXVIII.

An Eulogy on the Life of General George Washington, who died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799, *in the* 68*th year of his age. Written at the request of the Citizens of Newburyport, and delivered at the First Presbyterian Meeting-House in that Town, January* 2, 1800. *By* Thomas Paine, M. A. *Newburyport.* Blunt. 1800. 8*vo.pp.*22.

"AMERICANS!

"THE saviour of your country has obtained his last victory. Having reached the summit of human perfection, he has quitted the region of human glory. *Conqueror of time*, he has triumphed over mortality; *legate of heaven*, he has returned with the tidings of his mission; *father of his people*, he has ascended to advocate their cause in the bosom of his God. Solemn, 'as it were a pause in nature,' was his transit to eternity: thronged by the shades of heroes, his approach to the confines of bliss: pæaned by the song of angels, his journey beyond the stars!"

Most readers would be satisfied with the title-page and this exordium of Mr. P. who proceeds in a strain of increasing boldness and fervour that sometimes leads him to the confines, at least, of extravagance and absurdity.

Though serious, even to sadness, with the melancholy reflections inspired by the event which gave occasion to this eulogy, we could not refrain from smiling at the abortions produced by the fancy of the eulogist. Mr. P. has imagination and language, but the one is uncultivated and unchastized, and the other is employed without any regard to purity or precision. He mistakes conceit, glitter, and bombast, for eloquence and sublimity. Laboured antithesis, and sentences balanced with nice adjustment, frequently occur, which mark the efforts of art and contrivance, but not taste, good sense, or feeling. Indeed, we have rarely seen a performance which exhibited more of a false taste in composition. We are free in making these strictures, because we are told that Mr. P. has his admirers as a writer, and we should be sorry to see his example followed, when so many purer models of style and composition are in the hands of our countrymen.

Without multiplying examples to justify the censure we bestow, we shall select a few passages:

"The robust vigour of his virtue, like the undazzled eye of the eagle, was inaccessible to human weakness; and the unaspiring temperament of his passions, like the regenerating ashes of the phœnix, gave new life to the greatness it could not extinguish."

"That decisive moment in the existence of nations and men, on which the destinies of both are suspended, was now flitting on the dial's point of the crisis."

"That effulgence of military character which, in ancient States, has blasted the rights of the people, whose renown it had brightened, was not *here* permitted, by the hero from whom it emanated, to shine with so destructive a lustre. Its beams, though intensely resplendent, did not wither the young blossoms of our independence; and liberty, like the *burning bush*, flourished unconsumed by the glory which surrounded it."

"Self, the grand hinge on which revolve the principles and passions that have swelled the obituary of nations, made not an unit in the calculations of a mind which considered grandeur as the inseparable incident of rectitude; which owed to fortune nothing of its glory, to enthusiasm nothing of its virtue."

"Pierced by the glance of his administration, *Party*, like the recreant eye of the felon, shrunk abashed from his scrutiny; and, unnerved by the sanctity of his person, *Degeneracy*, like the viper at *Melita*, fell harmless from his hand. Appalled by the oppressive contemplation of his greatness, the 'cloud-capt' crest of *Ambition* was overawed by the majesty of *Virtue*; and, maddened to desperation by the invulnerable purity of his life, the snakes of *Envy* recoiled upon the head of their mistress, and burrowed to the brain, that supplied their venom."

Indiscriminate and extravagant applause is not true praise, nor is it honourable to the memory of him on whom it is bestowed. The daring boldness of the comparison contained in the conclusion of the following paragraph, will shock the sober and pious reader:

"The character was perfect! Washington now touched 'the highest point of all his greatness.' A more than human splendour surrounded him. The etherial spirit of his virtues towered above the globe they adorned, and seemed to meditate their departure to their native mansion. Of the frailty of man, nothing now remained but his mortality; and, having accomplished the embassy of a benevolent Providence—having been the founder of one nation, and the sublime instructor of all, *he took his flight to Heaven;* not like *Mahomet*, for his memory is immortal without the fiction of a miracle; not like *Elijah*, for recording Time has not registered the man *on whom his mantle shall descend;* but in humble imitation of that *Omnipotent Architect* who returned from a created universe to contemplate from his throne the stupendous fabric he had erected!"

ART. XXXIX

An Oration on the Sublime Virtues of General George Washington, pronounced at the Old South Meeting-House, in Boston, before his Honour the Lieutenant Governor, the Council, and the two branches of the Legislature of Massachusetts, at their request, on Saturday the 8th of February, 1800. *By* Fisher Ames. *Boston.* Young *and* Minns. Manning *and* Loring. 1800. 8*vo.* *pp.* 31.

OF a character far different from the performance noticed in the preceding article, is the one now before us. We turn with pleasure from a fabric gaudy, tasteless, and frail, to the contemplation of one where the proportion, beauty, and strength of a Grecian structure are displayed.

Mr. A. takes a wider range, and deviates more into the tract of political discussion, than at first sight may be thought suitable to the chief purpose of his oration. But in an address to the legislative assembly of the State, he may, be permitted, with propriety, to take larger views, and to indulge in more general reflections on those great events to which the political life and character of Washington bear strong relation, than if he were celebrating the virtues of a less distinguished person, before an audience of private citizens.

After expressing how much gratitude is due to the great benefactors of mankind, the universal sorrow at the irreparable loss of the illustrious deceased, and his own inability to perform the task assigned him, and of doing justice to such a character, Mr. A. seeks to repress the feelings of grief, and to speak the impartial judgment of posterity.

"With whatever fidelity," he observes, "I might execute this task, I know that some would prefer a picture drawn to the imagination. They would have our Washington represented of a giant's size, and in the character of a hero of romance. They who love to wonder better than to reason, would not be satisfied with the contemplation of a great example, unless, in the exhibition, it should be so distorted into prodigy, as to be both incredible and useless. Others, I hope but few, who think meanly of human nature, will deem it incredible that even Washington should think with as much dignity and elevation as he acted; and they will grovel in vain in the search for mean and selfish motives that could incite and sustain him to devote his life to his country."

Some brief and pertinent reflections are then made on the early education of Washington, the causes which led to the revolutionary war, and his conduct as a leader of our armies. The particulars of his birth, education, and exploits, are left for the future historians of impartial posterity. "Time never fails to bring every exalted reputation to a strict scrutiny: the world, in passing the judgment that is never to be reversed, will deny all partiality, even to the name of Washington. Let it be denied; for its justice will confer glory."

The following remarks on the ignorance and mistakes of Europeans concerning the United States of America after the acquisition of independence, will please the candid and impartial reader.

"The event of that war seemed to crown the felicity and glory both of America and its Chief. Until that contest, a great part of the civilized world had been surprisingly ignorant of the force and character, and almost of the existence, of the British Colonies. They had not retained what they knew, nor felt curiosity to know the state of thirteen wretched settlements, which vast woods inclosed, and still vaster woods divided from each other. They did not view the Colonists so much a people, as a race of fugitives, whom want, and solitude, and intermixture with the savages, had made barbarians. Great Britain, they saw, was elate with her victories: Europe stood in awe of her power: her arms made the thrones of the most powerful unsteady, and disturbed the tranquillity of their States, with an agitation more extensive than an earthquake. As the giant Enceladaus is fabled to lie under Ætna, and to shake the mountain when he turns his limbs, her hostility was felt to the extremities of the world. It reached to both the Indies; in the wilds of Africa, it obstructed the commerce in slaves; the whales finding, in time of war, a respite from their pursuers, could venture to sport between the tropics, and did not flee, as in peace, to hide beneath the ice-fields of the polar circle.

"At this time, while Great-Britain wielded a force not inferior to that of the Roman empire under Trajan,* suddenly, astonished Europe beheld a feeble people, till then unknown, stand forth and defy this giant to the combat. It was so unequal, all expected it would be short. The events of that war were so many miracles, that attracted, as much perhaps as any war ever did, the wonder of mankind. Our final success exalted their admiration to its highest point: they allowed to Washington all that is due to transcendent virtue, and to the Americans more than is due to human nature. They considered us [*as*] a race of Washingtons, and admitted that nature in America was fruitful only in prodigies. Their books and their travellers, exaggerating and distorting all their representations, assisted to establish the opinion that this *is* [*was*] a new world, with a new order of men and things adapted to it; that here we practise industry amidst the abundance that requires none; that we have morals so refined, that we do not need laws; and, though we have them, yet we ought to consider their execution as an insult and a wrong; that we have virtue without weaknesses, sentiment without passions, and liberty without factions. These illusions, in spite of their absurdity, and, perhaps, because they are absurd enough to have dominion over the imagination only, have been received by many of the malecontents against the governments of Europe, and induced them to emigrate. Such illusions are too soothing to vanity to be entirely checked in their currency among Americans.

---

* This parallel is very faulty. Whether national force be conſidered abſolutely in *degree* or in *kind*, or relatively to the force with which the nation has to contend in others, Trajan's Empire and George's are totally unlike. Such compariſons ſavour too much of the ſuperficial rhetoric of a College. R.

"They have been pernicious, as they cherish false ideas of the rights of men and the duties of rulers. They have led the citizens to look for liberty where it is not, and to consider the government, which is its castle, as its prison."

Mr. A. then depicts the evils of jealousy, discord, and injustice, which followed the return of peace under the feeble influence of the old confederation; the formation and final adoption of a new constitution, in the administration of which, Washington was the first president.

"No sooner did the new government begin its auspicious course, than order seemed to arise out of confusion. The governments of Europe had seen the old confederation sinking, squalid and pale, into the tomb, when they beheld the new American republic rise suddenly from the ground, and, throwing off its grave cloathes, exhibiting the stature and proportions of a young giant refreshed with sleep. Commerce and industry awoke, and were cheerful at their labours; for credit and confidence awoke with them. Every where was the appearance of prosperity; and the only fear was, that its progress was too rapid to consist with the purity and simplicity of ancient manners. The cares and labours of the president were incessant: his exhortations, example, and authority, were employed to excite zeal and activity for the public service: able officers were selected, only for their merits; and some of them remarkably distinguished themselves by their successful management of the public business. Government was administered with such integrity, without mystery, and in so prosperous a course, that it seemed to be wholly employed in acts of beneficence. Though it has made many thousand malecontents, it has never, by its rigour or injustice, made one man wretched."

Mr. A. professes himself the ardent lover of rational liberty, even with its attendants, party spirit and popular agitations.

"If it had been in the nature of man that we should enjoy liberty without the agitations of party, the United States had a right, under these circumstances, to expect it: but it was impossible. Where there is no liberty, they [*men*] may be exempt from party. It will seem strange, but it scarcely admits a doubt, that there are fewer malecontents in Turkey than in any free State in the world. Where the people have no power, they enter into no contests, and are not anxious to know how they shall use it. The spirit of discontent becomes torpid for want of employment, and sighs itself to rest. The people sleep soundly in their chains, and do not even dream of their weight. They lose their turbulence with their energy, and become as tractable as any other animals: a state of degradation, in which they extort our scorn and engage our pity for the misery they do not feel. Yet that heart is a base one, and fit only for a slave's bosom, that would not bleed freely rather than submit to such a condition; for liberty, with all its parties and agitations, is more desirable than slavery. Who would not prefer the republics of ancient Greece, where liberty once subsisted in its excess, its delirium, terrible in its charms, and glistening to the last with the blaze of the very fire that consumed it?

"I do not know that I ought, but I am sure that I do, prefer those republics to the dozing slavery of the modern Greece, where the degraded wretches have suffered scorn till they merit it—where they tread on classic ground, on the ashes of heroes and patriots, unconscious of their ancestry, ignorant of the nature, and almost of the name of liberty, and insensible even to the passion for it. Who, on this contrast, can forbear to say, 'It is the modern Greece that lies buried, that sleeps forgotten in the caves of Turkish darkness: it is the ancient Greece that lives in remembrance, that is still bright with glory, still fresh in immortal youth?' They are unworthy of liberty who entertain a less exalted idea of its excellence. The misfortune is, that those who profess to be its most passionate admirers, have generally the least comprehension of its hazards and impediments: they expect that an enthusiastic admiration of its nature will reconcile the multitude to the irksomeness of its restraints. Delusive expectation! Washington was not thus deluded. We have his solemn warning against the often fatal propensities of liberty. He had reflected that men are often false to their country and their honour, false to duty and even to their interest; but multitudes of men are never long false or deaf to their passions; these will find obstacles in the laws, associates in party. The fellowships thus formed, are more intimate, and impose commands more imperious, than those of society."

By a natural transition of thought, Mr. A. passes to the French revolution and its influence on the politics of his own country, and frankly avows his "deep abhorrence" of "its despotism by the mob, or the military, from the first, and its hypocrisy of morals to the last." He supports this opinion by a view of the conduct of the leaders of that revolution towards their own people and towards the nations of the world, and contrasts their wild and destructive liberty, with the peaceful, just, and virtuous liberty of America. The dangerous intrigues of the French, and the consequent perversion and corruption of many of our own citizens, were arrested by the proclamation of neutrality issued by Washington, and by the subsequent measures of the government.

After the account we have given of this oration, and the extracts we have made, we might fairly dismiss it, with a recommendation of the whole to the perusal of our readers. But the concluding pages contain so much just description, eloquence, and discrimination, that we cannot forbear to give them entire, trusting that the pleasure they may impart, will compensate for the length of the quotation.

"It is not impossible that some will affect to consider the honours paid to this great patriot by the nation, as excessive, idolatrous, and degrading to freemen, who are all equal. I answer, that refusing to virtue its legitimate honours, would not prevent their being lavished, in future, on any worthless and ambitious favourite. If this day's example should have its natural effect, it will be salutary. Let such honours be so conferred only when, in future, they shall be so merited: then the public sentiment will not be misled, nor the principles of a just equality corrupted. The best evidence of reputation is a man's whole life. We have now, alas! all Washington's before us. There has scarcely appeared a really great man whose character has been more admired in his life time, or less correctly understood by his admirers. When it is comprehended, it is no easy task to delineate its excellencies in such a manner as to give to the portrait both interest and resemblance. For it requires thought and study to understand the true ground of the superiority of his character over many others whom he resembled in the principles of action, and even in the manner of acting. But perhaps he excels all the great men that ever lived in the steadiness of his adherence to his maxims of life, and in the uniformity of all his conduct to the same maxims. These maxims, though wise, were yet not so remarkable for their wisdom, as for their authority over his life; for, if there were any errors in his judgment, (and he discovered as few as any man) we knew of no blemishes in his virtue. He was the patriot without reproach: he loved his country well enough to hold his success in serving it an ample recompense. Thus far self-love and love of country coincided; but, when his country needed sacrifices that no other man could, or perhaps would be willing to make, he did not even hesitate. This was virtue in its most exalted character. More than once he put his fame at hazard, when he had reason to think it would be sacrificed, at least, in this age. Two instances cannot be denied: when the army was disbanded; and again, when he stood, like Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, to defend our independence against France.

"It is, indeed, almost as difficult to draw his character, as the portrait of Virtue. The reasons are similar. Our ideas of moral excellence are obscure, because they are complex, and we are obliged to resort to illustrations. Washington's example is the happiest to shew what virtue is; and, to delineate his character, we naturally expatiate on the beauty of virtue: much must be felt, and much imagined. His pre-eminence is not so much to be seen in the display of any one virtue, as in the possession of them all, and in the practice of the most difficult. Hereafter, therefore, his character must be studied before it will be striking; and then it will be admitted as a model; a precious one to a free republic!

"It is no less difficult to speak of his talents. They were adapted to lead, without dazzling mankind; and to draw forth and employ the talents of others, without being misled by them. In this he was certainly superior, that he neither mistook nor misapplied his own. His great modesty and reserve would have concealed them, if great occasions had not called them forth; and then, as he never spoke from the affectation to shine, nor acted from any sinister motives, it is from their effects only that we are to judge of their greatness and extent. In public trusts, where men, acting conspicuously, are cautious; and in those private concerns where few conceal or resist their weaknesses, Washington was uniformly great; pursuing right conduct from right maxims. His talents were such as assist a sound judgment, and ripen with it. His prudence was consummate, and seemed to take the direction of his powers and passions; for, as a soldier, he was more solicitous to avoid mistakes that might be fatal, than to perform exploits that are brilliant; and, as a statesman, to adhere to just principles, however old, than to pursue novelties; and therefore, in both characters, his qualities were singularly adapted to the interest, and were tried in the greatest perils of the country. His habits of inquiry were so far remarkable, that he was never satisfied with investigating, nor desisted from it so long as he had less than all the light that he could obtain upon a subject; and then he made his decision without bias.

"This command over the partialities that so generally stop men short, or turn them aside in their pursuit of truth, is one of the chief causes of his unvaried course of right conduct in so many difficult scenes, where every human actor must be presumed to err.

"If he had strong passions, he had learned to subdue them, and to be moderate and mild. If he had weaknesses, he concealed them, which is rare, and excluded them from the government of his temper and conduct, which is still more rare. If he loved fame, he never made improper compliances for what is called popularity. The fame he enjoyed, is of the kind that will last forever; yet, it was rather the effect, than the motive of his conduct. Some future Plutarch will search for a parallel to his character. Epaminondas is, perhaps, the brightest name of all antiquity.[*] Our Washington resembled him in the purity and ardour of his patriotism; and, like him, he first exalted the glory of his country. There, it is to be hoped, the parallel ends; for Thebes fell with Epaminondas. But such comparisons cannot be pursued far, without departing from the similitude: for we shall find it as difficult to compare great men as great rivers. Some we admire for the length and rapidity of their current, and the grandeur of their cataracts: others, for the majestic silence and fulness of their streams: we cannot bring them together to measure the difference of their waters. The unambitious life of Washington, declining fame yet courted by it, seemed, like the Ohio, to choose its long way through solitudes, diffusing fertility; or, like his own Potowmac, widening and deepening his channel as he approaches the sea, and displaying most the usefulness and serenity of his greatness towards the end of his course. Such a citizen would do honour to any country. The constant veneration and affection of his country, will shew that it was worthy of such a citizen.

"However his military fame may excite the wonder of mankind, it is chiefly by his civil magistracy that his example will instruct them. Great generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and, perhaps, most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendour that, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes is, indeed, growing vulgar: they multiply in every long war: they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

---

[*] Another academic and very faulty parallel. What is common to Waſhington and Epaminondas, is common to Waſhington and a thouſand others. Mr. A. might as well, nay better, have quoted Arminius or Scanderbeg. Plutarch's parallels are all fanciful, and little more than exerciſes of a rhetorician's ingenuity. R.

"But such a chief-magistrate as Washington, appears like the pole star in a clear sky, to direct the skilful statesman. His presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Already it assumes its high place in the political region. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument, to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to heaven that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plenitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's."

In the foregoing passage, the critical reader may remark a too frequent use of the figure which rhetoricians call Comparison. This figure is undoubtedly too formal and cold for rapid and impassioned eloquence; and, even in the more sober oratory of Mr. A. it recurs upon us too often. They evince a lively and creative imagination, but, when lavished with too much profusion, they distract, if not offend. The concluding part of the introduction to this oration is particularly faulty in this respect; and the sagacious and judicious reader will object not only to the *number* of figures crowded together, but to the *manner* in which they are expressed.

That an orator, possessed of the talents of Mr. A. should stoop to the employment of the conceit and pun in the following sentence, is truly surprising.

"It would be a picture of Washington, and, like a picture, *flat* as the *canvas*; like a statue, *cold* as the *marble* on which he is represented; *cold*, alas! as his *corpse* in the ground. Ah! how unlike the man late *warm* with living virtues—animated by the soul once glowing with patriotic fires! He is gone! *the tomb hides all that the world could scarce contain*, and that once was Washington, except his glory; *that* is the rich inheritance of his country; and his example, *that* let us endeavour, by delineating, to impart to mankind."

ART. XL.

Twelve Discourses, comprising a systematical demonstration of the Divine Origin of the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. By Benjamin Trumbull, *D. D. Pastor of the Church of Christ in North-Haven. Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1799. *12mo. pp.* 305.

DR. Trumbull, in his dedication to the people under his pastoral charge, assigns the following reasons for delivering and publishing these discourses:

"The uncommon growth of infidelity and licentiousness within a few years past, and the increase and spread of books fraught with misrepresentation, bitterness, and blasphemy against the eternal and Almighty Saviour and his holy religion, have awakened in me a deep concern, *lest, by any means, as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtil-*

ty, so your minds should be corrupted from the simplicity that is in Christ. My fears were further awakened, from this consideration, that the common people, and especially the youth, were very little acquainted with the deistical controversy:—therefore, in the beginning of the year 1795, upon your desire, in a course of lectures I delivered to you the following discourses.

"Several reasons induced me to revise and publish what I had so delivered. I was sensible that it would be impossible for you to retain them on barely hearing them once; and, that the impression made by hearing, would be very much lost unless you could review the subject. The opinion and advice of a number of my brethren in the ministry, in favour of the measure, have been a further, and very considerable inducement to the publication. Though many books have been excellently written on the subject, yet they have been, generally, much too voluminous for the common people. They have also rather been employed in stating and answering deistical objections and cavils, than in exhibiting, in a connected and forcible point of light, the evidences of christianity. Others have been written with great judgment and ingenuity on detached parts of the argument; yet, none have come to my knowledge in which the necessity of a divine revelation, and the evidences of the divine origin and importance of every part of the scriptures, have been so systematically, connectedly, and familiarly exhibited. I cannot, therefore, but entertain a pleasing hope, that the publication may, through the divine benediction, be of advantage, not only to you and your posterity, but to the people of this, and of the neighbouring States, especially to young clergymen, to candidates for the ministry, and to young people in general."

The discourses contained in this volume, are on the following subjects:—The first, founded upon Prov. vi. 5, 6, 7, 8, 9. is on the duty and happy consequences of obtaining divine knowledge. The second (text 1 Cor. i. 21.) is on the necessity of a divine revelation. The third (text Heb. i. 1.) on the divinity of the Pentateuch and scriptures of the old testament. The fourth (text Deut. iv. 8.) on the internal evidences of the old testament. The fifth (text Heb. i. 1.) on the authenticity of the new testament. The sixth (text Jerem. xxviii. 9.) on the evidence arising from prophecy. The seventh (text Acts xviii. 5.) on the evidence arising from the prophecies which respect Christ. The eighth (text Acts ii. 22.) on the evidence of miracles. The ninth (text 2 Tim. iii. 16.) on inspiration. The tenth (text Isaiah lvii. 14.) on some popular objections. The eleventh (text Prov. xiii. 20.) on the advantages of walking with the wise. The twelfth and last (text Prov. xiii. 20.) on folly, its progress, and the destruction of fools.

Those who cannot procure larger works on the deistical controversy, or who have not time to read such, will find, in the volume before us, a judicious and comprehensive summary of the arguments which are diffused over a much more extensive surface in other writers. We believe the religious public will, on the whole, consider Dr. T. as having done well. He discovers an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the subject, and a zeal and earnestness in inculcating truth, which cannot fail of commanding respect.

The most of the writers who have undertaken to give a view of the evidences of christianity, have executed their task on general ground, without going into any details respecting the doctrines which distinguish and divide the several denominations of believers. Dr. T. has not, in all cases, kept this neutral position. We think he has judged rightly in supposing that a system of truth can never be so well defended as when the advocate candidly avows his attachment to the several parts of which it is composed, and shuns no proper occasion of bringing them into view.

The style of these discourses is substantially good. It possesses, in a considerable degree, two important attributes, perspicuity and precision. Dr. T. tells us he has endeavoured to "treat his subjects in such a manner, and so to enliven the language, as that neither might be dull and unentertaining, even to the warm feelings and sprightly imaginations of young people." We do not think "liveliness" the most remarkable character of the Dr.'s style. Is it politic to make such professions beforehand? Is any reader like to be the more pleased, on examining an author's language, for having been told previously that great exertions were used to make it interesting?

ART. XLI.

A Sermon, preached at Cambridge, on the Lord's Day, December 29, 1799, occasioned by the Death of George Washington, &c. By Abiel Holmes, *M. A. Pastor of the First Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Boston.* Hall. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 22.

THE text of this discourse is taken from Isaiah iii. 1, 2, 3. Behold! *the Lord of hosts doth take away the mighty man, and the man of war, the prudent, and the ancient, the honourable man, and the counsellor.* The principal object of Mr. H. is to apply the various epithets and characteristics mentioned in this passage of holy writ, to the late father of our country, to shew that he was *a mighty man—a man of war—prudent—ancient—honourable,—and a counsellor.* We see little to commend, or to censure, either in the plan or execution of this sermon. Mr. H. tells us nothing of Washington but what is familiarly known. He places no part of his wonderful character in a new, or peculiarly interesting light. His praise is all of the common kind, and expressed in the common way.

ART. XLII.

A Sermon, preached at Norwich (Connecticut), on hearing of the Death of General George Washington, &c. By Joseph Strong, *Pastor of the First Church in Norwich. Norwich.* Trumbull. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 17.

THIS sermom is chiefly remarkable for two things, its *brevity*, and its *modesty*. Mr. S. neither fatigues by tediousness, nor nauseates by indulging in fulsome or extravagant strains. Too many of General Washington's eulogists seem to have supposed, that the more frequently they mentioned his name, and the more rhapsodical and bombastic the style of their praise, the more fully they attained the desired end. Mr. S. has taken a different method. He describes a great and a good character in the abstract. In this description, which is pretty well drawn, though the talents and virtues of our departed hero are obviously kept in view, yet there is no direct reference to them. Toward the close, Mr. S. gives vent to his feelings in the following language:

"I am sure it is needless to inform you, my brethren, that the past remarks are by no means those of the mere *speculatist*. They are not the produce of imagination, but have been penned from actual life. *O Washington!* thou great and good! thou friend of God and man! I can suppress thy beloved name no longer! *Rich* in years, *rich* in desert, *rich* in virtue, *rich* in the esteem of thy country and the world; thou art now shrouded in the tomb, *and thy place shall know thee no more. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!*"

ART. XLIII.

A Farewell Sermon to the People of Colebrook (Connecticut), delivered July 14, 1799. *By* Jonathan Edwards, D. D. *President of Union College. Suffield.* Gray. 1799. 8*vo. pp.* 15.

THE Reverend and learned author of this discourse, had been but a short time settled, as Pastor of the church in Colebrook, when the chair of President of Union College becoming vacant, the Trustees of that institution made choice of him to fill it. He accepted the appointment, and it was on taking leave of his congregation, to enter on the duties of his new office, that the discourse before us was delivered.

The public opinion of Dr. E.'s erudition, talents, and piety, has been long fixed, and very high. From such a man no one would expect any thing weak or trifling. Nor is there any thing of this kind to be found in the present discourse. He instructs, exhorts, and bids adieu to the people of his charge in a becoming style of seriousness, good sense, and benevolence, without ornament, without pathos, and without affectation.

We are sorry to see the typographical dress of this sermon so coarse and unsightly. Authors and printers should recollect that the best compositions, as well as the best men, always suffer more or less in public estimation, by appearing in a mean garb. Dr. E.'s discourses are worthy of better treatment.

ART. XLIV.

A Sermon, delivered at Hackinsack, December 15, 1799, *at the Instalment of the Rev.* James C. V. Romeyn, *in the Congregations of Hackinsack and Schralenburgh. By* John Cornelison, *Minister of the United Congregations of Bergen and English Neighbourhood. New-York.* T. and J. Swords. 1800. 8*vo pp.* 31.

THIS sermon has little to recommend it, but the seriousness and piety which it exhibits. It contains only a few trite ideas, spread over a large surface, and presented in a manner far from being distinct, accurate, or interesting. The faults of Mr. C.'s style are numerous. Obscurities, redundancies, misapplied epithets, and violations of the fundamental rules of grammar, and of good writing, are to be found in almost every page. We have seldom seen more defects in a performance of the same extent. Was it the peculiar interest of the *occasion* on which it was pronounced, or the magic of *delivery*, that induced any to request a publication of this discourse?

Art. XLV.

The Virgin of the Sun; a Play in five Acts, from the German of Augustus Von Kotzebue; with Notes, marking the variations from the Original. By William Dunlap. *New-York.* George F. Hopkins. 1800. 8*vo.* *pp.* 80.

The Virgin of the Sun; a Play in five Acts. Translated from the German of Kotzebue by Charles Smith. *New-York.* 1800. 8*vo.* *pp.* 96.

IN the dedication of this play, we are informed that it owes its origin to the "commands" of a female friend of the author, who was present with him at the representation of Nauman's opera of Cora, and suggested it as a subject for a drama. The author, obedient to the gentle mandate of the fair critic, soon after introduced to her "The Virgin of the Sun."

The conquests of Mexico and Peru have afforded many excellent subjects for the drama, but the peculiar genius and taste of Kötzebue have led him to the construction of a play very different from others taken from the same events. The materials of his performance are to be found in the romance of Marmontel, rather than in the narrations of the historians of Peru.

The scene is laid in Quito, the residence of Ataliba, or Athualpa, the monarch of Peru, who, at the time of the arrival of Pizarro, was at war with his brother Huascar. Alonzo, one of the companions of Pizarro, had abandoned his leader, and espoused the cause and the interests of the Peruvian King, and aided him in subduing his rebellious brother. He is the friend of Ataliba, and the admiration of the court of Quito. A dreadful earthquake shook the city, and, while the affrighted priestesses were flying for safety from the tottering Temple, Alonzo boldly enters through the ruins and bears off Cora, a virgin of the Sun, surrounded with danger, to a place of security. She, in return for this signal service, yields the full possession of her heart to the young and valiant Spaniard.

The play opens with the appearance of the High Priest, and of Rolla, a Peruvian hero, a descendant of the Sun, who, enamoured of Cora, becomes weary of society, and, in despair, seeks to hide his passion and sooth his feelings in the midst of woods and solitude. The High Priest in vain endeavours to persuade him to renounce his purpose, and return again to society and the service of his country.

Alonzo appears, leading Cora over the broken wall of the Temple. Filled with anxiety and alarm for her fate, he cannot forbear to express his apprehension of the consequences of the breach of her religious vow. Unconscious of wrong, but desirous to remove the fears of her lover, she leads him to the summit of a hill to behold the rising sun, with the belief that if she has erred, her divinity will manifest his displeasure by veiling his beams, or annihilating her by the first dart of his rays. Alonzo yields to the artless simplicity and superstition of his mistress, and they kneel together to catch the first beams of the heavenly luminary. The sun rises in full splendour, and Cora is convinced that she has not incurred the displeasure of her divinity. While they are paying their adorations, Rolla comes forth from his cave, and, discovering Cora on the hill, calls her by name. Alonzo, alarmed at the discovery, descends the hill and desperately rushes on Rolla. His friend, Velasquez, who was in waiting, interposes and prevents his killing his unarmed rival. Cora flies to Rolla and tells him the story of her love for Alonzo. He embraces her, and, aware of the horrible consequences of her intercourse with her lover, unmindful of his own passion, and actuated only by a generous and disinterested regard for her happiness, he resolves to extricate her from the dangers to which she was every moment exposed by the breach of her vows. From the lover, he becomes the ardent and active friend, and proposes to lead the unfortunate pair to a place of safety in some sequestered spot beyond the mountains. Idali and Amazilli, the companions of Cora, are sent by the High Priestess in search of her. Valasquez and Diego take advantage of their simplicity to draw them into conversation; thus to share, in some degree, the guilt of Cora, with whom they return to the Temple. The High Priestess learns from these simple and credulous girls, that they and Cora have been conversing with Spaniards; and, by her threats and admonition, extorts from Cora a full confession of her love for Alonzo, and of the consequence of their intercourse. Telasco and Zorai, the father and brother of Cora, arrive at the court of Ataliba, and are received by him with hospitality and friendship. The Priestesses complain to the king of the seduction of Cora, and demand vengeance on the seducer. The venerable Telasco, and the young Zorai, with anguish, hear the accusation of Cora, and submit to the law, which condemns her and her family to be buried alive. While the Priests are digging the grave of Cora, Rolla enters and exclaims with agony and indignation, at their barbarity and injustice. The High Priest, affected by the violent passion which tortures the breast of Rolla, makes known to him the story of his birth, of which he was before ignorant, and embraces him as his son, the offspring of a youthful passion for Zulma, one of the loveliest of the virgins in the Temple of their divinity. Rolla entreats his father to use the influence of his character and office to save Cora. Cora and Alonzo are brought before the assembled Priests in chains, and, after a struggle of affection in each, by self-accusation to save the other, they are ordered to be led away and to prepare for death. The fifth act exhibits the Temple of the Sun, and all the magnificence of the Peruvian worship. The High Priest in vain attempts to turn the hearts of his brethren to mercy. They all pronounce the rigid sentence of death, except the father of Rolla, who declares for mercy. Alonzo and Cora, with Telasco and Zorai, are then brought in, guarded and in chains. Cora discovers her father and brother, and supplicates them for reconciliation and forgiveness, and, after a scene of tenderness, affection, and distress, they embrace each other. The unhappy victim entreats them also to forgive Alonzo. The father consents, but the son cannot subdue his resentment so far as to follow his example. The Inca, to whom it belongs to pronounce the final sentence of the laws, enters, and, after declaring Telasco and Zorai free, pays his adorations to the image of the sun, and bids the High Priest do his office in regard to Cora and Alonzo. He declines, and Zorai declares their sentence to be death. The king is invested with the ensigns of justice and mercy, invokes the aid of the divinity, and is about to utter the awful sentence, when a messenger announces an insurrection among the people, and that Rolla is at their head. Rolla enters in his war dress, accompanied by his armed followers; he kneels to the king and entreats him to spare Cora; the king rejects his petition, and refuses to listen to a rebel in arms. He orders the soldiers to seize him; but, awed by the eloquent expostulation of Rolla, they refuse to obey. Cora goes to Rolla, embraces him, and, by gentleness, subdues the storm of his passion, and persuades him to surrender to her his arms. She leads him to the king, and, laying the arms at his feet, they both kneel; and Ataliba, prompted by his own feelings, and swayed by the opinion of the High Priest, abolishes the law, and gives life and freedom to Cora and Alonzo.

Such is the plot of this drama, which, like most others from the pen of the same writer, is romantic, and, in the execution, unequal. Scenes of exquisite tenderness and feeling, or of high wrought passion, are succeeded by dull and stale sentiment, or declamations extravagant and bombastic. The wit of Diego is flat and tiresome, though the translator has endeavoured to help the author by giving it some point and turn. Diego is of so little use in the play, that we are at a loss to know why he was introduced. Nor does the reader take much interest in the character, or feel greatly edified by the moral reflections, however just, of Velasquez.

Rolla is a character possessed of noble qualities and most exalted virtues. All his conduct inspires sympathy, love, and admiration. The language of passion, which he utters, sometimes borders, perhaps, on extravagance; but this is less discernible in the play of Mr. D. than in the original.

Cora is depicted as gentle, affectionate, innocent, and pious, and appears intended by the author as a contrast to the female brought up amidst the follies and refinements of artificial society. This difference is also in some degree exemplified in the opposite effect produced by the same cause on her artless and unconscious mind, and that of her lover, possessed of the feelings and habits of an European. One purpose of the writer is to attack monastic institutions, and that absurd superstition which in vain seeks to counteract the strongest impulse of the human heart, and to please the Creator by confining beings fitted for a life of social activity, virtue, and happiness, to a state of solitary seclusion, indolence, and discontent, and thereby defeating the end of their creation. On the whole, the reader, though he may find some things to censure, will feel considerable interest and pleasure in the perusal of this play.

The alterations made by Mr. D. are so great that his performance can hardly be considered as a translation. It is almost a new play, in which will be found but few of those faults in style and sentiment which occur in the more literal and faithful translations of the original. For the sake of those who wish to see the whole of Kotzebue, most of the omitted passages are restored, and the alterations pointed out in the notes subjoined to the play. But the minuter differences of expression, by which the original is softened and chastized, are too many to be particularized, and render the production of Mr. D. to an English reader, superior to other translations. Those whose admiration for Kotzebue is so strong that they cannot tolerate this freedom, will prefer the literal versions, in which the author is represented in his own colours of beauty and deformity.

The following passage will, in some degree, mark the liberties taken by Mr. D. with his author:

' *Enter* HIGH PRIEST.

' '*Rol.* Speak!—Is it true?—True or false?

'*H. P.* I understand not your words, but the wildness of your looks, too well. It is true.

'*Rol.* (*Pointing to the grave.*) And here?—

'*H. P.* (*Turning from him.*) Alas!

'*Rol.* And Rolla live? No, ye eternal gods!—Sooner shall the temple become a desert, and the holy lamp be extinguished! Sooner, much sooner shall yon pit be the grave of Rolla!—Rise, ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breathe more freely!—that my voice may contend with your roarings, and my arm emulate your lightnings in destruction! O! while this hand can wield a sword, who shall dare touch Cora!

'*H. P.* Madman, rage on! Thy frenzy would contend with the gods.

'*Rol.* With the gods? O, no! The gods side with me; their lightning is in my hand, their shield covers my breast. Short sighted mortals! Love is the holiest, the brightest, the warmest ray of our divinity! it alike unfolds the bud of the rose, and the heart of man! Woe, then, to the wretch who retires to cold and cloistered solitude, when he should open his breast to receive this genial ray! But double woe to the greater wretch who spreads the cloud of superstition between man and his God, to intercept this heavenly emanation! But to whom am I talking? You cannot understand me.

'*H. P.* You do me injustice, Rolla.

'*Rol.* Injustice? Have you a sense of the heavenly feeling, the godlike quality of love? *You*, whose lips have condemned Cora?

'*H. P.* My lips condemned Cora.

'*Rol.* Not your heart?

'*H. P.* Not my heart.

'*Rol.* Come, then, to my arms! The blessing of heaven be on you! You are a man!—But why stand you there so cold and inactive? Save her!

'*H. P.* I cannot.

'*Rol.* Courage, dear uncle, courage! Your grey hairs, your mild eloquence, my sword, and the arm of God! Yes, we shall save her!

'*H. P.* Alas, young man! Your zeal makes you blind to the steep rocks which lie in our way.

'*Rol.* I feel strength to surmount them.

'*H. P.* Ancient popular opinions—the custom of centuries—

'*Rol.* Nature is older than these.

'*H. P.* But not more powerful.

'*Rol.* Mere evasion.

'*H. P.* Could I, by the sacrifice of my remaining years, purchase the life of Cora, with eager steps would I descend into this grave—

Rol. Away, away! Do not talk; act.'

In the translation of Mr. S. the same dialogue stands thus:

Enter the HIGH PRIEST.

'*Rol.* Ha! here he is!—Oh tell me instantly! is this true or false?

'*H. P.* Though I can scarcely understand thy words, I understand those wild looks but too well!—Alas! it is true!

'*Rol.* *(Pointing to the grave)* And here?

'*H. P.* *(With a deep sigh, and turning away his face)* Yes!

'*Rol.* Tremble, then, ye mighty rocks! Groan! groan! ye hills! thou fire, burst forth in the valleys and consume the fruits of the soil! Let the plains be no longer crowned with verdure, but the whole earth appear as one vast scene of conflagration! Rise ye terrors of nature, ye storms and whirlwinds, that I may breath more freely amid your conflicts, that the voice of my agony may contend with your roarings, that my arm may slay more rapidly than the lightning itself!

'*H. P.* Rolla, for the sake of all the gods!———

'*Rol.* No, she shall not die!—Sooner shall the sacred lamp be extinguished, and the temple itself become a desert! Believe me, uncle, she shall not die. You may tell me that the grave is already prepared, that her fate is certain! Yes, the grave is prepared, but Rolla still lives!

'*H. P.* How dreadful are your words!

'*Rol.* Sooner shall it be Rolla's grave!---sooner shall he be stretched a corpse upon the earth!—Yet let him not even then be trusted hastily!—see that every spark of life be gone; if only one be left, it will burst into a flame, and consume the persecutors of Cora. Oh, while this hand can wield a sword, let no one venture to touch Cora! —the blood of him who harbours such a thought, shall answer for his rashness!—the priests—the king —even thou thyself———

'*H. P.* Madman, rage on!— dare in thy frenzy to raise thine arm against the gods!———

'*Rol.* Against the gods!—No, the gods are on my side, their lightning is in my hand, their shield before my breast!—Short-sighted mortals!---What are the brightest, warmest rays of our God but pure effusions of that benign love, which alike unfolds the rose-bud, and expands the human heart. Woe to the miserable wretch who remains insensible to its genial influence, and pining in a cold damp corner of the earth, lives the life of a senseless oyster!---Cora even excels her former self, since she has yielded to the impulse of love ---and how could she fail to do so, for the gods would never leave their master-piece unfinished; and what is the heart without love, but a lamp without light, an eye without the power of vision?———These are things, uncle, which, however, *you* cannot understand.

'*H. P.* You do me injustice, Rolla.

'*Rol.* Injustice!---You cannot have been yourself susceptible of the exquisite, the heavenly feeling of love, when your lips condemned Cora.

'*H. P.* You are right now--- it was my *lips* condemned her.

'*Rol.* But not your heart?

'*H. P.* Not my heart.

'*Rol.* Come then to my arms--- I rejoice to find that you are a man! ---But why stand here so cold and inactive?---fly and save her!

'*H. P.* That is impossible.

'*Rol.* Courage, dear uncle, courage!---Your grey hairs, your mild eloquence, my sword, and the arm of God!---all these united---Yes, yes, we will save her!

'*H. P.* Alas, young man, zeal blinds thee to the steep rocks which lie in our way.

'*Rol.* I feel sufficient energy to surmount them.

'*H. P.* Ancient popular opinions---the customs of whole centuries———

'*Rol.* Nature is older than these.

'*H. P.* But not more powerful.

'*Rol.* Mere evasion!

'*H. P.* Could I, by sacrificing the few short years remaining of my life, redeem the hapless Cora's, I would instantly, with firm and resolute step, descend into this vault.

'*Rol.* Babble!

'*H. P.* Are these tears also babble?

'*Rol.* Hypocrisy!---do not talk, but act.'

After what we have said, it is scarcely necessary to remark on the publication of Mr. Smith. It is, with a very few verbal alterations, a copy of Miss Plumptre's translation, which has been generally read. Whether Mr. S. meant that it should be considered as his own or not, we cannot determine; but, as he proposed to present the public with his own translation of *all the plays of Kotzebue*, some of which have been already noticed, the inference is natural that he intended that the present should be regarded as equally his own. It would have been no more than literary justice to have acknowledged his obligations to Miss P. for we greatly commend his preference of that lady's translations to his own more imperfect attempts.

SELECTIONS.

Interesting Account of the Character and Political State of the Modern Greeks.

[From a Survey of the Turkiſh Empire, &c. by W. Eton, Eſq.]

CONQUERED Greece polished Rome, but the conquerors were Romans. Conquered Greece did not polish Turkey, for the conquerors were Turks. The insensibility of these barbarians is astonishing: living amid the effulgence of genius, they have not caught one spark; they gaze with unfeeling stupidity on the wonder and boast of art, on their glorious monuments, on their temples, and conclude they were built by genii, and then destroy them, to burn the marble for lime to make stucco for their own tasteless houses, whence the fine arts are banished; where ignorance, tyranny, superstition, and gross sensuality, only dwell in sad and stupidly-solemn pomp; or, issuing out with savage fury, lay waste the country round, and imbrue their hands in the blood of the helpless, murdering without remorse those they have conquered. Thus the finest countries in the world are become deserts; part inhabited by savage beasts, and part by more savage men; the poor aborigines skulking in hiding-places like the timid hare, (which epithet the Turks give them in derision) while those beasts of prey roam abroad.

Every object, moral and physical, the fair face of nature, and the intellectual energies of the inhabitants, have alike been blasted and defiled by the harpy-touch of Turkish tyranny. As an instance of those changes which the country has undergone, we need only consider the island of Cyprus, now an almost uninhabited desert, which was, not only in ancient times, but when it was taken by the Turks from the Venetians, populous and exceedingly rich. The gentry lived like princes in splendour, and even the peasants had each of them, at least, a silver cup, spoon, knife, and fork. The number and excellency of its productions, were wonderful. At present, only a little cotton, some silk and wine, and a few drugs, are its produce, all to no great amount. Even the salines, or salt works, which were so great a branch of revenue and commerce to the Venetians, have produced nothing since the Turks possessed it.

Of the defects of the Grecian character, some are doubtless owing to their ancient corruptions; but most of them take their rise in the humiliating state of depression in which they are held by the Turks. This degradation and servility of their situation, has operated for centuries, and has consequently produced an accumulated effect on the mind; but, were this weight taken off, the elasticity and vigour of the soul would have wide room for expansion; and, though it cannot be expected that they would at once rise to the proud animation of their former heroes, they would doubtless display energies of mind which the iron hand of despotism has long kept dormant and inert. It is rather astonishing that they have retained so much energy of character, and are not more abased, for, like noble coursers, they champ the bit, and spurn indignantly the yoke: when once freed from these, they will enter the course of glory. The truth of these observations will appear, whether we consider the Greeks in their common character as one people, or whether we consider them according to their local and peculiar distinctions.

When we view the Greeks in their more comprehensive character as a nation, their superiority over the Turks in knowledge is surprisingly great: they possess a great degree of genius and invention, and are of so lively an imagination that they cannot tell the same story twice without varying the embellishments of circumstance and diction: added to this, both men and women speak much, and with wonderful volubility and boldness, and no people are such natural orators. Numbers of them speak Italian, but all have an activity and sprightliness which strongly contrasts with the stupid and pompous gravity of the Turks. An European feels himself, as it were, at home with them, and amongst creatures of his own species; for, with Mahomedans, there is a distance, a non-assimilation, a total difference of ideas, and, the more he knows their language, the more he perceives it: on the contrary, the more intimately he knows the Greeks, the more similar does he find them, in habits and manners, to other Europeans. Their bad reputation is more owing to the slander of the French, (their mortal enemies) than to so great a degree of demerit. In general, they are an agreeable and a serviceable people, but they are much given to levity, immoderately ambitious, and fond of honourable distinctions; but this very ambition, now a weakness, when they have nobler objects to pursue, will lead them to greatness.

From the account given by Tott (vol. i. p. 118.) of the disturbances excited by the patriarch Kirilo, it would appear that the Greeks have not yet entirely abandoned that spirit of superstition and bigotry which was, perhaps, the main cause of their former downfall.

It must be observed, however, that these disputes are not so much fostered upon themselves, as they are owing to the efforts of the Latin church, which was the case in the instance alluded to, where the foundation of the contest was a bull of the pope, directed against the Greek church.

They bear the Turkish yoke with greater impatience than other christians, (who have long ceased to struggle against it) and possess a spirit of enterprize which, however ridiculed by some authors, often prompts them to noble atchievements. Their ancient empire is fresh in their memory: it is the subject of their popular songs; and they speak of it in common conversation as a recent event.

That they possess a firm and manly courage, notwithstanding the insinuations of their calumniators, has been too often testified to be in the least doubtful. The instances which they have displayed in the Russian service, have been truly striking. They are passionate, and sometimes given to assassination; but, except in Zante and Cephalonia, the stiletto is not so frequent with them as with the Italians, whom they in general resemble; the best of them, if we add more energy, being very similar in character to the Venetians, and the worst to the Genoese.

The most observable difference in the Grecian character is between those of Constantinople and their countrymen of the islands. The merchants and lower orders of the Constantinopolitan Greeks have, indeed, no very marked character: they are much the same as the trading christians in all parts of the empire, that is to say, as crafty and fraudulent as the Jews, but less so than the Armenians, who are the most subtle of all usurers.

But there is (in a suburb called the Fenal) a race of Greeks who call themselves nobles, and affect to despise those of the islands. They are certain opulent families, from which are generally appointed the drogomans of the porte, and the waywodes of Walachia and Moldavia. They have kept these places amongst them, as they are mostly allied together, and keep up a constant connection with the officers of the porte. They are continually intriguing to get those in office removed, and obtain their places: even children cabal against their fathers, and brothers against brothers. They are all people of very good education, and are polite, but haughty, vain, and ambitious to a most ridiculous degree, considering the contempt they are treated with by the Turks. As to their noble extraction, it is a matter of great uncertainty: most of them bear the names of those families which were illustrious when the Turks took Constantinople, but they would find it difficult to prove their descent. They have, in general, all the vices of the Turks of the seraglio; treachery, ingratitude, cruelty, and intrigue, which stops at no means. While they are drogomans of the porte, they are obliged to behave with great caution and prudence, but when they become waywodes, they are in nothing different from Turkish pachas in tyranny; nor is it to be wondered at, when men are obliged to look up, not only to tyrants, but to the very servants of tyrants, for honour and consequence: to flatter their ignorance and stupidity, their foibles and their vices, and to tremble for their lives at their frowns; that cunning takes the place of wisdom, vice of virtue, and treachery of fortitude. In such a situation, the mind must lose its vigour, the heart its generosity. The abasement of man by such causes, was never more strongly exemplified than in the instance of the Greeks of the Fenal. They do not weep over the ruins which they cannot restore, nor sigh to rear others of equal magnificence.

Strange as is the infatuation which induces these Greeks to aim at the post of waywodes, it is, perhaps, no less astonishing than many examples which daily occur in other nations of the power of ambition. Though styling themselves noble, and affecting a superiority over the other Greeks, they are the only part of their nation who have totally relinquished the ancient Grecian spirit. They seem not anxious, as the islanders are, for liberty; but delight in their false magnificence, and in the petty intrigues of the seraglio: and their pride is to appear in their dress like Turks; and yet, the situation which they are thus eager to obtain, is beset with perils, and scarcely one who holds it escapes deposition and punishment. No sooner is a waywode appointed, than he sets out in great state for his government, attended by a crowd of relations and dependants, for all of whom, as well as for his own splendour, he must provide by oppressing the unhappy subjects of his tyranny. Meanwhile, his countrymen at Constantinople are engaged in continual plots for his removal, and it becomes necessary for him to accumulate a large sum to bribe the ministers and others on his return, and to avert the persecution which continues for years afterward to hang over him.

Those of Macedonia, &c. are robust, courageous, and somewhat ferocious; those of Athens and Attica are still remarkably witty and sharp; all the islanders are lively and gay, fond of singing and dancing to an excess, affable, hospitable, and good-natured; in short, they are the best: those of the Morea are much given to piracy; but it is not to be wondered at, considering the cruel treatment they have met with, and the struggles they are continually making against the Turks. Albania, Epirus, and, in general, the mountaineers, are a very warlike, brave people, but very savage, and make little scruple of killing and robbing travellers. A Turk cannot venture in their country alone: there is no man in the country but would make a merit of shooting him: and is this to be wondered at?

The Greeks of Zante and Cephalonia, subject to the Venetians, are famous for stabbing with knives.

In some islands, the people are not handsome. In Metaline, the women are remarkable for very large breasts. In Tino, the women are almost all beauties; and there, the true antique head is to be found.

In general, the people of the islands have grand and noble features. From different faces, you may put together, in walking through a market-place, the heads of Apollo and of the finest ancient statues.

It is scarcely possible for any person not to be mistaken in judging of the conduct of the porte towards its provinces, by any analogy from the political operations of other European nations. Amongst us, the unsuccessful revolt of a whole province would, indeed, give birth to some additional rigour, and to some striking example of punishment: but the ferocious Turk proposes nothing short of extermination, in order to free himself from the fear of future defection. It was thus that, when the inhabitants of the Morea, who, instigated by the desire of liberty, had taken up arms in favour of the Russians, returned again under their yoke, a deliberate proposal was made in the divan to slaughter them in cold blood; nor was this the first time that the massacre of all the Greeks had been seriously debated; it was, however, in the present instance, successfully opposed by Gazi Hassan, both on motives of humanity and policy.*

It has been said, that long possession of a country gives an indisputable right of dominion, and that the right of the Turks to their possessions has been acknowledged by all nations in their treaties. As to treaties between the Turks and other nations, who had no right to dispose of the countries usurped by the Turks, they cannot be binding to the Greeks, who never signed such treaties, nor were consulted, or consented to their signing.

When one nation conquers another, and they become incorporated, by having the same rights, the same religion, the same language, and by being blended together by intermarriages, a long series of years renders them one people. Who can, in England, distinguish the aborigines from the Romans, Saxons, Danes, Normans, and other foreigners? They are all Englishmen.

The Greeks were conquered by the Turks, but they were attacked (like all other nations they conquered) by them without provocation. It was not a war for injury or insult, for jealousy of power or the support of an ally, contests which ought to end when satisfaction or submission is obtained; it was a war having for its aim conquest, and for its principle a right to the dominion of the whole earth; a war which asserted that all other sovereigns were usurpers, and that the deposing and putting them to death was a sacred duty. Do the laws of nations establish that such a conquest gives right of possession? They, on the contrary, declare such conquest usurpation.

---

* The chief argument which he uſed, and which alone carried conviction to his hearers, was, *if we kill all the Greeks, we ſhall loſe all the capitation they pay.*

Even without ſuch a provocation, ſultan Muſtafa, predeceſſor and brother of Abdulhamid, on his acceſſion to the throne, propoſed to cut off all the chriſtians in the empire, and was with difficulty perſuaded to deſiſt. Is this a nation which merits that Britain ſhould enter into a war for its defence?

The conquered were never admitted by the Turks to the rights of citizens or fellow subjects, unless they abjured their religion and their country: they became slaves; and as, according to their cowardly law, the Turks have a right, at all times, to put to death their prisoners, the conquered and their posterity for ever are obliged annually to *redeem their heads*, by paying the price set on them: they are excluded from all offices in the state. It is death for a conquered Greek to marry a Turkish woman, or even to cohabit with a common prostitute of that nation. They are, in every respect, treated as enemies. They are still called and distinguished by the name of their nation, and a Turk is never called a Greek, though his family should have been settled for generations in that country. The testimony of a Greek is not valid in a court of judicature, when contrasted with that of a Turk. They are distinguished by a different dress: it is death to wear the same apparel as a Turk: even their houses are painted of a different colour: in fine, they are in the same situation they were the day they were conquered; totally distinct as a nation; and they have therefore the same right now as they then had, to free themselves from the barbarous usurpers of their country, whose conduct to all the nations they have conquered, merits the eternal execration of mankind.

Three-Fingered Jack: a West-India Story.

[From Dr. Moſely's 'Treatiſe on Sugar.']

OBI, and gambling, are the only instances I have been able to discover, among the natives of the negro land in Africa, in which any effort at combining ideas has ever been demonstrated. The science of Obi is very extensive. *Obi*, for the purposes of bewitching people, or consuming them by lingering illness, is made of grave-dirt, hair, teeth of sharks, and other creatures, blood, feathers, eggshells, images in wax, the hearts of birds, and some potent roots, weeds, and bushes, of which Europeans are at this time ignorant; but which were known, for the same purposes, to the ancients. Certain mixtures of these ingredients are burnt, or buried very deep in the ground; or hung up a chimney; or laid under the threshold of the door of the party to suffer; with incantation songs or curses, performed at midnight, regarding the aspects of the moon.—A negro who thinks himself bewitched by Obi, will apply to an *Obi-man* or *Obi-woman*, for cure. Laws have been made in the West-Indies, to punish this *obian* practice with death; but they have had no effect. Laws constructed in the West-Indies, can never suppress the effect of ideas, the origin of which is in the centre of Africa.

I saw the obi of the famous negro robber, *three fingered Jack*, the terror of Jamaica, in 1780 and 1781. The Maroons who slew him brought it to me. His obi consisted of the end of a goat's horn, filled with a compound of grave-dirt, ashes, the blood of a black cat, and human fat; all mixed into a kind of paste. A black cat's foot, a dried toad, a pig's tail, a slip of parchment of kid's skin, with characters marked in blood on it, were also in his obian bag.

These, with a keen sabre, and two guns, like Robinson Crusoe, were all his obi; with which, and his courage in descending into the plains, and plundering to supply his wants, and his skill in retreating into difficult fastnesses, commanding the only access to them, where none dared to follow him, he terrified the inhabitants, and set the civil power, and the neighbouring militia of that island, at defiance for two years.

He had neither accomplice nor associate. There were a few run-away negroes in the woods near Mount Libanus, the place of his retreat; but he had crossed their foreheads with some of the magic in his horn, and they could not betray him. But he trusted no one. He scorned assistance. He ascended above Spartacus. He robbed alone; fought all his battles alone; and always killed his pursuers.

By his magic, he was not only the dread of the negroes, but there were many white people who believed he was possessed of some supernatural power. In hot climates, females marry very young; and often with great disparity of age. Here Jack was the author of many troubles: for several matches proved unhappy. 'Give a dog an ill-name, and you hang him.' Clamours rose on clamours against the cruel sorcerer; and every conjugal mishap was laid at the door of Jack's spell on the wedding-day. God knows, poor Jack had sins enough of his own to carry, without loading him with the sins of others. He would sooner have made a *medean* cauldron for the whole island, than disturb one lady's happiness. He had many opportunities; and, though he had a mortal hatred to white men, he was never known to hurt a child, or abuse a woman.

But even Jack himself was born to die.

Allured by the rewards offered by Governor Dalling, in a proclamation, dated the 12th of December, 1780, and by a resolution which followed it, of the house of Assembly, two negroes, named Quasher and Sam, (Sam was captain Davy's son, he who shot a Mr. Thompson, the master of a London ship at old harbour) both of Scots Hall, Maroon town, with a party of their townsmen, went in search of him.

Quasher, before he set out on the expedition, got himself christened, and changed his name to James Reeder. The expedition commenced; and the whole party had been creeping about in the woods, for three weeks, and blockading, as it were, the deepest recesses of the most inaccessible part of the island, where Jack, far remote from all human society, resided---but in vain.

Reeder and Sam, tired with this mode of war, resolved on proceeding in search of his retreat; and taking him by storming it, or perishing in the attempt. They took with them a little boy, a proper spirit, and a good shot, and left the rest of the party. These three, whom I well knew, had not been long separated, before their cunning eyes discovered, by impressions among the weeds and bushes, that some person must have lately been that way. They softly followed these impressions, making not the least noise. Presently they discovered a smoke.

They prepared for war. They came upon Jack before he perceived them. He was roasting *plantains*, by a little fire on the ground, at the mouth of a cave. This was a scene ---not where ordinary actors had a common part to play.

Jack's looks were fierce and terrible. He told them he would kill them. Reeder, instead of shooting Jack, replied, that his obi had no power to hurt him, for he was christened, and that his name was no longer Quasher. Jack knew Reeder; and, as if paralized, he let his two guns remain on the ground, and took up only his cutlass.

These two had a desperate engagement several years before, in the woods; in which conflict Jack lost the two fingers, which was the origin of his present name; but Jack then beat Reeder, and almost killed him, with several others who assisted him, and they fled from Jack.

To do *three-fingered* Jack justice, he would now have killed both Reeder and Sam; for, at first, they were frightened at the sight of him, and the dreadful tone of his voice, and well they might; they had, beside, no retreat, and were to grapple with the bravest, and strongest man in the world. But Jack was cowed, for he had prophesied that *white obi* would get the better of him; and from experience, he knew the charm would lose none of its strength in the hands of Reeder.

Without farther parley, Jack, with his cutlass in his hand, threw himself down a precipice at the back of the cave. Reeder's gun missed fire. Sam shot him in the shoulder. Reeder, like an English bull-dog, never looked, but, with his cutlass in his hand, plunged headlong down after Jack. The descent was about thirty yards, and almost perpendicular. Both of them had preserved their cutlasses in the fall. Here was the stage on which two of the stoutest hearts that were ever hooped with ribs, began their bloody struggle. The little boy, who was ordered to keep back, out of harm's way, now reached the top of the precipice, and, during the fight, shot Jack in the belly.

Sam was crafty, and coolly took a round about way to get to the field of action. When he arrived at the spot where it began, Jack and Reeder had closed, and tumbled together down another precipice, on the side of the mountain, in which fall they both lost their weapons. Sam descended after them, who also lost his cutlass, among the trees and bushes in getting down. When he came up to them, though without weapons, they were not idle; and, luckily for Reeder, Jack's wounds were deep and desperate, and he was in great agony.

Sam came up just time enough to save Reeder: for Jack had caught him by the throat, and with his giant's grasp. Reeder then was with his right-hand almost out off, and Jack streaming with blood from his shoulder and belly; both covered with gore and gashes.

In this state Sam was umpire, and decided the fate of the battle. He knocked Jack down with a piece of a rock. When the lion fell, the two tigers got upon him, and beat his brains out with stones. The little boy soon after found his way to them. He had a cutlass, with which they cut off Jack's head, and three-fingered hand, and took them in triumph to Morant Bay. There they put their trophies into a pail of rum; and, followed by a vast concourse of negroes, now no longer afraid of Jack's obi, they carried them to Kingston, and Spanish town, and claimed the reward of the king's proclamation, and the house of Assembly.

The Evils of Poverty.

[From Cottle's Malvern Hills, a Poem.]

PERHAPS no sentiment has been more detrimental to mankind, than the belief that the property we have is *our own*, and that the largest possessions were given us for no other purpose than to multiply our wants.

I do not mean to infer that the affluent are not entitled to the comforts of life, but they are assuredly to be condemned as unjust stewards, when they are actuated by a spirit of accumulation, or expend in pride and luxury that property which was *lent* only to promote surrounding happiness. It must, however, be confessed, that the most dissipated men, by the inconsiderable diffusion of their fortunes, not unfrequently confer benefits on those around them: but this does not justify their conduct, it only proves that the Supreme Being, at the moment he condemns the motives of men, can make their worst actions concur to the general good.

But that disposition of mind which can alone stimulate men to correct the evils we complain of, is the constant recollection, that we were not born for ourselves, but for the good of others. If this sentiment were more practically adopted, men of fortune, whatever their incomes, would confine their expenditures to reasonable limits, and be constantly desirous of removing the distresses of those around them.

The important obligations, however, which the rich are subject to, are not confined to the relief of corporeal wants: the subordinate ranks of society have propensities to much evil, and capacities for much good: ought these minds to be left untutored, or to the improvements of chance? For the want of that moral instruction which it was in the power of rich men to bestow, how many evils have arisen to the world, and do arise? How many of those men, who have been exiled, or have forfeited their lives to the laws of their country, would at this moment have been valuable members of society, if the rich, in their particular districts, had complied with the duties of their station? but their attention to their routs and their dogs, and their horses and their hunting, and a long catalogue of other trifles, too frequently preoccupy their minds, and leave them neither inclination or leisure to restrain their passions, or to consult their duties.

How far the crimes of the thief, the highwayman, or the murderer, may be attributed to rich men who have misapplied their riches, a future day will determine; but it is possible, that at that time the conduct of the apparent assassin may be palliated, and the *real* murderer be found in the man, who, having it in his power, neglected to correct the disposition which occasioned it.

The best intentions of men are too frequently counteracted by a passion for extravagance. It is impossible to trace the effects of this vice, without recurring to almost all the evils of life; it extends its ramifications in every direction; renders callous the heart; perverts the understanding, and even deprives us of that portion of happiness which God created us to enjoy. Its approaches are flattering, and its progress is imperceptible. The passion for finery and distinction, incapacitates men of the largest fortunes from doing good, and it is no uncommon thing to hear the most opulent, when solicited by an acquaintance for a small charitable donation, to apologize, at the moment they are stepping from a chariot to a palace, by saying, with much apparent concern, "they really cannot afford it," and true it is, they cannot afford it, consistent with their present conduct. Pride makes them extravagant, and extravagance keeps them poor.

Men too often begin life without prescribing bounds to their wants; and if accident or common occupations bestow on them wealth, their immediate consideration is, not how best to encourage the virtuous, instruct the ignorant, or relieve the distressed; but to determine what new appendage to add to their establishment; and an inflexible resolution to regard only their own imaginary wants, seems to proceed with an exact proportion to the increase of their riches. With such principles prevailing in the world, how can it be amended? When such selfishness abounds, where shall the voice of poverty be regarded?

The generality of men require but very slender arguments to refuse their assistance to the needy, and are easily persuaded to expend their wealth in that channel which best accords with their corrupt passions: it is on this account that the assigned motive with many for not relieving the poor, is, their folly or their vices.——Let God condemn us all, but let not man condemn his fellow! Have the allurements of vice never subdued *thy* better judgment? Have the ways of folly never found an advocate in *thy* breast? endued as it has been with purer motives, and secured by more early instructions.——If we have been strangers to the flagrant crimes of others, instead of exercising a censorious spirit, we should first endeavour to correct in them what we know to be wrong, and, at the same time, thank God, with humility, that he has protected us from their temptations, and defended us from their trials.

I speak this as the shadow of an apology for the most depraved poor; but what shall be said for that large portion of our fellow-creatures, of the aged and the infirm, who are familiar only with want and its concomitant evils; who hardly venture to consider themselves in the light of human beings, and are debarred from calling any brethren, unless they perceive in them a brotherhood of misery.

It is manifestly true, that a vast portion of the evil which deforms the world, arises from the uncultivated minds of the poor; from their being reared in confined and filthy habitations, where whole families are herded together, disregarded by the world, and ignorant of their moral duties, whilst both children and parents are familiarized to, and hardened by indecencies. From such hot-beds what is to be expected but the life of the evil principle, and the destruction of the good?

The mind sometimes indulges itself with the luxury of supposing what might be, and pictures the very possible character of a rich man, limiting his expenses, and employing the overplus of his fortune in lessening the distresses of those around him. We fancy him persuaded that a small assistance to young persons at their commencement in life, is frequently the cause of their being permanently comfortable, and often, of rising to respectability and usefulness. We extend our ideas, and behold such a man bestowing a small marriage portion, on every virtuous young couple of his neighbourhood; acquiring by these means, an interest in their affections, which a good man will make productive of good. He beholds, with pleasure, their rising offspring, and in cases of emergency, presents to their minds a last and certain resort, ever studying to inculcate the benign tenets of christianity, as well by example as precept: and this not to one family, whose habits may have been particularly good, but to all who surround his dwelling, mildly rebuking the bad, and encouraging the good. Such a man might be considered almost as a Deity on earth; but what would be of more consequence to himself, on quitting the world, it would afford him the consolation to reflect, that he was not born in vain. There are few men so depraved as not to admire this character, but the generality of persons content themselves with admiring what they are determined never to imitate.

It is charitable to suppose that the majority of rich men squander their fortunes on themselves alone, from the impreſsions they received in early youth, or from the overbearing influence of example; reflecting not, because they have not been taught to reflect, that what they make essential to their happiness, *might* confer happiness on thousands.

It seems to be incontrovertible, that every man, by industry and carefulness, ought to be enabled to protect his children from want, and depraved is the mind which would debar him from some comforts; but what comforts can that man secure to his family, who, when young, could only provide for himself with tolerable decency, and now that he has a wife and many children, is compelled, with *the same sum*, to provide for them also? An avaricious farmer once told the writer, that he had almost constantly remarked a gradation of changes in those men he had been in the habit of employing. Young men, he said, were generally neat in their appearance, active and cheerful, till they became married, and had a family, when he had observed that their silver buttons, buckles, and watches gradually disappeared, and their Sunday's clothes became common without any other to supply their place.—"But," said he, "some good comes from this, for they will then work for whatever they can get." It should be remarked that the wages in this place were one shilling per day. An effectual remedy for these evils will never be discovered, until schools and charities are founded upon national establishments. So deeply is my mind impressed with this truth, that I hope a degree of warmth will be pardoned in me when speaking on the subject.

Children are called the children of the state, but is not that state an unnatural parent, which resents only its children's preternatural death, and does little else for the preservation of their lives; which beholds the deaf, and the lame, and the blind unprovided for, together with numberless children who are made

> To die ſo ſlowly that none call it murder.
>
> COLERIDGE.

Have not all governments mistaken one of the first principles of government, when out of millions expended in other channels, they bestow not a single farthing on these ill fated sufferers—these, "blights of the creation," whose claims more particularly apply to the state? But states, like individuals, keep themselves poor by extravagance; for what states can afford to assume the paternal character, and, at the same time, undertake their favourite wars, which not only fill the land with mourning, and send thousands and tens of thousands to an untimely grave, but in a few years occasion the expenditure of a sum sufficient to ameliorate the condition of all the poor in Europe?

I cannot, however, but indulge the hope, from the improving philanthropy of the age, that the time is fast approaching, when every poor man will receive a stipend from the government under which he lives, rising in proportion to the number of his children. This would be a politic measure in every country, as well as the most effectual means to correct the morals of the lower orders, by making them attach the idea of comfort to the word *home:* morality also would be essentially promoted, as it would encourage them to marry, from the recollection that some assistance would be dealt to them to defray the expenses of a rising family. At present, the classes to which I refer, in marrying, obey the impulse of the moment, rather than the dictates of their understanding; and when their minds become divested of former impressions, they are ready to curse their folly, and to consider the children which God sent them in mercy, as so many subtractions from their happiness. And truly they are so, presenting to the father's eye but comfortless penury, and exciting nothing in his mind but the recollection of wants he cannot satisfy.

These reflections were occasioned, in some measure, by visiting a poor family residing in a wretched hovel on the Herefordshire side of Malvern Hills, and near the road at the bottom of the Herefordshire Beacon. The family consists of a husband, wife, six small and half-starved children, together with an aged grand-mother. The husband is a labourer, and in the best season of the year, earns from seven to ten shillings per week. It is no uncommon thing for such families to kill one pig in the year, and by partaking of it at particular days only, to make it last the whole of the following year. This was exactly the case with the present family. As I entered the door, the pot was boiling over a small wood fire, round which, the six ragged, but innocent looking children, with the old grand-mother, were seated, watching it boil with a solicitude that made them silent. The mother was busily engaged in mending a garment that had been mended a hundred times before. She appeared to be a woman of good natural sense, and spoke like one who had known what grief was: her manner was spiritless, and I could not help believing that she was unhappy, not from the evils she herself had felt, but from the anticipation of what her children must feel. It may be supposed that it was impossible for me to address her with any ill-timed expressions of pity, which, instead of comforting her mind, would rather have confirmed her sorrow. I inquired of the grand-mother if she received any assistance from the parish; she replied in a shrill and faltering voice, that she had often required it, and had as often been refused by the overseers, unless she would consent to give them the little hut, which had formerly been plaistered up by her deceased husband, and in which she and her descendants still *contrived* to live. "How, Sir," said she, "could I part with the only thing in the world I can call my own?"—This is parochial law! Oh, Howard! I venerate thy benevolence, but could wish that thine own country had possessed its full exercise, then mightest thou have been living, and haply this injustice have been remedied.

If, in consequence of this remark, any of the visitors to Malvern Wells should notice this poor and interesting family, it will afford me consolation to reflect that one human being is the better for the present publication. It must, however, be confessed, that this is one only, of many thousand instances which present the same or greater claims on our compassion; but if we withhold our good till we have discovered the *most* deserving object, it is manifest that our design is to do no good at all.

Liſt of Female Authors of the Eighteenth Century.

[From Miſs Randall's Letter to the Women of England.]

ANSPACH, *Margravine of*, Tour to the Crimea, and Dramatic Pieces.

Barbauld, Mrs. Poems and Moral Writings.

Brooke, Mrs. Novels and Dramatic Pieces.

Bennet, Mrs. Novelist.

Carter, Mrs. Greek and Hebrew Classic, Poetess, &c. &c.

Cowley, Mrs. Poems, Comedies, Tragedies, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Crespigny, Mrs. Novelist.

Cosway, Mrs. Paintress.

Dobson, Mrs. Life of Petrarch, from the Italian.

D'Arblay, Mrs. Novels, Edwy and Elgiva, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

Damer, Hon. Mrs. Sculptor, and Greek Classic.

Francis, Mrs. Greek and Latin Classic.

Gunning, Mrs. Novelist.

Gunning, Miss. Novelist, and Translator from the French.

Hays, Miss. Novels, Philosophical and Metaphysical Disquisitions.

Hanway, Mrs. Novelist.

Inchbald, Mrs. Novels, Comedies, and Translations from the French and German.

Linwood, Miss. Artist.

Lee, Misses. Romances, Comedies, Canterbury Tales, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

Lennox, Mrs. Novelist.

Macaulay Graham, Mrs. History of England, and other works.

Montagu, Mrs. Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare; being a Defence of him from the slander of Voltaire.

More, Miss Hannah. Poems, Sacred Dramas, a Tragady, and other moral pieces.

Piozzi, Mrs. Biography, Poetry, British Synonomy, Travels, &c. &c. &c.

Plumptre, Miss. Translations from the German, a Novel, &c.

Parsons, Mrs. Novelist.

Radcliffe, Mrs. Romances, Travels, &c. &c.

Robinson, Mrs. Poems, Romances, Novels, a Tragedy, Satires, &c. &c.

Reeve, Miss. Romances and Novels.

Robinson, Miss. Novelist.

Seward, Miss. Poems, a Political Novel, and various other works.

Smith, Mrs. Charlotte. Novels, Sonnets, Moral Pieces, for the instruction of Youth; and other works.

Sheridan, late Mrs. Sidney Biddulph, a Novel.

Thomas, Mrs. late Miss Parkhurst. Greek and Hebrew Classic.

Thickness, Mrs. Biography, Letters, &c.

Wollstonecraft Godwin, Mrs. A Vindication of the Rights of Women, Novels, Philosophical Disquisitions, Travels, &c.

Williams, Miss Hellen Maria. Poems, Travels, a Novel, and other miscellaneous pieces.

West, Mrs. Novels, Poetry, &c. &c.

Yearsley, Mrs. Poems, a Novel, a Tragedy, &c. &c.

Useful Economical Information.

[From Eton's Survey of the Turkiſh Empire.]

COTTON at Smyrna is dyed with madder in the following manner: the cotton is boiled in mild alkali, and then in common olive oil; being cleaned, it will then take the madder dye: and this is the fine colour we see in Smyrna cotton-yarn. I have heard five thouſand pounds was given, in England, for this secret.

I have seen practised a method of filtering water by ascension, which is much superior to our filtering stones, or other methods by descent, in which, in time, particles of the stone, or the finer sand, make a passage along with the water.

They make two wells, from five to ten feet, or any depth, at a small distance, which have a communication at bottom. The separation must be of clay, well beaten, or of other substances impervious to water. The two wells are then filled with sand and gravel. The opening of that into which the water to be filtered is to run, must be somewhat higher than that into which the water is to ascend, and this must not have sand quite up to its brim, that there may be room for the filtered water, or it may, by a spout, run into a vessel placed for that purpose. The greater the difference is between the height of the two wells, the faster the water will filter; but the less it is, the better, provided a sufficient quantity of water be supplied by it.

This may be practised in a cask, tub, jar, or other vessel. The water may be conveyed to the bottom by a pipe, the lower end having a spunge in it, or the pipe may be filled with coarse sand.

It is evident that all such particles which, by their gravity, are carried down in filtration by descent, will not rise with the water in filtration by ascension. This might be practised on board ships at little expense.

The Arabians and the Turks have a preparation of milk, which has similar qualities to the kumiss* of the Kalmuks: by the first, it is called *leban;* by the Turks, *yaourt.*

To make it, they put to new milk, made hot over the fire, some old leban, or yaourt. In a few hours, more or less, according to the temperature of the air, it becomes curdled, of an uniform consistence, and a most pleasant acid; the cream is in great part separated, leaving the curd light and semi-transparent. The whey is much less subject to separate than in curds made with rennet with us, for the purpose of making cheese.

Yaourt has this singular quality; that left to stand, it becomes daily sourer, and, at last, dries without having entered into the putrid fermentation. In this state, it is preserved in bags, and, in appearance, resembles pressed curds after they have been broken by the hand. This dry yaourt, mixed with water, becomes a fine cooling food or drink, of excellent service in fevers of the inflammatory or putrid kind. It seems to have none of those qualities which make milk improper in fevers. Fresh yaourt is a great article of food among the natives, and Europeans soon become fond of it.

No other acid will make the same kind of curd: all that have been tried, after the acid fermentation is over, become putrid. In Russia they put their milk in pots in an oven, and let it stand till it becomes sour, and this they use as an article of food in that state, or make cheese of it, but it has none of the qualities of yaourt, though, when it is new, it has much of the taste. Perhaps new milk curdled with sour milk, and that again used as a ferment, and the same process continued, might, in time, acquire the qualities of yaourt, which never can be made in Turkey without some old yaourt.

They give no rational account how it was first made; some of them told me an angel taught Abraham how to make it, and others, that an angel brought a pot of it to Hagar, which was the first yaourt (or leban).

---

* For the method of preparing kumiſs, or koumiſs, with its uſe in medicine, ſee the New Annual Regiſter for the year 1788, p. 133.

It merits attention as a delicious article of food, and as a medicine.

The butter, which is mostly used in Constantinople, comes from the Crim and the Kuban. They do not salt it, but melt it in large copper pans over a very slow fire, and scum off what rises; it will then preserve sweet a long time if the butter was fresh when it was melted. We preserve butter mostly by salting. I have had butter, which, when fresh, was melted and scummed in the Tartar manner, and then salted in our manner, which kept two years good and fine tasted. Washing does not so effectually free butter from the curd and buttermilk, which it is necessary to do, in order to preserve it, as boiling or melting; when, then, salt is added to prevent the pure butyrous part from growing rancid, we certainly have the best process for preserving butter. The melting or boiling, if done with care, does not discolour or injure the taste.

To the lovers of coffee, a few remarks on the Turkish manner of making it, in the best way, may not be unacceptable.

Coffee, to be good, must either be ground to an almost impalpable powder, or it must be pounded as the Turks do, in an iron mortar, with a heavy pestle. The Turks first put the coffee dry into the coffee-pot, and set it over a very slow fire, or embers, till it is warm, and sends forth a fragrant smell, shaking it often; then, from another pot, they pour on it boiling water (or rather water in which the grounds of the last made coffee had been boiled, and set to become clear); they then hold it a little longer over the fire, till there is on its top a white froth like cream, but it must not boil, but only rise gently; it is then poured backwards and forwards two or three times, from one pot into another, and it soon becomes clear; they, however, often drink it quite thick. Some put in a spoonful of cold water to make it clear sooner, or lay a cloth dipt in cold water on the top of the pot.

The reason why our West-India coffee is not so good as the Yemen coffee is, that on account of the climate it is never suffered to hang on the trees till it is perfectly ripe; and in the voyage it acquires a taste from the bad air in the hold of the ship. This may be remedied in Italy, by exposing it to the sun two or three months: with us, boiling water should be poured on it, and let to stand till it is cold, then it must be washed with other cold water, and, lastly, dried in an oven. Thus prepared, it will be nearly as good as the best Turkey coffee. It should be roasted in an open earthen or iron pan, and the slower it is roasted the better. As often as it crackles it must be taken off the fire. The Turks often roast it in a baker's oven while it is heating.

The preservation of yeast having been a subject of much research in this country, the following particulars may perhaps deserve attention. On the coast of Persia my bread was made, in the English manner, of good wheat flower, and with the yeast generally used there. It is thus prepared: take a small tea-cup or wine-glass full of split or bruised pease, pour on it a pint of boiling water, and set the whole in a vessel all night on the hearth, or any other warm place; the water will have a froth on its top next morning, and will be good yeast. In this cold climate, especially at a cold season, it should stand longer to ferment, perhaps twenty-four or forty-eight hours. The above quantity made me as much bread as two sixpenny loaves, the quality of which was very good and light.

Life of Godfred Augustus Burger.

[From Annual Necrology.]

THE poet, says Burger, in one of his prefaces, lays no claim in the scale of being to the rank of a sun; he is content with the humbler, harmless, welcome offices of the zephyr. What, though he neither move the mills of manufacture, nor the ships of commerce, he may unfold the petals of the sweetest flowers, and kindle the flush of ripeness on the most delicious fruits; he may fan the brow of weary toil, or lap in Elysian airs the strolling enthusiast of nature. Well may he expect then at his tomb, the sigh of regret, the cypress wreath of elegy, and the biographic memorial of posthumous admiration.

Godfred Augustus was the second child and only son of the Lutheran minister, John Godfred Burger, by his wife Gertrude Elizabeth, whose maiden name was Baner. He was born in 1748, on new-year's day, at Wolmerswende, in the German principality of Halberstadt, and inherited, with the indolence of his father, the talents of his mother. His early progress was inconsiderable. At ten years of age he could barely read and write. But he had a good memory: he learned by heart, and repeated with ease, many of Luther's hymns, and other pious fragments. He read the bible with delight; the historical books, the prophets, and psalms, and especially the apocalypse, were turned over by him daily with renewed pleasure.

To these hymns of Luther he ascribed, in after life, the hint of that impressive popularity which characterised his ballads. He had always an ear for rhyme, and, while a boy, would indicate and blame the lines which had half a foot too much, or which were so constructed as to throw on distinct syllables the *ictus* of the scanner, and emphasis of the reader. By a kind of instinct he knew already what interfered with effect. He loved to stroll alone about a wild unenclosed heath near his father's home. He was ordered to carry a Latin grammar in his pocket, and to learn his declensions. The first rudiments his mother attempted to teach him.

He was next entrusted to the care of a neighbouring preacher, but so averse was he to this kind of application, that after two years he did not know his grammar, and was forced to withdraw as a dunce incapable of literary culture.

In 1760, his grandfather put him to a boarding-school at Aschersleben, under the rector Auerbach. Here young Burger learned something, and exerted his talent for versification in a poem on the fire that happened in the spring of 1764, at Aschersleben, which advantageously displays both his metrical and pious turn of mind. An epigram on the usher's bag-wig, which the poet's school-fellows repeated with troublesome and seditious complacency, soon after occasioned his expulsion as a ringleader in this petty insurrection against authority.

He was next sent to the university of Hallé, to study theology. This was not the profession of his choice, but his choice of this profession was the condition of his grand-father's bounty. He accordingly went through the routine of instruction, and once preached in a village near Hallé.

But his acquaintance while at this college with Klotze, a man of literary attainments and free manners, brought on Burger a reputation for libertinism, which, in the then state of Protestant Germany, was supposed incompatible with the pastoral office. Even his grandfather thought it necessary he should relinquish the holy profession for the study of the law, and, accordingly, consented to his removal to Gottingen for that purpose, in the easter term of 1768. To jurisprudence he applied with assiduity, and became well versed in the pandects; but experience had taught him no discretion in respect to his personal conduct. The lodgings which Klotze recommended, he took at Gottingen, and again made a noise by his dissoluteness, which provoked his grand-father to withdraw his patronage. Poor, and a rake, it was difficult not to incur a style of living repulsive to mere acquaintance, and disgusting even to the tolerance of friendship. Biester, Sprengel, and Boie, were among those friends who valued in Burger the good qualities which still remained to him, and who conferred on his adversity what it admitted of consolation. For Biester he was conceived to feel; to Boie he was thought to owe predilection.

A humorous poetical epistle to Sprengel, requiring back a great coat left at his rooms, and the drinking song *Herr Bacchus ist ein braver Mann*, were then considered as indicating the natural line of pursuit for his literary talents. Pecuniary distress had made him sensible of the necessity of exertion; for the fear of want is a stronger stimulus than the hope of remote advancement.

It was now that he first read with ardour the ancient classics, and that he applied to the modern languages with assiduity. English, French, Italian, Spanish, all yielded to his efforts. With Burger and his companions Shakespeare became so favourite an author, that they agreed, one April night, to have a frolic in honour of his birthday, at which, all the conversation should be conducted in quotations from the English dramatist. Baron Rielmansegge was their host, and so glibly would his guests repeat with Sir Toby, "Art any thing but a steward? Dost thou think there shall be no more cakes and ale?" that by the hour of separation their turbulence drew the attention of the police, and they had to "rub their chain with crumbs." [Das sie ihren Rausch auf dem Career ausschlafen mussten.] Burger delighted also in Spanish literature, and composed, in that language, an original story, which Boie still possesses.

Gotter, a young man, formed by the study of French models to a love of correct and polished versification, came to Gottingen in 1769, and associated with Burger and his friends. He had brought with him a Parisian almanack of the muses, and took pleasure in exhibiting those pencil-geraniums, with which the Gressets, the Dorats, and the Pezais, had stocked this annual anthology. To Gotter, Burger attached himself greatly, and in his society certainly acquired considerable taste: in short, his natural tendency to the exorbitant, the extravagant, the eccentric, was somewhat pruned away. They formed, in concert, a German almanack of the muses. Rastner, the epigrammatist, promised them his assistance; Boie was alert in his solicitations for contribution, and obtained, in a trip to Berlin, the avowed patronage of the German Horace, Ramler; a friend the more important, as he had access to the directories of periodical criticism. Under such auspices, the almanack of the muses was not only likely to merit, but to obtain speedy popularity. It accordingly succeeded to admiration, and continued from 1770 to 1775, under the same management, with annually increasing reputation.

Burger envied, as he says in some of his letters, the correctness and ease of his friend Gotter's versification. To him all he produced was carried for criticism, and was at first sturdily defended against objections, but much was always altered eventually, in deference to the judgment of the censor. Flushed with the glow of animation, Burger would often present his verses with the comic entreaty, for this once not to find any fault; yet he was best pleased with a captious commentary, which put every epithet to the torture. Thus he gradually accomplished himself in the fine art *de faire dificilement des vers.*

Throughout life he maintained that his reputation as a poet was far less a result of any unusual talent in him, than of the perpetual use of the file, meaning, by that, the extraordinary pains he bestowed on all his compositions. His best poems, he said, were precisely those which had cost him most labour. He would alter not merely words and lines, but left scarcely one vestige of his first composition. A translation of the *Hameau* of *Bernard*, and another most masterly one of the *Pervigilium Veneris*, were among the exercitations which Burger chronicled in the German muses' almanack. The comic ballad Europa is also his, although the loose turn of the story occasioned him to suppress his usual signature.

In Germany it is not uncommon for polished families to bespeak a birth-day ode, an epithalamium, or an elegy, on those occasions which form a sort of epocha in the history of their existence. To the poet a pecuniary recompence is sent, and a splendid edition of his work is distributed among the friends of the house. The notice which Burger began to obtain occasioned many applications of this kind: and to him it was convenient, by means like these, to repair his shattered finances. Several heirs of fortune, several happy mothers, have now the pleasure of boasting, "my birth-day was sung," or "my wedding was celebrated, by Burger."

In 1771, Holty, the elegiac, and Voss, the bucolick poet; Miller, author of Siegwart and Mariamne, a writer of great sensibility; and the two counts Stolberg, of whom Frederick Leopold is the most known by poems, travels, and a romance called "The Island," came to Gottingen, as yet "youths unknown to fame." They were soon attracted, by the natural magnetism of genius, within the circle which had assembled round Burger; and after his removal from Gottingen, in the following year, they continued to visit his rustic retreat. It was the influence of Boie which obtained for Burger, in 1772, a sort of stewardship of the manor of Alten Gleichen, under the noble family of Uslar. The acceptance of the place occasioned a reconciliation between the poet and his grandfather, who was willing to encourage this symptom of economic care and returning prudence, by paying off the debts incurred at Gottingen by his grand-son.

Boie was absent. A less faithful friend undertook the liquidation. Nearly seven hundred dollars of this advance passed into the hands, not of Burger's creditors, but of a spendthrift associate. The student could not refund: the grand-father was inexorable; and Burger migrated to his new residence, still encumbered with college debts, which for years disturbed his repose, but which his sloth could never summon the means of discharging.

Here it was that Burger first met with Herder's dissertation on the songs of rude nations, which drew his attention to the ballads of England, and with Percy's Reliques, which immediately became his manual. These books decided for ever the character of his excellence. From a free translation of "The Friar of Orders Gray" *(Bruder Graurock)*, and "The Child of Elle" *(Die Entfubrung)*, and from an imitation of Dryden's Guiscardo and Sigismunda *(Lenardo and Blandine)*, he rapidly passed on to the production of "The Wild Huntsman," "The Parson's Daughter," and "Lenore." The two latter are probably the finest ballads extant. No other minstrel communicates to the reader an equal degree of interest and agitation: it is difficult to peruse them in the closet without breaking loose into pantomime. Nor is he less master of the more difficultly arousable, rapid and impetuous movements of the soul, than of the tenderer feelings of the heart. His extraordinary powers of language are founded on a rejection of the conventional phraseology of regular poetry, in favour of popular forms of expression, caught by the listening artist from the voice of agitated nature. Imitative harmony he pursues almost to excess: the *onomatopœia* is his prevailing figure: the interjection his favourite part of speech: arrangement, rhyme, sound, time, are always with him an echo to the sense. The hurrying vigour of his diction is unrivalled; yet is so natural, even in its sublimity, that his poetry is singularly fitted to become a national and popular song. The Lenore was first communicated to Boie, who eagerly induced several of the Gottingen party to ride with him to Alten Gleichen, and hear it. The effect was peculiarly great on the younger count Stolberg, at the stanza,

"Anon, an iron-grated door
"Faſt biggens on their view:
"He crack'd his whip, and ſmaſh! in twain
"Bolt, bar, and portal flew."

Frederick Leopold, on hearing these lines, started from his seat in an agony of rapturous terror.

Near two years were passed lonesomely by Burger in his rural station, but they were the two years of his life the most valuable to the public. He married, in September, 1774, a farmer's daughter of the neighbourhood, by name Niedock, whose devoted, whose heroic attachment to him, was never more conspicuous than in moments of the most untoward adversity. In the village Wollmershausen he hired the snug cottage to which he conducted his bride. An old schoolfellow, Gockingk, went to visit him there on his marriage, and renewed an intimacy which suffered no subsequent interruption.

Financial difficulties were probably the cause which, in 1776, aroused Burger to publish, in the German Museum, then a magazine of some celebrity, proposals for an Iambic version of the Iliad. The annexed specimens were distinguished for a more than Homeric rapidity of diction, and for an absence of stateliness, less unfaithful than the euphemism of Pope, and more attaching than the solemnity of Cowper. But as the younger count Stolberg had also made some progress in the same enterprize; as his specimens, more dextrously chosen, divided, at least, the suffrage of critics, and possessed the advantage of copying the hexametrical lines of the original; as his industry speedily outstripped the short fits of Burger's application, and soon completed the publication of the Iliad, this enterprize was abandoned without advantage to his fortune or his fame, after having extended beyond six books. The Epistle of Defiance, addressed, on the occasion, to Stolberg, is one of the most spirited of Burger's smaller poems.

His next literary undertaking was a translation of Macbeth, brought out at Hamburgh for the benefit of Schroder, an artist-actor, who excelled in personating the heroes of Shakespeare. This translation, although too much abridged, and in the witch scenes too low, is, in some respects, superior to the original. The character of Banquo has acquired more consequence, by the introduction of a good soliloquy at the beginning of the second act. Of the third act the third scene is omitted, the murder of Banquo being made known from the narration of the murderer in the next. In like manner the second scene of the fourth act is curtailed; the disgusting butchery of Macduff's child being far more pathetically stated by Rosse afterwards. The fourth scene of the fifth act is also with propriety omitted; as the removal of Birnam wood is sufficiently explained by the narrative of the scout.

The father-in-law of Burger died in 1777. In consequence of this event, an intricate and inconvenient executorship devolved on the poet. A law-suit, which it obliged him to conduct, displayed, indeed, his professional qualifications, but absorbed his leisure in vexatious frivolities. The inheritance to which he acceded did not much improve his circumstances; which an increasing family rendered daily more insufficient.

In 1778 he undertook the exclusive compilation of the Gottingen almanack of the muses (while Gockingk and Voss established a new one at Hamburgh), and assisted also in other periodical publications. The wages of authorship no where form an adequate resource, if a liberal maintenance be the object. There is, however, a pleasure in composition, there is a pleasure in praise, there is a pleasure, even when unknown, in contributing to tincture the general flow of opinion; these constitute the chief rewards; for, as a necessary division of human labour, it is certainly underpaid. Burger found it so; and, in 1780, forsook the muses for Pan, and applied to the rural gods for a maintenance refused him by the Nine. The farm he hired was situate in Appenrode. An additional motive to this determination was, perhaps, that the accounts of his stewardship were negligently managed; and that something, very like a formal charge of peculation, had been made against him to the lords of Uslar. This accusation, indeed, Burger repelled; but his carelessness made his resignation a duty, and it was accepted with readiness.

In 1784 his wife died. His farm appeared unproductive, probably because it was abandoned to the management of servants; and he once more removed, with his children, to Gottingen, where he subsisted partly by writing, and partly by private tuition. He read lectures there on the German style and the theory of taste; and, after five years residence, obtained a professorship.

As soon, or, perhaps, rather sooner than his circumstances properly permitted, he became united to his former wife's younger sister, the so often celebrated "Molly" of his love-songs. During her short stay with him she was the darling of his affections; but she died in childbed of her first daughter, the very year in which she married. His children, after this catastrophe, were dispersed among different relatives.

Burger undertook, in 1787, to lecture on the critical philosophy of Kant, and his course was much attended. In this year the jubilee of the foundation of the Gottingen university was celebrated. Two poems were dedicated by him to the occasion, and the grateful college conferred, in return, a doctor's degree. In November, 1789, he became professor of philosophy.

About this time an anonymous poem arrived from Stutgard, in which the author, who was a female, professed to have attached herself to Burger, from the perusal of his heart-felt poems; and with a liberal zeal, by way of recompence, offered him her hand in marriage. The verses were well turned, and highly complimentary; and there was an interesting singularity in their heroic cast of sentiment. Burger drew up a very gallant reply, and printed both the poems in the almanack of the muses. Intimations now came in whispers, that the lines were intended for the individual, not for the public. Burger set off for Stutgard. The syren pleased not only when she sang; and Burger married her immediately.

It is melancholy to relate, that this truly poetical union afforded no source of happiness to the husband; and that, in 1792, after little more than three years cohabitation, a separation was accomplished, by application to a court of justice. During this unfortunate connection Burger was assailed with a deep hoarseness, which he never overcame, and which unfitted him for lecturing. This reduced him once more to dependance on the booksellers for subsistence. A pulmonary disease was, in the meantime, making a rapid progress: it affected his spirits less than his health; but it snatched him, in June, 1794, from a country which he had illustrated, at the age of forty-six years and five months.

His physician, Dr. Jager, and his friend, the benevolent Reinhard, the attendants of his last moments, accepted the care of his four surviving children. His property was found insufficient for the payment of his debts. A monument has been erected to his memory, by voluntary subscription, in a garden at Gottingen, where he commonly walked.

His works consist of

Anthia and Abrokomas, translated from Xenophon of Ephesus.

Poems. Vol. I. 1778. Vol. II. 1789.

Macbeth, altered from Shakespeare.

Munchausen's Travels.

Miscellaneous Works, two volumes, containing the six first books of the Iliad, some prose versions from Ossian, and the papers inserted in various magazines, of which the philological (Hubernus Redivivus), and the political (Die Republic England), are calculated to excite some curiosity.

Memoirs of the late Duc de Biron.

[From the (London) Monthly Magazine.]

PERHAPS, in the pages of biography, there never has yet appeared a more romantic or amiable character than that which was exhibited by this unfortunate nobleman. Born to the possession of illustrious rank, and educated in the most polished court of Europe; the idol of its women, the example for its men; it is not singular that his mind should have been strongly tinctured with a taste for chivalry.

Early in life the Duc de Biron conceived a marked predilection in favour of the English nation; every subordinate sensation, originating in self-love, or springing from the contracted source of national prejudice, was beneath the dignity and ingenuousness of his mind. He was an observer of nature; he traced the progress of her influence on the human heart, and he discovered that its expansion is always proportionate to the liberty it possesses of exercising its noblest energies. France was then in a state of degrading subjection; England was the favoured seat of freedom. The duke being, at that period, less affluent than noble, less economical than generous, about five and twenty years ago established his residence in this country.

He chose his abode in St. Alban's;

street, Pall-mall; where he very speedily adopted both private manners and public opinions completely English. He consequently enlarged the scale of his acquaintance, and became so popular, that his society was courted, not only in the most illustrious, but in the most enlightened circles.

This nobleman then bore the title of Duke de Lauzun. His person was manly and prepossessing; his countenance pleasing and benignant; his conversation lively, interesting, and well informed; and his temper so irresistibly fascinating, that he seldom was known to lose the affections of those with whom he had once lived on terms of sociability.

Lauzun was an admirer of literature and the fine arts; he wrote with elegance and feeling on subjects wherein the heart was his monitor; and with classical propriety when matters of worldly import formed the tenour of his letters. If he evinced a fault, or rather a defect of nature, it was that of a portion of vanity, which sometimes contributed to diffuse a shade over the brighter features of his character. But his excessive sensibility, united to a fervid imagination, probably led him beyond the boundaries of judgment, and awakened in his mind a spirit little less vivid than that of the most romantic heroes of antiquity.

During his residence in England, he became enamoured of a lady, at that time one of the most beautiful in the courtly circle. Unfortunately, she was married. Lauzun, with a spirit of gallantry refined by an enthusiastic sense of honour, worshipped the object of his idolatry in silent regret. But love is lynx-eyed; and the accomplished victor sanctioned a pure and sacred intercourse of soul, which, by turns, ameliorated and embittered the destiny of her adorer.

Few men are capable of entertaining, and still fewer women of inspiring, a passion which reason and refinement have power to divest of its grosser propensities. But Lauzun was not commonly organized; he was an enthusiast of every thing estimable in the softer sex, and an example of all that was dignified in his own. Every thing that we read of in romance, falls short of the ardour which actuated his mind when it once became influenced by a beloved object.

After many months had passed away in this Platonic attachment, some untoward circumstances produced a sudden separation; circumstances no less agonizing to Lauzun's heart, than unexpected in the fashionable circles. The consequence was, the lady's immediately quitting the metropolis, and fixing her retirement in the wilds of a sister kingdom.

Lauzun's despair was undescribable! He experienced all the miseries of that gloomy vacuum which succeeds the interest of a warm and generous passion. He resigned himself, for a time, to the excess of melancholy; and, after vainly endeavouring to shake off the spell, which seemed to fasten on his faculties, devoted to regrets the most poignant, to sensations the most afflicting, he again repaired to his native country. There he continued to reside under the immediate protection of his venerable uncle, then Duc de Biron, whose fortune and title he afterwards inherited.

Lauzun was the darling of society, the ornament of the French court, and the distinguished favourite of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette. But let it not be supposed that the kindness shewn towards this amiable nobleman originated in any motive but a liberal desire to patronize and to promote superior qualifications. Lauzun was a soldier, as well as an accomplished gentleman; he was no less enterprising than polished; no less enlightened than liberal. Antoinette, amidst all the errors that, perhaps, malice has ascribed to her, knew how to discriminate with judgment, while she rewarded with munificence.

During the early periods of the American war, Lauzun was prevailed upon, by family influence, to form a matrimonial alliance. Interest was the unsteady basis on which a soul, replete with all the sensibilities of refinement, was compelled to build its fabric of domestic happiness. His relatives urged the union, as both honourable and lucrative; and Lauzun being, at that time, less opulent than high born; more pliant than provident of his own felicity; repeatedly solicited by his uncle, whose influence was boundless, and whom he loved with the affection of a son, he at last consented. Even at this interesting and important epocha of human existence, Lauzun was too brilliantly enlightened to admit the very shadow of deception. The day previous to his marriage, he candidly avowed the real state of his heart, and confessed, without reserve, that the bonds of honour, the chain of family connection, and the policy of convenience, not the softer fetters of affection, would unite them.

Superior minds will condemn the plea of such an union; and refined natures will shudder at such a sordid sacrifice; but marriages of this kind were perpetually solemnized in France; and very frequently such contracts were ratified by parents, even before the contracted parties were personally known to each other. This was not one of the least violations of liberty which operated powerfully in promoting, and, at length, in accomplishing, the French revolution.

The Dutchesse was remarkably deficient in personal graces; though nature had bestowed on her the powers of receiving a considerable degree of mental cultivation. The avowed indifference which subsisted between them, naturally produced a languor of mind, which was wholly inimical to domestic happiness: mutual neglect soon gave birth to mutual disgust: and, after a few months had tediously elapsed in a series of constrained civilities, they parted.

Shortly after their separation, Lauzun was ordered, with his regiment, to America. It was now that the ardour of his soul blazed forth unstifled: he panted for glory; he sighed for military distinction; he was eager to entwine the laurel of victory with the insignia of nobility. But Lauzun was destined through life to be the vassal of his sensibility; and the more delicate, the more refined passions of his heart perpetually interrupted his progress towards fame.

While he was preparing to embark for America, intelligence reached him that the lady for whom he had once cherished the most ardent affection, was, at that moment, exposed to some pecuniary difficulties, and labouring under the anxiety of neglect, even from those in whom she had reposed unbounded confidence. The susceptibility of Lauzun's heart could not calmly endure the inquietude occasioned by such events; therefore, after obtaining leave of absence for a short interval, he collected the remnants of his pecuniary resources, enclosed the sum in a small *port-folio*, and, on a post-horse, unattended, set out from Paris. Thus did he travel many hundred miles, with little corporeal and still less mental rest, till he arrived at the abode of the fair recluse. It was in the dreary season of the year; the situation wild and barren; and nothing less eccentric than the feelings of such a character, could have prompted or performed so romantic an expedition.

He was immediately admitted; he found the lady alone; he had not power to utter a syllable; but, after placing the port-folio on a table which stood before her, he quitted the room, re-mounted his horse, and re-measured back his route towards Paris; shortly after he embarked for America, where, by his gallant conduct, he soon became highly distinguished. He was the friend of the Marquis de la Fayette; and he also enjoyed the esteem even of his military adversaries, among whom may be named the Earl of Moira, then Lord Rawdon; a man no less distinguished for valour than for virtue, for political knowledge than for genuine philanthropy!

When York-Town was surrendered by the English, Lauzun was dispatched to the court of Versailles with the important tidings. On his arrival at Paris, he was received with acclamations of transport; the messenger of conquest, the harbinger of that peace which was, in a great degree, accelerated by this important capitulation. The metropolis of France now became a scene of the most brilliant festivity. Versailles was the temple of delight; and Lauzun was the idol of the day. His name was re-echoed by all ranks of people; and the surrender of York-Town was considered as the most promising event which had been recorded on the annals of the American war. But the French people, particularly those who were blinded by courtly splendour, did not foresee that those who, by their valour, had contributed towards the establishment of liberty in America, would scarcely permit the ardent effects which it produced to lie dormant in their bosoms.

The Duc de Lauzun, at this period, possessed a small villa at *Montrouge*, in the vicinity of Paris. It was completely fitted up after the English fashion: all the domestics, excepting one or two, were of this country, and even his table was arranged after the manner of the English. This retreat was the scene of rational festivity, very unlike the temples of some illustrious personages, who dedicated their villas to the most profligate debasement.

The late Duke of Orleans, then Duc de Chartres, followed the example of Lauzun; and the fairy palace of *Mouceau* was inhabited by English domestics. There English liberty was enthusiastically extolled, and French despotism daily discussed without reserve; till a spirit of reform, and a glow of newly awakened independence, fastened on every mind among the inferior classes of society.

Shortly after the commencement of the revolution, the subject of these pages, then Duc de Biron, having succeeded his uncle in fortune and title, set out for England. His personal attachment to the Queen, in a great degree, kept down the spirit of republican ardour, and suppressed that active zeal which would otherwise have influenced his conduct in the cause of freedom. Biron was the very soul of chivalry. The Queen of France was beautiful, and persecuted. The event of his departure terminated unfortunately. Biron's resources were locked up by the strong hand of anarchy: he had many debts in England: his creditors, either under the supposition that he was become opulent, by the death of his uncle, or that he would shortly be exposed to indigence by the convulsions of political changes, arrested him; and he was, for several weeks, confined in the house of a sheriff's officer.

It was there that the enterprizing soul of Biron indulged in the varying emotions which his chequered destiny gave birth to; and, while his bosom glowed with the enthusiasm of liberty, it also ached under the severe humiliations of a constrained captivity.

In this distressing embarrassment, the Earl of Moira, whose mind and whose conduct do honour to human nature, received intimation of the Duke's confinement; and, by his interference and friendship, Biron was liberated. But the power of legal prosecution had only augmented the enthusiasm of freedom; and he returned to Paris to unite with the most popular leaders of the revolution.

There he renewed his friendship with the Duke of Orleans, who had assumed the title of Egalité; and, by his influence, was prevailed on to take the command of the army of La Vendée. Whether Biron felt the dreadful effects of anarchy, while he hourly received accounts of massacres and horrors; or whether the sufferings of the ill-fated and persecuted Marie Antoinette impressed his sensible and philanthropic mind, is not clearly ascertained; but he certainly evinced an inactivity of soul, which terminated in his destruction. He was recalled to Paris, deprived of the rank which he held in the army, imprisoned, and executed!

Here let the sensible reader bestow a tear, while reflection shews the progress of Biron's fall from power to degradation; from the most splendid altitudes of fame and fortune, to the gloomy platform of the guillotine! and, while memory transcribes his many virtues, his gallant actions, his amiable sensibility, and his romantic enthusiasm on the page of Time, let Pity efface, with her spontaneous tears, the frailties of human nature, and the last sad close of his unfortunate destiny.

On the Mode of Travelling in Africa.

[From Browne's Travels in Africa, Egypt, and Syria.]

ONE mode of travelling, with small variations, obtains thro' all the north of Africa. I mean by caravans (from *karu*, to wander from place to place). When the inhabitants have occasion to pass the boundaries of their respective States, they form themselves into a larger or smaller body, united under one head. Their association is produced by considerations of mutual convenience and security, as even the most easy and safest of the roads they are to pass, would yet be difficult and dangerous for a single traveller.

Three distant caravans are employed in bringing slaves and other commodities from the interior of Africa to Kahira (Cairo). One of them comes straight from Murzuk, the capital of Fezzân, another from Sennaar, and the third from Für. They do not arrive at fixed periods, but after a greater or less interval, according to the success they may have had in procuring slaves, and such other articles as are fitted to the market, the orders of their respective rulers, and various other accidental circumstances.

The Fezzân caravan is under the best regulations. The merchants from that place employ about fifty days in their passage from Murzûk to Kahira; which city they as often as possible contrive to reach a little before the commencement of Ramadan, that such as find themselves inclined to perform the pilgrimage may be prepared to accompany the Emir of Misr. The sale of their goods seldom employs them in the city much more than two months; after the expiration of which, those who have no design of visiting Mecca, return to their native country. The arrival of this caravan is generally annual.

The other two are extremely various in their motions; sometimes not appearing in Egypt for the space of two, or even three years; sometimes two or more distinct caravans arriving in the same year. The perpetual changes in their several governments, and the caprices of their despots, are, in a great degree, the occasion of this irregularity. The road, also, between these two places and Kahira, is often infested by bodies of independent Arabs, as that of Sennaar, by the Ababdé and Shaikiè, and that of Fùr by the Cubba-Beesh and Bedeiât: the latter is, however, for the most part, much safer than the former. The departure of a caravan from Dar-Fùr, forms an important event. It engages the attention of the whole country for a time, and even serves as a kind of chronological epocha.

The period of their arrival in Kahira is as uncertain as that of their departure; for they travel indifferently either in winter or summer. The journey from Assùan to Sennaar, requires much less time than that from Assiùt to Dar-Fùr.

Many obstacles exist to the erection of any permanent marks by which the roads of the desert might be distinguished. Yet I have observed that the people of our caravan, in such places as afforded stones for the purpose, used to collect four or five large ones, thus raising small heaps at proper distances from each other. This affords them some satisfaction at their return; but in many places, where the sand is loose and deep, it becomes impracticable. They are then obliged to rely on the facility acquired by habit, of distinguishing the outline and characteristic features of certain rocks, as they are perfectly ignorant of the compass, and very little informed as to the fixed stars. Though the names of the constellations be little known to them, yet they distinguish such as may guide them in their course during the night. With all these aids, however, their deviations from the true line are not infrequent. Three times, in the course of our journey, the whole caravan was quite at a loss for the road, though some of the members of it had made ten or twelve different journies to and from Dar-Fùr. During the whole of my route, I had reason to suspect that the accounts in books of travels, which have generated such terrific notions of the moving sands of Africa, are greatly exaggerated. While we remained at Leghea, indeed, a violent gale sprang from the north-west, and raised a cloud of sand. At that time I placed a wooden bowl, capable of containing about two gallons, in the open air. Thirty minutes had elapsed when it appeared completely filled with sand. Our companions, indeed, affected to relate various stories of caravans that had been overwhelmed; but, as neither time nor place were adduced, it would seem not unreasonable to doubt the truth of the assertion.

If caravans have been thus buried on their road, it may be presumed that accident can only have happened after they have been deprived of the power of moving, by the influence of a hot wind, want of water, and other causes. A number of men, and other animals, found dead, and covered with sand, would be sufficient ground for succeeding native travellers to believe, as they are strangers to ratiocination, or, though not entirely persuaded, to relate, as they delight in the marvellous, that the persons they had found had been overwhelmed on their march; when, in fact, this accumulation had not happened till they were already dead. But perhaps the matter scarcely merits this discussion.

Our company consisted of nearly five hundred camels. This exceeds the number usually employed by the Jelabs on their return from Egypt, which is often not more than two hundred. In passing from Dar-Fùr to Egypt, they esteem two thousand camels, and a thousand head of slaves, a large caravan. Of persons of other countries, but particularly Egyptians, trading for themselves, there were not more than fifty, including five or six Coptic christians, whose admittance in Dar-Fùr the monarch of that country has since forbidden. Several of this number were Muggrebines, or Occidental Arabs; the remainder, amounting to one hundred and fifty, or two hundred, including the chabîr, or leader, were subjects of Fùr. Few particulars of other caravans are known to me but by report.

The Arabs and Jelabs find the camel too indispensable to their long and fatiguing voyages, not to employ much care in nourishing him. This *ship of the land*, as he is called, is exclusively the bearer of their fortunes and the companion of their toils. Much care is observed in rearing him; and, not unfrequently, the merchant pays nearly as much for the camels to carry his merchandize, as he did for the commodities themselves: what, then, must be the profit that covers his expenses, his fatigue, indemnifies him for accidental losses, and yet leaves him a gainer? But if this patient and enduring animal be thus rendered subservient to their wants or their avarice, he is not at least tortured for their caprice.

Horses are very little used by the Jelabs. They generally furnish themselves with Egyptian asses, which alleviate the fatigue of the way, and are afterwards sold in Soudân at an advanced price. The strength and spirits of this animal are recruited with a small quantity of straw and water: the horse has not the same recommendation: and these people, though not averse from parade in cities, find the labour and hazard of these voyages too enormous not to augment their profits by all possible economy.

The provisions they use are scanty and indifferent, and by no means testify any foresight for the necessities of the sick, or for the procrastination of the voyage by those innumerable accidents that may befal them.

I did not observe that any of them were furnished with dried meat, as is common with the Fezzanners. But few used coffee and tobacco, and the rest contented themselves with a leathern bag of flour, another of bread baked hard, a leathern vessel of honey or treacle, and another of butter. The quantity of each was regulated by the number of persons, and seldom exceeded what was absolutely necessary.

In travelling from Dar-Fùr to Egypt, another article is much in use, especially for the slaves, which Egypt itself does not afford, or produces in no quantity. The grain chiefly in use among the Furians, is the small *kassob*, called among them *dokn* (millet). Of this, after it has been coarsely ground, they take a quantity, and, having caused it to undergo a slight fermentation, make a kind of paste. This will keep a long time; and, when about to be used, water is added to it: if properly made, it becomes a tolerably palatable food. But the natives are not very delicate.

From its acidity, they esteem it a preventative of thirst. The fermentation gives it also a slight power of inebriating, and it has a narcotic tendency. The substance so prepared is called *ginseia*. The want of materials for fire on the road, prevents the use of rice, and other articles that would require cookery.

Experienced travellers, among every ten camels laden with merchandize, charge one with beans, and straw, chopped small, which, sparingly given, serves them during the greater part of the voyage. Those with whom I travelled, were not so provided; these articles being then very dear in Egypt; and, in consequence, numbers of camels perished. In coming from Dar-Fùr, they use for the same purpose the *dokn*, and coarse hay of the country, but not altogether with the same salutary effect.

The water, on leaving Egypt, is commonly conveyed in goat-skins, artificially prepared: but no skill can entirely prevent evaporation. On their march from Soudan to Egypt, the Jelabs oftener use ox hides, formed into capacious sacks, and properly seasoned with tar or oil. A pair of these is a camel's load. They keep the water in a better state for drinking than the smaller; and these sacks are sold to great advantage throughout Egypt, a pair of the best kind being sometimes worth thirty piasters.

They are the common instruments for conveying water from the river to different parts of each town. The camels are not allowed to partake of this store, which, after all the care that can be taken of it, is often very nauseous, from the tar, the mud which accompanies the water in drawing, heat, &c.

Six of the smaller skins, or two of the larger, are generally esteemed sufficient for four persons for as many days.

Cheap Method of preventing the disagreeable Smell of Privies.

IN some houses, privies, when badly placed and ill taken care of, diffuse an odour as inconvenient as unhealthful; but the means of remedying this evil is exceedingly easy. If a certain quantity of milk of lime (water in which lime has been dissolved, and whitened by the fine particles of that substance) be mixed with the ley of ashes, or soapy water that has been used for washing, be thrown into the sink of the privy, it will destroy the offensive smell. By these means, for the value of a few pence, any collection of filth whatever may be neutralized. By the same process, conveniences for sick persons may be kept in their apartments. Nothing is necessary, but to have a tub covered with a board as a seat: five or six pounds of quick-lime, a small quantity of ashes, and two buckets of water thrown into the tub, will prevent any disagreeable odour.

It may readily be conceived that the same process may be employed in regard to a night-chair. The fecal matter, after being thus neutralized, is an excellent manure for land.

Parallel between the Merits of Lavoisier and Doctor Priestley.

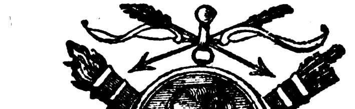
[From Hutchinſon's Biographia Medica.]

M. LAVOISIER established a school of chemistry in the year 1776, which continued to flourish till 1792: in this school, many important discoveries were made, and many happy changes in the ground of chemical science were carried into effect. Such were the means by which this eminent philosopher endeavoured to establish a new chemical doctrine, the merit of which belongs exclusively to himself.

Forty memoirs were successively read in the meetings of the academy of sciences, from the year 1773 to the year 1793, and are inserted in the twenty volumes which correspond with these years. The essays present to those who study chemical history, even in that short period of his glory, a series of discoveries and results on all the important phenomena of chemistry, on the analysis of atmospheric air, on the formation and fixation of elastic fluids, on the properties of the matter of heat, on the composition of acids, on the decomposition of water, on the solution of metals, on vegetation, fermentation, and animalization. All the discoveries and facts contained in the memoirs of Lavoisier, constitute a whole work, so well connected, such a natural concatenation of ideas and phenomena, that it is impossible not to acknowledge the greatest fertility of genius.

Those learned men who searched after truth, and were zealously employed in the study of nature, convinced of the reality of the facts which he constantly offered them, submitted to his demonstrations, adopted the fundamental principles of his doctrine, and united with him, in the year 1784, to make its foundation more solid, and to render the edifice of the pneumatic theory durable and permanent.

M. Lavoisier, supported by the union of the most distinguished French chemists, resolved to collect into one focus, all the new facts which he had elucidated separately. He accordingly made a methodical arrangement, and formed some new chemical principles, which he published in the year 1789. In this last work are amassed all the discoveries which he made during a period of twenty years. In all his productions, he observes a regular and methodical order. Among his numerous essays, may be traced a continued series of wonderful industry, the same accuracy of description, the same proofs of innate genius. In the works of Dr. Priestley, a multitude of experiments and discoveries are every where presented: we are astonished with the number and diversity of apparently new facts; but we are, at the same time, struck with their incoherence, opposition, and contradiction: we vainly endeavour to arrange into any order so many different results and scattered ideas. Lavoisier conducts us in a straight and easy path, where our steps are sure and certain. Priestley opens to our view a thousand new tracts, but without any communication, without enabling us to see where we are to begin, and where to end. The works of Lavoisier are as a skein of silk, formed by a single thread, and easy to be wound and collected: those of Priestley represent a clew composed of a number of threads, differing in strength and extent, and which are liable to be broken every moment.



MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

MR. Thomas Dobſon has publiſhed the firſt part of the firſt volume of the ſupplement to the Encyclopædia.

Poems, by Samuel Low, vol. i. have juſt iſſued from the preſs of Meſſrs. T. and J. Swords.

Mr. Jefferſon has publiſhed an Appendix to his Notes on Virginia, in which the ſtatement made relative to the murder of Logan's family by Creſap, is ſupported by a variety of evidence.

The 4th Number of the Medical Repoſitory, conducted by Meſſrs. Mitchill and Miller, which completes the third volume of that uſeful work, has juſt been publiſhed.

FOREIGN.

A VERY intereſting Tour through Greece, in the years 1797 and 1798, has juſt made its appearance at Paris. It was undertaken by Stephenopoli, the naturaliſt, at the requeſt of Buonaparte, while at the head of the victorious army of Italy, and alſo at that of the Directory, the object of both being to aſcertain the real ſtate of the country, and the political diſpoſitions of its inhabitants. Stephenopoli being himſelf a native of Greece (a Mainot), and well acquainted with the modern Greek tongue, has enriched the work with a variety of new and curious obſervations and facts, equally intereſting to the antiquarian and politician. An Engliſh tranſlation is in forwardneſs.

A method has been lately diſcovered of producing a degree of artificial cold much more intenſe than was ever before known. It conſiſts in the ſimple mixture of ſulphuric and muriatic ether; an inſtantaneous evaporation takes place at the moment of union, accompanied by ſo rapid an abſorption of heat, as not only to congeal mercury, but even to reduce the gazeous, nitrous acid to a liquid form.

An ingenious method of ſupplying the place of horn for lanthorns, &c. has been lately practiſed in France. It conſiſts in dipping a piece of network of very fine braſs-wire in a ſtrong decoction of iſinglaſs, which fills up the meſhes, and is converted, by drying, into a hard tranſparent plate. It may be made of any thickneſs, by dipping the netting a ſufficient number of times; and, when varniſhed, for protection againſt the effects of moiſture, is found to be as durable as horn.

The utility of turnips is ſo great, that every fact reſpecting them demands the attention of the farmer. Theſe crops ſhould not be ſown too ſoon, as they are very apt to mildew, and, by that means, be deſtroyed. The beſt kinds are thoſe that ſtand deep in the ground, as they are leſs affected by froſts. In this reſpect, too, much depends on the ſituation of the ground on which they are ſown. If the aſpect of it be towards the ſouth, in caſe of ſevere froſts, they are very liable to be deſtroyed by the repeated freezing and thawing that muſt take place; they ſhould therefore be firſt removed or fed off. Where the aſpect is northerly, they will be leſs expoſed to danger from this cauſe.

Soda has been applied to many domeſtic purpoſes with much effect and advantage; and it will be found equally uſeful in the dairy, in thoſe hot ſeaſons where the milk-veſſels cannot be kept ſweet without much labour and difficulty. The uſe of a little of this ſubſtance not only renders them clean, and perfectly free from ſmell, but corrects the tendency which the wood, under ſuch circumſtances, has to ſpoil the milk.

The cultivation of food for the purpoſe of feeding hogs, has been little attended to by the farmer. It is certain, however, that thoſe animals, when kept in the moſt advantageous ways, afford very conſiderable profits on almoſt every deſcription of farm. Clover, potatoes, and carrots, are articles with which they may be fed, and even fattened, when properly managed, at a very ſmall expenſe. The parſnip is likewiſe well known to be uſeful in this way; and, probably, the root of the white beat, if it were properly tried, would be found ſtill more uſeful, as experiment has ſhewn it to contain the ſaccharine principle in a large proportion, and it can be cultivated with very little difficulty.

POETRY.

ROBIN *in Town, to his Miſtreſs in the Country.*

FOR thee, ſweet maid, my ſtrains ſhall flow,
Who ſav'd my life and ſooth'd my woe,
For when forlorn and loſt I lay,
With bleeding wings along the way,
You raiſed me drooping from the plain,
And bade me live to ſing again.

Tear-dropping Pity! 'twas thy flame
Inſpired the boſom of the dame;
In her bright form thou lov'ſt to dwell,
Her azure eyes thy manſion tell,
And, gentle Goddeſs, oh! declare,
Haſt thou on earth a ſhrine more fair?

Dear maid, with gratitude I burn,
Thy kindneſs how ſhall I return?
Oh! when my wounded pinions heal,
And in my breaſt new ſtrength I feel,
My maſter ſays he'll quit his charge,
And let me rove the fields at large;
Then on exulting wings I'll ſoar,
And ſeek my native groves once more.
Quick to my miſtreſs I'll repair,
And with my ſong ſalute her ear.

When o'er the mead the nymph ſhall ſtray,
I'll ſport around her all the way;
From every hedge I'll crop a flower,
And in her path the leaves I'll ſhower.

Cloſe by the brook a bank I know,
Where woodbines hang and roſes blow;
By nature taught I'll here prepare
A wreath to deck her fragrant hair;
Then, as ſhe trips it o'er the dale,
How ſweet will breathe the ſummer gale!

At early dawn, when morning's ray
Juſt glimmers on the dewy ſpray,
I'll gaily from the brake ariſe,
And ſeek the chamber where ſhe lies;
The window beat with fluttering wing,
And in her ear ſo ſweetly ſing;
She'll wake, and, 'raptur'd with the ſong,
Bid me the artleſs ſtrain prolong.

Meanwhile, dear maid, I'll patient wait
With him you truſted with my fate;
A kinder youth I never knew,
Oh! ſure he learn't it all from you.
Like you, he ſhews ſuch tender cares,
Such choice and dainty food prepares,
Now ſmooths my plumage with his cheek,
Then preſſes to his lips my beak;
And, when you gave a kiſs before,
He raptur'd prints a thouſand more.

I fancy oft he yields this care,
Not for my ſake, but yours, my fair;
For, when upon his breaſt I lie,
I feel it heave with many a ſigh;
With ev'ry ſigh your name I hear,
And ſometimes mark a trickling tear—
Which, as a-down his cheek 'twill ſtray,
He'll wipe it with my wings away.

Oh! what's the matter? Tell me true,
Sweet miſtreſs, is the cauſe with you?
Ah yes—he breathes, I plainly ſee,
An unregarded ſigh for thee.
Oh never, never, let him prove
The bitter pangs of ſlighted love;
Unkindneſs ſhewn to one ſo true,
Will break his heart, and Robin's too.

Imitation of the 28th Ode of ANACREON.

INSTRUCTION *to a* PAINTER.

LET the pencil's magic art
Paint the miſtreſs of my heart,
From every glowing tint prepare
All that's lovely! all that's fair!
And as eloquent diſplay
All that charms my cares away.

First be drawn her forehead bright,
Smooth as the ſilver orb of night!
Then lightly give her Auburn hair
To flow in ringlets to the air;
Careleſs ſcatter'd o'er behind,
Looſely roving with the wind!

Let ſome ſeraph of the ſky
Dip the pencil's deepeſt dye,
To paint the magic of her eye!
Black! and lovely! let it roll,
Thrilling rapture thro' the ſoul!
Clear as heaven to my view!
Clear as evening's pearly dew!
Mirror of the pureſt mind,
Still ſo beautiful, ſo kind!

Next—but here all art muſt fail,
And impotently draws the veil!
O'er her form, ſo purely neat!
Her lips, ſo eloquently ſweet!
Yet if Art diſplays her charms,
Her roſy cheek, her ivory arms!
Let the magic ſhade be ſhown,
Such as Envy's eye may own!

Such as Nature's ſelf would ſmile,
When ſhe views the artiſt's toil!
Be the heavenly virgin ſeen,
As here her lovely ſelf had been.

Horace, *Book* i. *Ode* 5, *imitated.*

Quis multa gracilis, &c.

To PYRRHA.

By John Davis.

WHAT effenc'd youth, on bed of bluſhing roſes,
Diſſolves away within thy ſnowy arms?
Or with ſoft languor on thy breaſt repoſes,
Deeply enamour'd of thy witching charms?

For whom do now, with wantonneſs and care,
Thy golden locks in graceful ringlets wave?
What ſwain now liſtens to thy vows of air?
For whom doth now thy fragrant boſom heave?

Alas! how often ſhall he curſe the hour,
Who, all-confiding in thy winning wiles,
With ſudden darkneſs views the heavens low'r,
And finds, too late, the treach'ry of thy ſmiles!

Wretched are they, who, by thy beauty won,
Believe thee not leſs amiable than kind:
No more deluded, I thy charms diſown,
And give thy vows, indignant, to the wind.

The SHIPWRECK.

A WANDERING OF FANCY.

Written on Sullivan's Iſland.

By the ſame.

WITHIN my houſe, *which ſcarce I lack*
Much ſtrength to carry on my back,
Fancy! aid me with thy power
At the ſilent midnight hour,
While the cricket, blithe and gay,
Charms me with his merry lay,
And the waves, with hollow roar,
Beat againſt the troubled ſhore.

Hark! the ſeaman's anxious cry
Loud proclaims ſome ſtorm is nigh.
Oh, ye Gods! the veſſel ſave,
Snatch her from the briny wave,
Waft her to the wiſh'd-for ſhore;
Ah!—harſher yet the wild winds roar.

In vain the wife prepares the fire,
In vain the children wait their ſire!
Where is father now, they cry,
While the mother heaves the ſigh,
And, with wild, affrighted ſoul,
Hears the ſtorm around her howl!

Now a voice beguiles her ear,
To relieve her anxious fear,
And ſooth her grief—Ah! no—
'Tis the meſſenger of woe!

What tidings bring you to my home?
When will Ralph, my good man come?
Is he ſafe? Quick! tell thy tale;
Has he 'ſcap'd the dreadful gale?
Oh! no—his veſſel's wreck'd upon the ſhore;
He and his crew are now no more!

Like a ſhrub ſtruck by the blaſt,
Down ſhe ſunk, and breath'd her laſt.

EPIGRAM

On Meſſieurs Baron *and* Workman, *the two wrangling Mathematicians.*

AS late two wrangling heroes fell,
By ſome miſchance, into a *well*,
Nam'd by the *wiſe* a well of doubt!
They begg'd a wag to help them out!
The wit, who high above them ſtood,
And ſaw them both amid the flood,
Replies, 'Tis ſurely, *Sirs*, a ſin
To help thoſe out who would be *in!*
If by your *problems* you can tell
How both have ſtumbled in the well,
The *ſame poſition* will, no doubt,
Shew plainly how you'll *ſcramble out!*
But till you do—may I be da—n'd
If either has *my* helping hand!

HUMBUG.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

AND

AMERICAN REVIEW.

VOL. II.] JUNE, 1800. [No. 6.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Anecdotes of Madame Du Barri.

THE fate of a royal mistress, however shocking the catastrophe may be, is seldom bewailed by the people. This was eminently true in respect to this lady, whose execution was long before predicted by Demorande. This prediction was accomplished in a manner that neither the victim nor the prophet could have ever dreamed of.

Madame du Barri, rendered a beauty by the hand of nature, created a countess by the command of Louis XV. and elevated by accident from a brothel to a partnership in the throne, was one of the many examples of folly and profligacy that produced the French revolution.

Her origin was obscure, but, in the days of her glory, she claimed a relationship with some of the first families in Ireland, and actually conferred employments on two or three *noble* soldiers of fortune from that country, whom she called her *cousins*, and who deemed themselves amply compensated for the disgrace by regiments and *croix de St. Louis*.

The favourite conducted herself in a manner that at once demonstrated her own insolence, the king's folly, and the courtier's servility. Her levee was attended by all that was great, or, more properly speaking, by all that was mean in France. On rising one morning from bed, in presence of the monarch and his dissipated companions, she ordered the pope's nuncio to hand her one slipper, while the grand almoner (an archbishop) put on the other! each deeming himself highly honoured by the employment, and fully recompensed by the transitory view of her charms.

The chancellor of France, at her request, signed a patent, constituting her negro governor of the castle of Lucienne, with a pension of six hundred livres a year. The princes of the blood were treated by her sometimes with insolence, and, at other times, with vulgar familiarity. When the late duke of Orleans' father solicited her interest relative to his marriage with Madame de Montesson, she tapped him on the belly (he was a fat man), cracked a joke on his person, *permitted* him to solemnize the nuptials, and engaged to take all the consequences on herself. The late queen (Marie

Antoinette), while dauphiness, was at last obliged to entertain, and even pay regular court to her. She issued *bons* in the same manner as the monarch, and drew on the royal treasury, to whatever amount she pleased, without the formality of the royal signet. In short, her toilet was of gold, her jewels were more costly than those of any princess in Europe, and her villa, or, as it was termed, her *pavilion* at Lucienne, was furnished at an expense equal to a German subsidy.

So powerful was she, that the death of Louis XV. and the indignation of the people, neither produced seclusion nor restitution.

At the revolution, this lady, who, according to the Parisians, always willing to indemnify themselves for their slavery by a pun, had risen from an *Ecu* to a *Louis*, very naturally took part with a court to which she was bound both by vanity and gratitude. Her vast wealth, however, and her passion for a nobleman of high rank, prevented her from emigrating, and adding to the number of the *noblesse* who assembled at Coblentz.

Soon after the king's execution she repaired to England, and might have found an asylum there, but she was fond of intrigue, and instantly commenced a negociation for the restoration of the monarchy.

Her charms made no impression on Mr. Pitt, but his zeal, if not his person, attracted her warmest regards. She always spoke of him with raptures, considered him as the protector of the exiled princes, and actually returned to France with his miniature picture hanging by a gold chain to her neck—that *once* lovely neck, so soon to be severed by the unpitying guillotine!

Caligula made his horse consul; Madame du Barri created her black page a governor, and actually bartered a *croix de St. Louis* for a paroquet. The philosopher scarcely knows which most to despise; the Romans of one age, or the French of another!

This woman died under the reign of Robespierre, on the scaffold. May one be permitted to say that her end was worthy of her life? Her behaviour in the passage to, and at the square of execution, was truly shocking. Her terrors overturned her reason; her features were distorted; all her limbs convulsed; her eye was haggard and wild; and she uttered terrible shrieks. She even resisted the executioner, and, struggling from his grasp, attempted to escape. She rent the air with cries, which continued till the descent of the fatal axe!

What a contrast this, to the placid and heroic demeanour of the wife of Roland! But their deaths were not more different than their lives had been before. If the revolutionary vengeance had been limited to such victims as *La Comptesse du Barri*, its devastations would, perhaps, have been but little deplorable.

Dialogues of the Living:

DIALOGUE IV.

I WENT lately into the company of two persons, whom I will call Tom and Harry, talking very loudly upon politics. The debate, as usual, had proceeded from argument to sarcasm, and from raillery to railing, and went on somewhat in this style:

'*Tom.* Yes, your party aims at nothing but to overthrow the present government.

'*Harry.* The very purpose of the villainous faction whom we fight against.

'*T.* To throw us all into anarchy, and deliver us over to a Robespierrian usurpation.

'*H.* And who's to blame, if that falls out merely from our struggles to prevent you from establishing a titled and hereditary despotism, well known to be the dearest wish of your hearts, and the end of all your labours?

'*T.* For that you wish to cement us, by alliances and treaties of fraternity, with the horrid and inexorable French.

'*H.* The only expedient we have left to elude the effects of *your* unnatural and traiterous devotion to Britain.

'*T.* But no wonder you act as traitors to your country, and as tools and sycophants of France. Power is the bribe held forth to you; and, to reign, is worth your ambition, though as slaves and puppets of a foreign power.

'*H.* Whereas you more wisely content yourself with money, and will barter the freedom of your country for a much safer consideration. Gold, British gold, is the spell that binds *you.*

'*T.* A pack of knaves! cajoling the people by lies and stratagems! and labouring to build up your private fortunes, profligate and bankrupt as you are, upon the ruins of your country!

'*H.* Better knaves than fools, say I: better pursue measures by which a few shall prosper, than, like you, to embrace those by which all shall perish in common. The knave promotes his own interest, at least, but the fool partakes, himself, of the ruin which he heaps upon others. Ye are blind guides that fall first into the ditch into which you lead others. Sampsons that, in order to destroy your enemies, pull the house upon your own heads.

'*T.* Not content with warring against all political order, ye labour, with a diabolical zeal, to destroy the very *names* of morals and religion.

'*H.* Whereas you are contented merely with abolishing the *things.* You leave us to console ourselves with the name, but take care that the substance shall be exchanged for bigotry, intolerance, and superstition.

'*T.* Cursers of God ye are, and tools of the devil!

'*H.* Fit companions, if so, for the enemies of man and the victims of their own folly.

'*T.* Ungrateful scoundrels that, if I had my will, should all be shipped off to-morrow to your respective countries, where your crimes have already merited the gallows. What are you but the refuse of Europe, fugitives from States where your restless malignity strove in vain against wholesome order, and vipers who sting to death that bosom which gave you an asylum?

'*H.* Fit companions, once more say I, for those impious monopolists who deny us the rights of human nature; because, forsooth, we were not *born* among you. More savage, you, than those savage tribes with whom every stranger is an enemy; for, with you, it seems, every *guest* is a *slave!*

'*T.* How dare you abuse the government that fosters and protects you; by whose indulgent influence you are *what* you are; and which, if your ingratitude were treated as it merits, would reduce you in a moment to the beggary and dirt from whence you sprung?

'*H.* I can't tell. I wonder at my own audacity as much as you. For a slave like me to pretend to question the will of one who has my life, liberty, and property in his own hand, and may kill or banish me just as caprice shall prompt him, is a rashness truly surprising. To supplicate his mercy, to pamper his arrogance, to confess that his power over me is no more than simple equity, that I have no shadow of pretence to aspire to an equality with him, to take an equal share in the government of myself and my fellows, is by far the safest way.

'*T.* I understand your irony. And so you would insinuate that you have a right to enter my house, to claim a seat at my table, and share the possession of my wife and children, would you? *That* is one of the rights of human nature, is it? All exclusive property, all household and conjugal privileges, are arrant tyranny and usurpation, I warrant you. Maxims worthy of those who are at once rebels to their country and their God.

'*H.* Rebels let us be as long as we are ruled by tyrants.

'*T.* Atheists!

'*H.* Hypocrites!

'*T.* Liars!

'*H.* Dissemblers!

'*T.* Vile, bloody-minded jacobins!

'*H.* Proud, detestable aristocrats!

'*T.* How dare you, rascal, use such terms?

'*H.* Your humble imitator, Sir, am I; I dare do all, as the poet *might have said*, that other rascals dare.

'*T.* Do you call me rascal, Sir?

'*H.* No, Sir; I *miscall* you gentleman, that's all.

'*T.* Take that, Sir, *(kicking)*.

'*H.* And to be out of your debt, take *that*, Sir,' *(striking)*.

Having little relish for this species of debate, and other persons being present to see *fair play*, I hastily withdrew. This being a pretty good specimen of the fashionable political conversation, I have amused myself by giving you this account of it, which, I hope, may likewise amuse some of your readers.

Remarks on Godwin's 'ST. LEON.'

(In a Letter.)

HAVE I read St. Leon? Yes, yes, I have read it, to be sure. Why, how could you doubt it, having had the volumes above a day and an half. The moment they came, it was just at finishing of dinner, I opened and continued, only with an interval of six hours sleep, till twelve o'clock next day, when I reached the last page of the fourth volume.

How some people as young, and, in other respects, as girlish as myself, can bear to lay down and take up a book of this kind half-a-dozen times before they end it, for the sake of a visit, a walk, a minuet, or a *canzonetta*, has often puzzled me. Strange unsteadiness of mind, or lack of curiosity, it must be, surely, that occasions it.

Well, and now that I have read it, what do I think of it, you ask. So cursory a reading as mine must hardly fit me for a judge; but I will tell you my thoughts, such as they are, and make the best of them. Be they trite or foolish, you that set me on the task are culpable, not I.

And first, 'tis my opinion, if Godwin, the author, goes on at this rate, he will finally undo and unsay all that he has formerly done and said; will exhibit the very strange, but, in many cases, and, perhaps, in this, the honourable spectacle of a man spending half his life in unravelling a sleeve which the former half was spent in knitting—in taking down (if the sleeve be too *feminine* a metaphor) by piece-meal, the edifice which all his previous time and pains had been devoted to the building.

'Tis plain, that in first constructing his theory of morals, he spoke of the domestic charities and sexual relations, without experience. And, indeed, what else could we expect? He had lived upwards of forty years single, by his own confession unenamoured, chiefly in the company of dealers in abstractions, political and metaphysical theorists, and his privacies spent in the cold and comfortless society of his ink-horn and his goose-quill. What wonder that he talked so contemptuously of the duties and pleasures of husband and wife, parent and child!

He afterwards loved, and married, and had the prospect of offspring; and then, in an instant, the note was changed. Philosophy bowed her arrogant crest at the shrine of the household deities; abjured her ferocious creed, and confessed the folly of her proud contempts of marriage; whose chaste delights, and ennobling duties, were thenceforth vaunted as the prime felicity and best privilege of human nature.

In this book, we find him the fervent eulogist of what he formerly despised, or, at least, treated dubiously and blamefully. A wife is shewn to us as the only true solace of life; the only deliverance from ill, and safety from temptation; the only dispenser of happiness, and fosterer of that divine beneficence whose zeal to benefit others flows from knowledge of what their benefit consists in, and the true means of effecting it.

And, indeed, he who knows what happiness is, has a reason for labouring for another's happiness; which he who knows it not, must necessarily want. How can I eloquently recommend a scheme, if I have not actual and lively experience of its benefits? The beverage before you may mantle and glow, "may flame and sparkle in its crystal bounds;" I may lift it to your lips, and say "*drink;*" but languidly, doubtingly, in accent, gesture, and look, shall I say it, if I have not first drank myself, and know not, by my own experience, its sovereign efficacy to heal all wounds and lull all cares.

Thus it is with the cup stored with the fragrant and delicious sweets of wedded love. How fired with energy, how sparkling with contagious zeal, how irresistably persuasive will my tongue and eye become, if I have myself taken a copious draught, and my heart, at the moment of persuasion, is swimming in all the delights it is so fitted to inspire.

But, on the contrary, how vague, half-expressed, mumbled over, self-confuted, must be his persuasions who believes its virtues only upon hearsay; whose faith is built, not on feelings, but on syllogisms; who talks by rote, and argues, not on what he knows, but on what he guesses!

But Godwin's case was much more than that. Ignorance did not make him an equivocating, feeble advocate, but a fierce and contemptuous opponent. Not only he forbore to offer the cup to others, but he sought to dash it on the ground. He maligned the bowl, not as crude, tasteless, or disheartening, but as fraught with death to all generous, sublime, and philanthropical emotions.

But, as fate would have it, the reviler has been tempted to taste, and mark the sudden metamorphosis. The cup has been as powerful as Circe's, though its effects have been unlike: it has not sunk the taster into beast, but has reared the snarling, currish animal into a man. And the "Travels of St. Leon" is the fruit and the attestor of this change. Let not any one presume to controvert the eligibilities of marriage who has not drank of the same cup.

The domestic parts of this story have enchanted and improved me. The speculations on marriage, the character and conduct of Marguerite, the effects of gaming, the reveries of madness, the transactions in Switzerland, are all set out with a force of eloquence which surely nothing can exceed; yet this eloquence is sometimes rather too inflexible, harsh, incompliant to a change of subject and occasion, and sometimes so nearly *bordering* on excess, that I hardly know whether to condemn or approve.

But what shall we say to the strange and wild fictions, the gold-converting, life-prolonging power with which the hero is endowed? Admirable contrivances would these have been at any time from the tenth to the opening of the eighteenth century; for then, all that read were prepared to believe the story. Every man whom science and study lifted above vulgar mortals, was busy in searching for these secrets, for every one believed they could be found, and few there were who did not conscientiously believe that they had frequently been found, and that the earth was wandered over by many men, actually possessed of all that is given to St. Leon; but the present generation is incredulous on this head. They are stories which time has antiquated, and better education has exploded. 'Tis pity, therefore, that they have been revived at this time o'day. They shock our established notions too much. Fictions can never please, that o'erstep so much the modesty of that nature which our education and observation have created.

I am afraid that Godwin was infected a little with the reigning taste for the marvellous and mystical. Yet, surely, it was needless to figure thus fantastically, and to humour the popular caprice, to feed the vulgar craving. There is still among us, we may hope, a fund of curiosity and sensibility, sufficient to answer all the demands of true genius. Nor are we yet so depraved that Richardson and Burney might not once more be easily brought, by successful imitation, into fashion.

Besides, I am displeased with the management of these fictions, as well as with the fictions themselves. To possess life without end, and wealth unlimited, are not, I am willing to think, such very bad things. Every tool is hurtful in the hands of knavery or folly; but these powers, under the direction of moderate prudence and rational ambition, would turn, I think, to a very good account.

St. Leon, 'tis true, is a very faulty character, and, besides, is placed in unlucky circumstances; and hence his errors and misfortunes; but I should be better pleased and more instructed to have seen him acting wisely and discreetly. The inference would then have been avoided, which it is the tendency, and, perhaps, the design of this work to suggest; namely, that wealth and immortality *thus* gained, are always and necessarily pernicious, for surely, this inference is not just; do you think it is?

I will tell you what to me are very striking parts of this performance. The scenes in the dungeons of the inquisition, and the whole transaction between St. Leon and Bethlem Gabor. In the portrait of the Transylvanian Baron, there are epithets and images, however, that almost go too far; they touch the verge, if they do not absolutely enter the precincts of absurdity. There is a licence of hyperbole that wants but little to reach the grotesque. The same objection, I fear, will lie against some of the domestic pictures; but these are spots that I wonder I discovered, encircled as they are by so much radiance.

On the whole, without doubt, it is a rare and excellent production, and I wish the author, or some other, would bring down the memoirs of the hero to the present age. The effects of experience in the choice of the means of happiness, in enlarging the stores of knowledge, in rectifying the errors of education, might be usefully displayed. "Live and learn," is a maxim which all men have occasion to remember, but the *learning* that is gotten in a *life* of three or four hundred years, must be of a very transcendant kind. I can imagine a thousand details which such a scheme would permit one to introduce; but I have written, I doubt, more than you will patiently read already, and must stop my career. Indeed, I wonder at my own forwardness in thus sitting in judgment on a work of this kind, and delivering, so formally, my crude decisions; but, you said you *would* hear what I had to say upon the matter, and I was resolved to comply, and so you have all that at present occurs, in relation to this strange book, to

Yours,
R. P.

The late FRENCH DIRECTORY.

(By a Traveller.)

IT is curious to mark the characters of the *five* who have succeeded the Bourbons on the throne of this powerful nation, and to compare the state, before the revolution, with the present grandeur of these *Pentarchs*. Barras is the only one of them noble by birth, and of the military profession. The rest are all of obscure origin, and were trained to the *peaceable* trade of the law.

In 1788, Barras had left the army, lived at Paris in wretched indigence, in a garret; *Merlin* was an advocate, in French Flanders, his native country, more obscure than thousands of the same profession. Revelliere Lepaux having abandoned the law, taught botany in a provincial college. Reubell practiced law in the supreme courts of Alsace, and Treillard did the same in the tribunals of Paris. The botanical professor in Normandy, the lawyers of Brabant, Alsace, and Paris, and the idle soldier in a garret, first met each other as deputies to the constituent Assembly. Little thought they then that in seven years they should divide among them the prerogatives of French Royalty.

The four lawyers had spent uniform and stationary lives. They had never travelled out of France, and got their wisdom from books rather than from observation. The soldier's life had been boisterous, full of change, perils and adventures. He fought with the English in the Carnatic; had led many a skirmish, and stormed many a mountain-fort in the Deccan. He had escaped on a raft from a sinking ship, to an isle in the Indian Ocean, peopled by savages, and passed a whole month without the hope of ever again seeing the face of an European.

Barras was a Count of the most ancient family in *Provence*, the most ancient of the French provinces. Merlin was a peasant's brat, born in a cabbin, in the new acquired and half-galicised territory of Brabant. Revelliere was the son of a *propertied* farmer in Guienne. Reubell was the misbegotten of a Canon of Strasbourg, and Treillard was the son of a man of his own profession in *L'Isle de France*. The various original, as to place and rank of the five Directors, is, therefore, somewhat remarkable; only three of them, the Provençal, Guiennois and Parisian, are, strictly speaking, Frenchmen.

Barras commenced a grand and perilous career with the Revolution. His force of mind, eloquence and intrepidity, made him distinguished in all the transactions that terminated with the triumph of the *mountain;* yet he shared the success without partaking in the sanguinary measures of their tyranny. His exploits were illustrious; for, first, he subdued the revolt of the southern departments; secondly, he swayed the Convention against Robespierre, and led the armed force against him and his colleagues; thirdly, suppressed the two insurrections of the sections of Paris, against the Convention; and, lastly, he has now become Director, and chiefly superintends the internal administration of the Republic.

Merlin passed from the hovel to the kitchen of a convent, where he acted as a servant, and thence to the office of a lawyer. He was a great senatorial leader in all the efforts made for innovation, and has passed through many executive and ministerial offices before his directorship.

Revelliere was first a deputy, then a provincial administrator, then a deputy again, and declaimer from the press; then a fugitive, beset by numberless hazards from the jealousy of Robespierre; then a deputy again; and, finally, a *Director*.

Reubell has acted his part as a Senator; secondly, as a military commissioner on the Rhine; and, thirdly, has discharged the same functions against the rebels of la Vendee.

Treillard has been active in the Legislative body, being in high repute for eloquence; but, in stormy times, seems to have studied privacy. He has been Embassador to Germany, and was one of the Envoys to negociate with Malmsbury at Lisle, and at the Congress of Rastadt; all the five, therefore, have been leaders, and conspicuously active from the beginning of the Revolution.

At the opening of this great scene (1788), Barras was in the prime of life, being only thirty-three years old. He is the youngest of the five. Reubel was nine years older. Merlin was thirty-four. Revelliere was thirty-five, and Treillard was thirty-eight.

On Oxygen.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

THE query suggested by A. B. respecting the highly *oxygenated muriatic acid*, is a curious and difficult one. Though it is not altogether *new* to me, yet I have never seen a satisfactory answer given to it. Perhaps that which I am about to offer, may be far from being esteemed such by your correspondent; still, however, I will take the liberty of submitting it to his superior judgment, and shall rejoice if it have the least tendency to throw light on the point in question. The solution which I would propose is this:——

Oxygen has been usually called the *principle of acidity*. But, is this substance itself *acid?* May not acidity be a kind of *tertium quid*, or result, produced by the union of oxygen with a certain *acidifiable basis*, though neither of these simple substances possess the quality in its separate state? We know that, according to the plainest laws of chemical attraction, the union of two or more substances, will often times produce a mass differing essentially in its properties from either of the component materials. Elements wholly inodorous, or most agreeably odoriferous, in a state of combination, become highly offensive; and others, which, when separate, are harmless, and even nutritive to the human constitution, when united, take upon themselves a different set of properties; and, in some cases, become destructive poisons. But, in order to make substances thus united possess certain properties, or attain a certain degree of strength, it is necessary they should be combined in *certain proportions*. To deviate from these proportions is to make the compound something different from what was intended.

My idea then, is, that oxygen is not itself acid. That when united with many substances, familiarly known to the chemist, it produces no acidity, but gives rise to that species of combination called an *oxyd*. That when it is united to a proper base, and in a proper *proportion*, *acidity* is the result. And that, in many cases, if not universally, when more oxygen is added than is requisite to reach the acid point, it is so far from increasing the strength of the acid, that the surplus tends rather to dilute and weaken it.

If the above principle be well founded, it will follow, that the common *muriatic acid* is strongest, or most *sour*, because the oxygen is united to a proper acidifiable base, and in a proper *measure*; and that the *hyper-oxygenated muriatic acid* is considerably less sour, because the base (whatever it be) is overcharged, or *super-saturated* with oxygen, and the acidity thereby diluted and diminished.

It is hoped that this humble attempt to remove your correspondent's difficulty, if it be not deemed a satisfactory answer, will, at least, excite some more able hand to take up the subject. It is pleasing to observe your useful Magazine becoming more than formerly, a theatre for scientific discussion.

PHILO-CHEMIÆ.

The Evils of Reserve in Marriage.

BELIEVE me, Mary, that to the security of matrimonial felicity, no quality is more necessary than candour. All reserve, obscurity, or disguise, are productive of indifference, suspicion, or distrust. Let my example convince you of the necessity of perfect candour, and unbounded confidence in the conjugal union. There should exist such an unity of interest that every pleasure or pain should be common, and all separate enjoyment or suffering is an injury to its sacred rights.

The more exquisite the sensibility, the more tender the attachment, the more poignant the pain inflicted by distrust and suspicion.

My husband was a man of strong understanding, a thoughtful disposition, and tender heart. His temper was reserved and sedate, and he seldom, with his own accord, communicated either his pains or his pleasures, particularly the first; and the most acute mental or bodily suffering would be endured in silence, unless drawn from him by the inquiries of his friends. Yet, to few persons were the soothings of tenderness more acceptable, and there were few whose happiness was more dependant on the assiduities of affection. Such, too, was my disposition; delighting in the sympathies of love, yet withheld from ever seeking them, by an unconquerable diffidence and reserve.

His business kept him almost the whole day from home. His office was in the centre of the city, and, as our residence was at one of its extremities, the walk was long and wearisome. Indignant at all fraud, oppression, or injustice, his mind was perpetually harrassed, and his temper fretted by those exhibitions of mankind to which his profession exposed him.

At the approach of evening I would trim my little fire, prepare the tea-table, and wait, with impatience, the return of my husband, whom I imagined, glad of a release from labour, would enter with a smiling face, embrace me with tenderness, and in some mode or other express his pleasure.

But, alas! how different was the real from the imagined scene! He enters, and, throwing himself on a chair, is grave and silent. Mortified and disappointed, I ask not the cause of this silence, but pour out his tea and hand it to him, with a countenance strongly marked by discontent and gloom. Thus passes the evening, in mutual, though silent suffering.

You, Mary, instead of awaiting the salutation of your husband, would have hastened to the door, at the sound of his footsteps, flown to him with a joy-enlightened countenance, and by tender inquiry would have learned the cause of any gloom which appeared on his face. Affected and pleased by these proofs of your affection, he would have explained to you any disappointment or disturbance that had happened, would have owned he was disgusted and wearied with the injustice he had met with, or the labour he had undergone. These, contrasted with the tranquil and tender pleasures you had prepared, would have endeared him to his home, and have made him forget the evils of society. You would have dissipated his chagrin, his cheerfulness would have returned, the sentiment of gratitude would have been added to love, and your hours would have passed in all the delight of mutual affection. But how different was the effect produced by my conduct. Fatigued, sick and dejected, my husband had promised himself, that on his return home, the glad welcome of a tender wife would have compensated for all he had suffered; but, instead of this, he perceived only silence and melancholy. He knew his own feelings were obvious, yet they passed unnoticed. His peace of mind, he concluded, was of too little importance to interest his wife; for, certainly, if she had felt solicitude, there would be some expression of it. Disappointed in his anticipated pleasure, and offended by such apparent indifference, he was cold and distant in his manner; thus unknowingly increasing the cause of his own dissatisfaction by increasing mine. Had either of us made those inquiries, without which neither of us would speak, or had we candidly owned our suspicions of indifference, the evil would have been remedied. The incidents of each day, by producing some new cause for complaint, increased the difficulty of an explanation. As the cold blasts of winter congeal the flowing stream, so does neglect or indifference still the warm current of affection.

The sun will return and dissolve these icy bands, but each instance of unkindness removes to a greater distance the return of that confidence which alone can restore the warmth of love. Each day distrust increased, and removed the possibility of an explanation.

This reserve extended to the minutest concerns. I remember one day, he brought from market a dish of which he was extremely fond, and ordered it dressed in a particular manner. Desirous of pleasing him, I attended to it myself, and thought I should have been amply rewarded for this little trouble, by his satisfaction. When it came on table, I watched him, expecting to hear him praise it, and thank me for my attention. He tasted it, and without saying a word, pushed it from him and called for another plate. You will perhaps smile when I tell you, that my eyes filled with tears, and I was so choaked with emotion that I could not articulate a word. My silence, my emotion, he construed into sullenness and anger. This naturally increased his displeasure. Had I but smiled, had I but spoken one word, or when the tears flowed down my cheeks, had I allowed him to see them and explained their source, it would not only have restored his good humour, but, by discovering my fond desire to please, would have excited his tenderness. But this was impossible.

Now you, Mary, would have laughed, rallied him on being so difficult to please, assured him you had done your best, and good naturedly have promised to have done better next time. He would have thanked you for your endeavour. With such a disposition as his, your desire to gratify him would fully have compensated for the loss of his dinner. How innumerable are the instances I could give you of the pain and the misery produced by this reserve of disposition! How many wakeful nights have I passed, weeping the want of the tenderness and confidence of my husband, while he, restless and disturbed by the evils incident to life, would tax me with cruelty for not inquiring into, and participating his disquietudes!

This reserve, which for years had been increasing, at last became a settled habit. My cheerfulness had entirely deserted me: I went into no company, and I received no visitors. My melancholy became fixed, and the little pleasure my husband found at home, induced him to seek it abroad. My tea-table used to wait in vain, no one came to partake of this evening meal. With my arms folded on the table, and my aching head laid on them, I sighed away my solitary hours. That keeness of feeling which a heart unused to suffering experiences, was blunted by repeated strokes. The alternations of hope and fear gave place to the stagnation of indifference. The effort to please was lost in despair. Too restless to apply to foreign objects, my active mind preyed on itself, and, left at last to perfect solitude, I sunk into an uninterrupted lethargy. I now saw my husband only during our hasty and silent meals: fond of social pleasure and sprightly discourse, he spent his evenings among those friends to whom his many virtues had endeared him.

Even on the bed of sickness, this mutual reserve and suspicion did not yield place to anxiety and tenderness, and these circumstances only increased the fear which silence inflicted. I was one day by his bed-side, and offered something which was refused. It was the manner in which this was done that afflicted me; this manner, however, is indescribable. It seemed to me like an intimation, that my attendance was irksome. I might have been mistaken. Pain and sickness might have been the cause. I did not, however, inquire, as at that time I had no doubt, but considered it as the proof of indifference. I was but little in his room: I left to others those attentions which I only should have paid. He never left that room; but there ended a life, many years of which might have been happy, but which were miserable. That sensibility which might have given birth to the purest and most exquisite pleasures, was, from the want of candour and explicitness, changed into an instrument of torture.

The happiest life is not exempt from moments of lassitude, weariness, perplexity and distraction. Whenever the countenance or manners indicate either, let the friend seek for the cause, and let confidence and plain dealing banish all distrust or suspicion.

N.

Solutions to the MATHEMATICAL *Questions proposed in the Monthly Magazine for April last.*

QUESTION I.

Answered by William Scott, *A. M. New-York.*

FIRST, $11:12::9$ hours : $\frac{108}{11}$ hours = time of coincidence of the hands, which, subtracted from 10 hours, leaves $\frac{2}{11}$ hours = the intermediate time from the coincidence of the hands, to the hour of 10. Then, from the nature of the question and the velocities of the hands, $17 : 6 :: \frac{2}{11}$ hours : $\frac{12}{187}$ hours, which added to $\frac{108}{11}$ hours, gives $\frac{1962}{187}$ hours = 9h. 52min. $56\frac{8}{17}$ sec. the time required.

True and ingenious solutions to this question were given by Analyticus, G. Baron, J. Bogart, J. Dominick, C. Perkins, R. Townsend, and A. Z.

Question II.

Answered by R. Townsend, jun.

$\frac{3}{7}+\frac{5}{21}+\frac{1}{9}+\frac{2}{15}=\frac{9}{21}+\frac{5}{21}\times\frac{5}{45}+\frac{6}{45}=\frac{2}{3}+\frac{11}{45}=\frac{30}{45}+\frac{11}{45}=\frac{41}{45}$. Consequently $1-\frac{41}{45}=\frac{4}{45}$ = share advanced by E. The several shares of the gain will, therefore, be as $\frac{3}{7}$, $\frac{5}{21}$, $\frac{2}{15}$ and $\frac{4}{45}$, or in the least possible numbers as 135, 75, 42, and 28. Hence

$$135+75+42+28=280 : \left\{\begin{matrix}135\\75\\42\\28\end{matrix}\right\} :: \overset{\text{Dols.}}{100000} : \overset{\text{Dols.}}{\left\{\begin{matrix}48214\frac{2}{7} \text{ for A.}\\26785\frac{5}{7} \text{ for B.}\\15000 \text{ for D.}\\10000 \text{ for E.}\end{matrix}\right.}$$

This question was ingeniously answered by Analyticus, G. Baron, J. Bogart, J. Dominick, C. Perkins, W. Scott, and A. Z.

Question III.

Answered by Mr. C. Perkins.

Let $5x$ and $16x$ represent the young lady's age and height respectively; then by the question,

$$25 : 37044 :: 25x^2 : 37044x^2 = \text{her fortune}$$

$$\text{and } (21x)^3 = 37044x^2$$

$$\text{hence } x = \frac{37044}{9261} = 4$$

$$5x = 20 \text{ years} = \text{her age}$$

$$16x = 64 \text{ inches} = \text{her height}$$

$$\text{and } 37044x^2 = 592504 \text{ dollars} = \text{her fortune.}$$

True solutions to this question were received from Analyticus, G. Baron, J. Bogart, W. Scott, A. Workman, and A. Z.

NEW QUESTIONS.

Question I. *By G. Baron.*

In a circle whose radius is r, the versed sine v, and the sine s of an arc are given; to find the tangent of half that arc by a general and rational theorm, which shall be more simple than any other heretofore published for the purpose.

Question II. *By J. Dominick.*

How high must the king of England ascend at London, in order to gratify his curiosity with a sight of Bunker's Hill, near Boston, supposing the earth truly spherical, and its radius 3979 miles?

MEMOIRS OF STEPHEN CALVERT.

[Continued from p. 340 and concluded.]

NOW was I a wanderer on the great deep, unaided by the impulse of courage, and unguided by the rudder of discretion. My voyage was begun in a moment of blind passion, with no suitable provision of any kind, either against the exigencies of my voyage, or against those which could not fail to beset me on my landing on a foreign shore. I had never thought of these. Resentment and despair, the wrongs imagined to be done by Sydney and my cousin, engrossed my thoughts, and excluded all those considerations, that, in any other mind, would have probably obtained the chief place.

These ebullitions, however, subsided in a short time. The novelty and danger of my new situation quickly rushed on my mind. I became timorous, forlorn, and panic-struck. I looked around me on the boundless and turbulent expanse of waters, on the wide interval that severed me from my native country, and which hourly grew wider; on the long, long way that lay before me, with sensations of melancholy not to be expressed.

These were soon changed for worse sensations. I was attacked with sea-sickness, and all its horrors. This completed the conquest of my courage. The breeze with which we left the coast, soon increased to a storm. Dangers of a strange and unforeseen kind encompassed me on all sides, and I began bitterly to lament my undertaking, which now appeared in its true colours to my awakened reason.

What, said I, will the gentle and affectionate Louisa think when she hears of my sudden flight. Deceived by atrocious, but plausible charges, will she not consider this a confirmation of them all? How will she deplore the fate of the ill-starred Felix, and add those fears for his personal safety, naturally flowing from the knowledge when it reaches her, of my headlong scheme, to those regrets already inspired by my defection from virtue! Was this the conduct which it became me to pursue, either as conscious of my own integrity, and anxious for the purity of my fame, or as grateful for the love which this angel among women bore me, and solicitous to secure her happiness; that happiness which is entangled with mine?

And my mother! who feared nothing more than my voyage to Europe; whose felicity depended, not on my safety merely from perils and temptations, but on my presence. How will she feel when apprised of this rash act? I pictured to myself her surprise, her indignation, and her sorrow. Methought I heard, in my short and unquiet sleep, the voice of her upbraiding; her charge of ingratitude; and when she comes to know the suspicions of my cousin and of Sydney, how will she mourn over the guilt of her idolized child! How will all her hopes with regard to me, expire and become extinct!

These images were excruciating. The sensations they produced were not to be endured. Added to the dangers and horrors of my actual condition, they inspired the most dismal and soul-sickening despondency. I grew impatient of existence, and entreated those near me to drag me from my hammock, and throw me into the sea.

We had now been three weeks at sea. The blustering atmosphere with which we set out, became daily more tempestuous, till, at length, it rose to an hurricane. Our vessel was old, crazy, and in ill condition. The buffeting of the waves quickly produced a leak, which, for a time, was not formidable, but grew, finally, too much for the strength of an harrassed and terrified crew. Incessant pumping did not prevent the slow increase of the water in the hold, and, at length, it was evident that the ship must sink.

In this desperate situation, and before our fate was quite finished, a vessel, which came in sight, generously offered the assistance of which we stood in so much need. They took the crew and passengers on board, and the ship soon after disappeared. I was so reduced by mental distress and sea-sickness, that they were obliged to carry me in their arms from my birth to the boat. This was a large, stout ship, bound from l'Orient to Baltimore.

This transition may be supposed to have had a powerful effect on me. I was now, in spite of contrary expectations and designs, returning to that country which I had abandoned. Heaven had interfered with a benignity to which my merits gave me no claim, to obviate the effects of my rashness. The storm speedily abated, and clear skies, smooth seas, a propitious gale, and the prospect of restoration to an home that now was as dear, as it had formerly been hateful to me, dissipated my malady, and gave vigour to my hopes.

On the day that I landed at Baltimore, I hired an horse, and proceeded, with the utmost expedition, to Philadelphia. It was not till my near approach to that city, that I began to ponder on the perplexities of my situation, and revolve the means from escaping them. Sydney and my cousin, it was plain, were strongly prepossessed with the notion of some guilt, which, in truth, I never had committed. This guilt was of no common or excusable kind, and my mother was, probably, ere this, infected with the same suspicions. First, said I, I will go to Sydney; him I will detain and interrogate, and leave no obscurity unremoved. My mother and my cousin shall be sought for anon, and Sydney's commendations shall attend my appeal to their forgiveness.

I entered the city in the dusk of evening, and alighting at the inn where my horse used to be kept, proceeded, without delay, to Sydney's lodgings. His mother, sisters, and himself were abroad, but were expected shortly to return. I resolved to wait his return, and seated myself in the apartment which he used for business and study. My mind was deeply occupied in ruminating on the doubtful prospects before me, when Sydney entered the house. I heard him inquire of the servant if any message had been left for him in his absence, and her answer that Mr. Calvert staid for him in his study.

"Calvert!" said he, "can that be possible?"

I wondered not at these expressions, nor the tone with which they were accompanied; and yet, methought they denoted not so much surprise as might have been expected from an incident so unlooked for as my return. Of my departure, all my friends could not fail of being apprized, by the measures which I took for that end, in a very short time after it took place. Sydney's tone, however, if it had little surprise in it, had no pleasure, and this I did not expect from his known benevolence of temper.

He entered the room, advanced to me with a cheerful brow, and offered me his hand, saying, "This return is unexpectedly soon, Calvert. I am pleased that it has happened so, nevertheless, I hope you bring good news with you."

This reception was embarrassing; but Sydney's behaviour had ever been too little agreeable to my habits, to warrant me in wondering at any of his actions; and yet, thought I, this is strongly inconsistent with his deportment at our parting interview; but, perhaps, somewhat has happened to clear up the mistakes under which he then laboured.

My embarrassment was increased by his immediately entering into general conversation, as if nothing extraordinary had happened. After a few remarks, he seemed to notice my embarrassment, and asked:

"You are uneasy and reserved, my friend; surely, it is time to lay aside solicitudes which can answer no useful purpose. I thought you too wise to be in any situation unhappy. Come, what is it you think of? Be it good or ill, it is politic to let it forth."

The surprise which was given me by these words, suggested the thought that possibly my voyage had been hitherto unknown to Sydney. I now looked wistfully at him and said:

"Surely, my friend, you cannot be at a loss as to my cause of uneasiness. You cannot but be aware of the effect which such deportment as yours is likely to have upon me."

"Indeed I am," said he, without any change of his tone. "I cannot conceive why my behaviour should give birth to any uncommon feelings; I thought, when we last saw each other, that a perfect understanding was established between us."

"That," interrupted I, "is the cause of my present embarrassment. Recollecting your behaviour then, and the conduct which I immediately adopted, and comparing that with present appearances, I confess I am sunk into perplexities."

"What!" said he, with more surprise than he had hitherto disclosed, "I do not comprehend you? Our parting was surely what it ought to have been."

"Indeed," said I, discouraged by this assertion, "I was persuaded, by your present deportment, to hope that your opinion in that respect was changed."

"More, and more do you surprise me," said he; "I repeat that I do not comprehend you."

"Surely, surely, you can be no stranger to the rash, the desperate act to which your treatment and my cousin's urged me."

"Rash and desperate! What do you mean?"

"Good Heaven! then you know not yet—Yet my sudden return may well have contradicted your former intelligence. You knew not of my actual embarkation for Europe."

To describe the changes which now took place in Sydney's countenance is impossible. He started, and putting his face close to mine, eagerly scrutinized my features. He then withdrew his attention and all his faculties seemed locked up in astonishment and satisfaction. A pause, on both sides, ensued.

Meanwhile, I, on my part, knew not what to think. His ignorance as to my frustrated voyage was apparent; and yet, why should he be astonished or pleased at my return, and why not manifest this state of mind sooner?

Sydney continued silent. His bosom seemed to labour with some great thought. His eye, fixed on the floor, was void of *speculation*. A kind of self-debating; a weighing of different measures was apparent in his countenance. Every other emotion gave way in my heart to curiosity. At length I said:

"Reflecting on the manner in which we parted, five weeks ago, in this very room, I cannot but be surprised at your present demeanour. Then all was recrimination and anger, now you seem to be my friend. I did not merit any thing but friendship at your hands, and your and my cousin's indignation at imaginary transgressions, awakened the same sentiment in my breast. Hence the sudden adoption of my scheme, which I have been happily prevented from accomplishing by the untowardness of the winds and waves. Has any thing happened, may I ask, in my absence, to change your opinion of me?"

Sydney now looked on me with beaming benignity. "There has," said he, with emphasis: "appearances deceived me; but such appearances that mere humanity could not fail to be misled by them. I ask not your pardon. I confess not any prejudice or haste in judging. Circumstances being as they then were, I was right in deciding as I did; but these are now past. Sincerely do I rejoice to see you." So saying, he arose and embraced me. "But let me ask," continued he, "whence came you? I supposed you to be half over the Atlantic by this time."

"Indeed!" interrupted I, "then you knew that I embarked for Ireland!"

"Certainly. It was known to all your friends, a few hours after you went on board."

"And my mother———"

"Will be made happy by the sight of you. But how come this?"

I then gave him a summary account of my disasters. The attempt to do this, and the countenance of Sydney, luminous with pleasure, insensibly opened my heart. I averred to him my innocence of those offences, whatever they were, with which he and my cousin had charged me. I recounted all the rueful thoughts that beset my pillow, during my outward voyage. I concluded with inquiries respecting my mother's and my cousin's welfare.

"They are well," said he; "they have only commiseration and regret on your account, which your return will dissipate. They acquit you of all blame, except on account of the temerity and precipitation of your last scheme, which your juvenile inexperience, the passionate impetuosity of your character, will somewhat palliate. Your mother and cousin will be to-morrow or next day in this city."

I expressed my delight at this news, and my resolution to set out to Burlington immediately.

"No," said he, gravely, "that must not be."

I was somewhat startled, and inquired into the reason of his prohibition.

"I want to tell you," he replied, "something of great moment for you to know before your introduction to your friends. Meanwhile, I will ease their cares and suspences by a note." He took up pen, and wrote the following billet to my mother.

"Let me make you happy, dear madam, in the information of the safe return of your errant son. The vessel in which he embarked foundered at sea; but the crew and passengers escaped to another, by which they were brought to Baltimore, whence your son has this moment arrived; he longs to pay his duty to you, but as I have much to say to him before your interview, and as you expect so soon to be in town, I have persuaded him to wait your coming."

"This letter, with a confirmatory postscript, from yourself if you please, we will send by a special messenger early in the morning. Meanwhile, I must tell you what has happened. Strange incidents they are, and such as, I believe, have now occurred, for the first time, in the history of human beings. But I need not relate them by word of mouth. Your hand rests upon a book, in which the narrative is contained in a more satisfactory form than I can now bestow on it. The book contains transcripts of all the letters that have passed between your cousin and me during your absence. You may read them. You will find laid open in them, all the heart of the writers, and every information respecting what has happened, which you stand in need of.

"I must be gone an hour on some urgent business, and will leave you to this employment." So saying, Sydney left me, and I eagerly opened the manuscript. The letters, for I afterwards read them over so often as at length to have them by rote, were in these words:

LETTER I.

"*To* LOUISA CALVERT.

"Be not too much surprised and grieved, my friend. The event I am going to relate, I own, disconcerted and distressed me for a time, but I now think of it with little discomposure. On the whole, it is, I persuade myself, the best that could have happened.

"*Hector* has just been with me. He brought a letter from Felix for his mother, who, at four o'clock Tuesday evening, went on board the Swiftsure, bound for Cork. She had been wind-bound some time. Hector accompanied his master on board, and left not the ship till she was under sail, the wind becoming favourable a little before. He was charged to detain this letter till Saturday, and then bring it to me. You see the boy has faithfully adhered to his master's directions. This delay was, no doubt, enjoined, in order to preclude any measures for effecting his return.

"Let me repeat to you my counsel, not to be distressed. At least, let not this aggravate the sorrow you already feel. In this act there is no guilt. There is temerity, perhaps, and indiscretion in it, but no more than this inconsiderate and headstrong youth had given us full reason to expect.

"No doubt he is at this moment bitterly deploring his own rashness, and tormenting himself with the thoughts of what misery the tidings of his flight will produce to you and to his mother. But these will be passing evils. Doubtless he has carried money with him, and will easily find out his Lancashire cousin, by whom all deficiencies in purse or in knowledge will be readily supplied. Let not, I once more repeat, let not this incident afflict you too much. I always told you that the youth, in spite of all his faults, will do well at last. I am still as much of this opinion as ever.

"I weep to think on his poor mother's astonishment and affliction. That Felix could not paint to himself what that could be, and be inspired, by such images, with a different resolution, is truly wonderful. Tell me, as soon as possible, your thoughts upon this event.

S. C."

LETTER II.

"*To the same.*

"Overpowered as I am with surprise and vexation, I know not that I ought to write to you, but the employment is salutary. I have always found that the most efficacious consolation to ourselves, is the attempt to console another; and this letter may afford new proof of my opinion.

"I told you, three days ago, that our Felix had embarked for Europe.

Such was Hector's testimony: such was the assurance of the letter brought by the servant for his mother. She has written to me since, inclosing her son's epistle in her own. It is an eloquently incoherent composition, dictated, as it seems, by hostile passions and fluctuating purposes. It avers his innocence of what we laid to his charge, declares that his letter to you contains the whole truth of his offences, foresees and deprecates his mother's grief, and defends and accuses himself in the same breath. In short, it is a letter which only Calvert, and, I was going to add, an innocent man could write.'

"But now, Lucy, what have I to tell you! The lad is *not gone*. He is still in this city: still harboured in Walden's tavern. I discovered it last night. Thus it was:

"I was called to draw up the will of a dying man in Southwark. It was eight o'clock in the evening, but the moonlight made every object distinct. I walked pretty fast, the case being desperate, and was accompanied by the messenger. Crossing Pine-street, at its junction with Front-street, I saw before me, crossing Front-street and going down Pine-street towards the water, a figure, whom, to mistake for any other than our Felix was impossible. My way lay down Front-street, but, in spite of that occasion which required my presence elsewhere, I turned and followed him.

"He turned Penn-street corner toward the south. I mended my pace so as to come very close to him and take such a survey of his person, as might annihilate all fallacy. He looked not back, but walked as fast as I, and presently turned into Walden's, the very house in which I had before lighted on him.

"I now pursued my first purpose, resolving, on my return, to stop at this house, and, if possible, to procure an interview with this mysterious youth. My business was not speedily accomplished with the sick man. I did not leave his house till past ten; but, so much the better, thought I, it is still more likely that I shall meet my fugitive, as he will be returned for the night.

"I looked carefully round me in the public room at Walden's, but could not discover Felix among any of the groupes. Thus unsuccessful, nothing remained but to make the obvious inquiries of Walden himself. I have long had a slight acquaintance with this man.

"By his answers to my inquiries I found that the name and situation of his guest were well known to him. Felix, he told me, had lodged at his house during the last fortnight. During this time he spent the day usually abroad, but returned hither in the evening. He had left him the day before, and had come in an hour or two before my visit and settled his bill. Having done this, he had gone out again, and he had no expectation of again seeing his guest.

"How," I asked the man, "did he discover Calvert's name?"

"Why," said he, "one day, a month or two ago, I was dealing with a black fellow in market for some baskets of fruit, when this young man came up, and, speaking to the black, asked him some questions about Calverton, and directed the black to have certain things prepared against such a time, when he expected to bring several friends down who would be likely to spend the night there. I knew what and where Calverton was well enough, for who does not? and I had often had dealings for market stuff with this same Dominic. I knew the last owner, and supposed that this might be the young man I heard he left the estate to. I looked at him narrowly, and, when his back was turned, asked the negro who it was. He said it was his master, Felix

Calvert. When he first came to my house, I knew him again in a moment, though he was not dressed over and above nice, and I wondered that he should come to such an house as mine for a lodging; but that, you know, was none of my business. I remember when I first called him by his name, he stared at me as if he wondered how I should have found it out."

"As to what was Calvert's motive for residing here, how his days were employed, and who were his associates, Walden was totally uninformed; and I left him plunged in the most painful perplexity.

"Clelia has actually left the city three days ago; for I called on her again, resolved to extort from her some explanation of this mystery. I found the doors and window-shutters closed and fastened, and no sign of an inhabitant within.

"I am greatly disturbed. I know not whether to mention to you a suggestion that has lately occurred. I would willingly spare you needless inquietudes, but I hope I may rely, in every vicissitude, on your strength of mind. Hitherto I have always had reason to rely upon it.

"Calvert's conduct has lately been inexplicable. I cannot account for it on any of the ordinary principles of human action. Misguided passions make many a man a paradox; but the passions, in their wildest energy, produce uniform appearances.

"I now look back, with somewhat different eyes, upon my late interview with Calvert. I recollect his visible sincerity in denying my insinuations of falsehood; the tenour of his copious letter to you, and of that to his mother; the suddenness of his resolution to embark for Europe, and this lying incognito in a city where it is impossible that he should not be noticed by some friend or acquaintance.

"Putting these things together, I have admitted a suspicion—yet I am loath, while I cannot forbear to admit it. No less averse am I to mention it, plausible as it now appears.

"But if this suspicion be true, we have hitherto acted most unwisely and unfortunately.

"I am now earnestly desirous of meeting this youth, yet know not where to look for him. I have wandered the streets the better part of this day. I have been to all the places where he might possibly be found. I have inquired of the market-coming Dominic, and been more than once at Walden's. No tidings of him. Perhaps he has left the city. Perhaps he has gone to Burlington.

"I will write again shortly, have I—have I not intelligence——

S. C."

Letter III.

"*To the same.*

"I write again, as I promised you, but with intelligence that will call forth all your astonishment, and, I fear, though unreasonably, all your grief.

"Last night, after I had written to you, I walked out. That, you know, is my refuge from care. When any thing takes fast hold of my mind, and demands my meditations, I must walk. Since Woodward's garden has been open to all strollers, I usually betake myself to one of its embowered walks.

"I had scarcely entered the garden, which, notwithstanding the radiance and mildness of the evening, had only two or three persons in it, when I saw, seated on a bench, in the broadest moon-shine, Felix Calvert! I passed him once, and surveyed him closely, that I might commit no mistake.

"He seemed to look at me as I first passed, but spoke not, nor gave any sign of recognizing me. I presently returned, and took my seat close beside him. Still he chose not to recognize or speak to me. Remembering the manner of our parting, I naturally imagined that he had adopted this mode of shewing his resentment. I was at a loss in what manner to begin the conversation with him. At last, I made some trite remark upon the weather. He seconded my observation in the accent and air of one who is addressing an absolute stranger.

"I was affected by this coldness, and still imputing it to his resentment, and conscious that his indignation was not wholly without foundation, I turned to him, and, pressing his hand in mine, said, in a conciliating tone, "Come, my dear Felix, let me persuade you to forget the harshness and austerity of my behaviour when we last met. I was wrong, and have ever since been anxious to repair the wrong by asking your pardon and promising a different behaviour for the future."

"He looked at me with an air of astonishment, but cheerfulness, and said, "Really, I harbour no resentment against you; nor, indeed, if I know myself, against any human being. I accept your apology, therefore, though I know not, or have forgotten your offence."

"The features of my companion, and the tones of his voice, had a significance which I never observed in them before. They used to denote too much of that restless, changeful, and impetuous temper which reigned within; but now, I never saw a more benign complacency. His voice used likewise to be variable, and his utterance sometimes hurried and sometimes tardy, and at no time perfectly and distinctly clear; but now, none of these defects are perceived. I looked at him with great attention, and my former suspicion that all was not well with him, very forcibly recurred. I was at a loss in what manner to renew our discourse, and was silent.

"Pray," said he, "permit me to ask where and how you and I, Sir, were last together. I have really forgotten the event, and cannot outroot the persuasion that this is the first time I ever saw you. Your name, I beseech you, Sir, that, perhaps, may revive my recollections. My own name is Felix Calvert."

"You may easily imagine how low my heart sunk at this address. I looked at him again to dispell the momentary doubt that my eyes had been deceived as to his person, but such deception was impossible. I was still silent; for what could I say? He continued:

"It is strange. This is not the first time, since my arrival in this city, that persons whom I never before saw, have accosted me by my name, and claimed me for an old acquaintance. I have been inexpressibly amazed and confounded, and was determined that I would not part with the next person who should chance to greet me in this style, till the meaning of this conduct was fully explained. You, Sir, have chanced to be the next; and, as you seem to be more interested in my fate than others have been, I will not part with you till you have perfectly dispelled this mist. Whom do you take me to be, and what was the interview to which you have just alluded?"

"All this tended still more strongly to confirm my apprehensions. I could not conceal my distress. He noticed it.

"What a maze is here! You are greatly disturbed, Sir. Am I, or is my deportment the cause of it? If we ever met before, it must have been beyond the ocean. So short a time has passed since my arrival, that I could not so soon have forgotten one with whom I have had any transactions in America. Did we ever meet in Europe?"

"Judge of the effect which words like these were adapted to produce upon my feelings. At last, my reflexions suggested the propriety of humouring this strange perversion; and I said, in a calmer tone, "Perhaps there is some mistake in one or both of us. I will willingly lay before you my reasons for supposing you one with whom I have been long acquainted, if you will favour me with your company to my house." "With all my heart," said he.

"In our way home, neither of us spoke. I was busied in ruminating on an incident so very mournful; for I need not tell you that these appearances were, in my eyes, sufficient indications of intellects unsound. At length we entered the house and my study, and seated ourselves at opposite sides of a table, with lights between us. I once more fixed my eyes upon his countenance, which was very strongly illuminated. Its expression, so very different from what it used to be, struck me in a very forcible manner. Had I not prepared the means of accounting for this change, I should not have hesitated to pronounce myself mistaken as to his person.

"And now," said he, "gratify my impatient curiosity. Where was it that you and I were formerly acquainted?"

"I paused: what answer could I make?

"Perhaps," said he, "you have mistaken one person for another. Look at me attentively. It cannot be that the faces of different persons are perfectly alike. Some differences must exist to one familiarly acquainted with either. Look at me, Sir. Such an error is not impossible nor unexampled."

"This intimation now took hold of my belief for the first time. I was willing to suppose myself mistaken. To account for the past conduct of Felix, and for the scene that had just passed, by supposing him insane, was painful and abhorrent to my feelings.

"I complied, therefore, with his request. I perused his features with an eager scrutiny. Strange that I had not noted diversities before; but I had only seen him at a distance, or by the dubious light of the moon. The well-known scar upon the left cheek of our friend; his hazel eyes; his dark hair; were utterly wanting in the image now before me.

"Twice and thrice, clear and more clearly still, did I examine these features. My whole soul was in a tumult of amazement. These were the lineaments and proportions of Felix, but the eyes were blue, the cheek was smooth, and the hair of the lightest chesnut tinct. Were these changes wrought by some omnific spell? And was the man before me absolutely different from your cousin? Yet, his name was Felix Calvert.

"He observed my unceasing perplexity. "What," said he, "have you discovered? Do you not perceive the cause of your mistake? for some mistake it has assuredly been."

"But your name," said I——

"Is Felix Calvert."

"Again was I overwhelmed with doubts. How could the names thus exactly agree? "But your age?" said I——

"My birth-day was the tenth of August, and I want two months of being nineteen years of age."

"I need not tell thee, Lucy, that this was the birth-day, and this the age of our Felix. "Who are your parents?"

"I know them not. I never knew them. I lost them in my infancy. Yet they contrived to secure to me their name, and a knowledge of my age, by engraving them upon a piece of copper."——

Thus far I perused, uninterruptedly, Sydney's letter. Here it dropped from my hand. My brain was for a moment clouded by that confusion which Sydney had naturally imagined to account for the contradictions he had witnessed. Thoughts, of such magnitude and number, rushed at once on my mind that they impeded and overturned each other. I held my hand to my forehead. I walked about the room with unequal steps. Surprise, joy, remorse took possession of me. Rapid recollections of my father's history, of his flight from his native country, of my twin-brother, whom my mother was compelled to leave behind her in the care of the faithful Alice, and of whom Alice was robbed by my vindictive grandfather, of the name of Felix, which, in a moment of foreboding, she inscribed upon a piece of worthless copper and fastened round the child's neck, and my change of name, my mother substituting for Stephen, which I first received, that of Felix, which had been conferred upon my brother, supposed by her to be irretrievably lost.

This is that stolen child; that long-lost brother, whom some friek of nature has impressed with a powerful resemblance of me, and whom some propitious star has thus led to the bosom of his family. Now is the shriek which Clelia uttered in spying her preserver from her window explained; now is that being, for the sake of whom she fled from Ireland, whom she imagined herself to have recognized in me, whose portrait she had, perhaps, clandestinely drawn; now is her mysterious distress, on discovering my real character and history, disrobed of all that created my wonder and anger!

This, then, is he whom Murphy and his sister talked of; *that* Felix Calvert whom they naturally supposed to have re-appeared upon this stage, to have renewed his intercourse with Clelia; and this is he whom Sydney discovered at the draught-board, and whose similarity to *their* Felix, misled him and my cousin into such pernicious errors with regard to me.

But where is this inestimable brother who partakes existence with me in this intimate and wonderful degree? Has he been claimed by my cousin and my mother? Has he gained access to Clelia, and put an end to those doubts and to that distress which were visible at our last interview?

I was still rapidly musing upon these ideas when Sydney entered the room. His eye sparkled with some new and pleasurable meaning. The papers he had given me lay upon the table; and my countenance clearly bespoke the discovery which I had already made by their means.

"I need not ask you," said he, "whether you have read those papers. I *see* that you have. Have you any inquiries to make which the letters have not solved?"

"Ten thousand," said I, impetuously, "Where is this brother? Has he seen our common parent? Does he know of my existence? Has he told you his adventures?"

"Stop," said Sydney, "not so fast. These questions will more probably be put to him than to me. He is this moment in the outer room, and waits only my signal to enter. Stay a breath, and I will bring him to you."—Sydney went out.

The state of my mind, during this interval, would not be easily pourtrayed. Every fibre in my frame was tremulous. My heart throbted as if I were on the eve of some fatal revolution. The suddenness of this occurrence, the meeting with a brother so long severed from my side, and whose mode of birth made him, in some sort, an essential part of myself, seemed like passage into a new state of being. My suspenses were quickly at an end: for Sydney returned in a moment, leading in the stranger.

P. S. Calvert's story is a five-act drama. Here ends the *first* act; and this being in itself complete, the links connecting it with ensuing acts being only afterwards unfolded, it is thought best to stop the peace-meal publication of it here. The reader's fancy has now a clue to all that has heretofore bewildered him, and will easily image to itself the consequences of such a meeting as is now about to take place.

Encroachments of the Ocean.

IT has long been the opinion of philosophers that the land and water on our globe are constantly changing their relative position: that the ocean, not only by occasional ruptures and commotions, but by the gradual attrition of tides and streams, is continually gaining on the land in some places, while it loses ground proportionably in others. Among the most remarkable proofs of this is, I think, the following, which I lately found in turning over the pages of the "Asiatic Researches."

"Close to the sea," says Mr. Chambers, the writer of the memoir, "at a place called by the natives Mavalipuram, and by the European seamen the Seven Pagodas, are the remains of a Pagoda, built of brick, and dedicated to Sib; the greatest part of which has evidently been swallowed up by that element: for the door of the inner apartment, in which there are always two or three spacious courts surrounded with walls, is now washed by the waves: and the pillar used to discover the Meudean at the time of founding the Pagoda,* is seen standing at some distance in the sea. In the neighbourhood of this building, there are some detached rocks, washed also by the waves, on which there appears sculptures, though now much worn and defaced. And the natives of the place declared to the writer of this account, that the more aged people among them remembered to have seen the tops of several Pagodas far out in the sea; which, being covered with copper (probably guilt), were particularly visible at sun-rise, as their shining surface used then to reflect the sun's rays, but that now that effect was no longer produced."

---

* "Its former diſtance from the ocean is well deſcribed in the tranſlation of the following verſe engraved on the building:

"South of the Ganges two hundred yojen,
Five yojen weſtward from the Eaſtern Sea."

Yojen, according to ſome accounts, is equal to nine, to others, twelve Engliſh miles."

American Review.

Art. XLVI.

Transactions of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia, for promoting useful Knowledge.

[Continued from p. 301, and concluded.]

A Disquisition on Wool-bearing Animals. By Dr. J. Anderson, of Scotland.

THE author believes that much economical advantage would arise from rearing these domestic animals which bear wool, in preference to the naked cattle whom the woolly are equal to the naked in other respects.

The animals serviceable in this way, he distributes in the following manner:

"First—that the sheep is not necessarily a wool-bearing animal; there are only certain *breeds* of it thus distinguished. The different *breeds* of sheep may be thus distributed:

"1st. Those that carry short, stiff hair, only; as the Madagascar sheep, and also the Boucharian sheep of Pallas.

"2d. Those that carry wool properly so called.

"3d. Sheep that carry long hair like wool.

"Second—Other animals, some breeds of which, like the sheep, carry only close, stiff hair, while other breeds carry wool, or, at least, fleeces which admit of being shorn like the wool of sheep, and applied to the same purposes.

"As, 1st. The dog.—1. Close, stiff, short haired: a variety of breeds common. 2. Long, soft-haired breeds: the English spaniel, Newfoundland dog, &c. 3. Woolly breeds: a dog that is by no means rare in this place. It must be shorn every year, and yields a fleece as close as that of any sheep, and finer than many of them.

"2d. The goat.—1. With short, stiff hair: common. 2. With long, coarse, shagged hair: common also. The goats of this sort have, in general, some very fine wool growing among the hair. The Thibet goat, from which the Indian shawl wool is obtained, belongs to this class. 3. Goat carrying a fleece of wool: the Angora goat.

"3d. The ox (*Bos* tribe).—1. Close, stiff-haired kinds: common. 2. Long, lank, softer hair, also common in this country, especially among the highland cattle: some of these have manes like horses. 3. Softer and closer hair, more resembling wool, but shorter: the Louisiana ox. 4. Still longer, and more soft and silky, the fleece applied to various purposes in arts: the Sarlue, and Chittigong cow of India. 5. Longer and deeper fleece than almost any sheep: the musk ox of Hudson's Bay.

"The camel seems also to be referable to this head. Nor is it altogether certain if the hog, and many other animals, might not be included under it."

Hints relative to the stimulant effects of Camphor upon Vegetables. By Dr. Barton.

Curious instances are here related of the vivifying influence of camphor upon vegetables. Flowers, whose stalks were placed in camphorated water, bloomed more vividly and for a much longer time, than when placed in simple water: whence the author concludes that "camphor exerts a considerable stimulant effect upon plants; greater than any other known substance. This discovery might induce us to try camphor as manure, if the expense of such manure were less. But may we not apply the camphor in this manner on a smaller scale? A few grains of camphor, acting as a cordial, will revive a drooping plant, will increase its beauty, and prolong its existence. In the eye of the florist, these are objects of no mean importance; why, then, should we not cheerfully lend him our assistance, since, in an innocent and amiable pursuit, he robs no one of his happiness, and increases his own?"

Supplementum Judices Floræ Lancastriensis. By H. Muhlenburg.

This catalogue will be particularly valuable to the botanist.

Experiments upon Magnetism. By the Rev. James Madison.

The three experiments here detailed, of iron-filings sprinkled near magnets under water, serve to shew, in the opinion of the author, "that the attractive force of the magnets, at either pole, is the real cause of the phenomena which the filings exhibit; and that the action of the magnet upon the filings, when they approach within a certain distance, renders them magnetic. But, in every instance, attraction first operates. Similar poles, whilst they are repulsive of each other, are still attractive of all other substances upon which the magnet acts. The same body, at the same time, appears to exert two opposite powers.

"One magnet acts upon another, at a considerable distance, either by repulsion or attraction. Will not these experiments lead to a rational conjecture, that, in every instance, the action is communicated by intervening magnetic substances. It acts through atmospheric air. But this air may, from its constituent principles, and, it is said, does contain iron. The small particles floating in the atmosphere, may be acted upon like those floating upon water. The tenuity of the particles will only render the action more sensible. Each may become a magnet, and thus, by the action of all the intervening affected particles, the action of one magnet may be communicated to the poles of another distant magnet."

This supposition would be enforced if experiment should prove the magnetic principle incapable of acting *in vacuo*. Mr. M.'s attempt to ascertain this by means of the Torricellian vacuum, is confessedly imperfect.

Thermometrical Observations, made at Fort Washington, from June, 1790, to April, 1791. By D. Britt and G. Turner; with the rise and fall of the Ohio. By G. Turner.

These observations and statements appear to have been made with great accuracy, and to be arranged very succinctly and judiciously.

Inquiry into the effects of the Opium Officinarum, an extract of the White Poppy. By Dr. I. R. Coxe.

This is a series of experiments on the comparative properties of the lettuce opium and the common opium, with remarks on their culture and preparation. For the result, we must refer the reader to the volume.

Experiments and Observations on the Composition of the Atmosphere. By Dr. Priestley.

Experiments on the Generation of Air from Water. By the same.

An Appendix to the above Articles, By the same.

*Answer to Priestley's Considerations on Phlogiston and the Decomposition of Water, drawn from de*monstrative *Experiments. By Dr. J. Woodhouse.*

These papers of Dr. P. having formed a part of a volume, since published, we shall content ourselves, at present, with merely mentioning their titles. Dr. W. is well known as an able and indefatigable experimentalist in chemistry, and as a zealous adherent to the new opinions. All experiments, it may be noted, are *demonstrative* to him that makes them, if they countenance a pre-adopted theory, but, to the world in general, moral and physical truths can never be *demonstrable.*

Account of crystallized Basaltes found in Pennsylvania. By T. P. Smith.

Barometrical Measurement of the Blue-Ridge, Warm-Spring, and Allegheny-Mountain, in Virginia.

On the Sand-Hills of Cape Henry, in Virginia. By B. H. Latrobe, Engineer.

Supplement to the same.

These papers indicate the judgment and industry of the writers; but their purpose is sufficiently explained in their titles.

ART. XLVII.

A Comparison of the Institutions of Moses, with those of the Hindoos, and other Ancient Nations: with Remarks on Mr. Dupuy's Origin of all Religions: the Laws and Institutions of Moses methodized: and an Address to the Jews on the present State of the World, and the Prophecies relating to it. By Joseph Priestley, *L. L. D. &c. Northumberland.* Kennedy. 1799. 8*vo. pp.* 428.

THE design of this work is sufficiently explained in the title-page. The magnitude and usefulness of this design, must be apparent to all; and the author has displayed, in the execution of it, his usual sagacity and diligence.

In a plan like this, abundance of allowance must be made for those errors which inevitably grow out of imperfect, partial, and distant observation. It may seem, at first, as if Europeans had sufficient opportunities of knowing the state of the Hindoos; but, when we come to reflect upon the mistakes that are committed by the most intelligent travellers, in relation to countries nearest to their own in place, manners, and language, we shall be apt to doubt the most plausible statements that respect a nation so numerous, whose social condition is so diverse from our own, and which has been viewed chiefly by men no ways eminent for discernment or candour.

Our author, indeed, has partly drawn his materials from the Hindoo writings, as translated into European languages. These, it is to be deplored, are few, scanty, and imperfect, and are probably burthened with innumerable errors. They are, however, the best to be had. The books of Moses are, of course, the evidence produced by him of the tenour and spirit of the Jewish religion.

Some general remarks are first made as to the antiquity and history of Hindoo*ism*. Sir William Jones's opinions on this subject, are chiefly quoted and adopted. By him, the Mosaic deluge is assigned as the farthest limit of Hindoo chronology; and many personages in the Jewish and Hindoo history, are supposed to be the same.

Points of resemblance between the systems of India and Egypt, and the somewhat fanciful parallels between the deities of Greece and Asia, to be found in the works of former writers upon this subject, are then stated, whence the great, yet limited antiquity of the Brehmanic system, is reasonably inferred.

In the accounts usually given of the Hindoo scriptures, there is much obscurity and contradiction. The vedas are hitherto untranslated; and the most authentic sources of information are contained in two works, "The Code of Gentoo Laws," from the Persian compilation, and "The Ordinances of Menu," translated by Sir William Jones.

Our author begins his comparison by pointing out the *resemblances* between the Hindoo and Mosaic systems. Traces of the production of all things from chaos, the incidents in paradise, the division of time into weeks of seven days, similar in names and order of succession, the sanctification of the seventh day, the history of the deluge, the confusion of tongues, and the events of the lives of Abraham and Job, are found in the Indian traditions. Likewise there occurs a resemblance in some extraordinary customs respecting the matrimonial and parental relations, and a similar preference of moral duty to ritual, is enjoined by both religions.

It requires some patience to read and to understand even the account which is here given of the Hindoo ideas of the creation. These ideas are, indeed, collected from the vague information of travellers and missionaries: they are inconsistent with themselves and with each other, and all agree in being monstrous and absurd. It would be happy if we possessed a single faithfully interpreted work of the Hindoo lawgivers, similar to that of Moses, or were able to distinguish between the crude heaps of the commentary and the simplicity of the primitive text. On this head, Dr. P. remarks as follows:

"Supposing Moses to have written without any inspiration, his system has this to recommend it; that, besides being very concise, it is not, like this, built on arbitrary and fanciful suppositions. It represents the Supreme Being producing all things not from his own substance, but from nothing, with as much ease as if it had been effected by a mere word of command: and this exertion of power was immediately from himself, without the previous substitution of any other beings, or dividing himself into three, or any number of parts, for the purpose of creating or governing the world, and superintending all the changes that take place in it. If, as Mr. Langles says, there be *sublimity* in the Hindoo system, there must be more of it in that of Moses, because it is equally great in the effect, and far more simple in the cause and the operation. It exhibits one great object of our regard, and not a multiplicity of them, in which the idea of the sublime is lost by the division. They who suppose it necessary or convenient for the Supreme Being to employ inferior agents in the works of creation and providence, must have a less exalted idea of him than they who believe that, without any thing like fatigue or occasion for repose, he himself originally formed, and constantly conducts the whole.

"The Hindoos, however, conceive that there is more of dignity in the Supreme Being doing nothing himself, but rather employing inferior agents. The Bramins of Malabar told Mr. Lord that it did not become the majesty of God to demean himself so much as to make the creatures, when he could do it by his ministers, p. 49. But, if a great prince could, with perfect ease, and without the least fatigue, do all the business of a great empire himself, it would certainly give us a higher idea of his power and capacity: and, if the work had great utility for its object, that conduct would not suggest the idea of meanness, but of the greatest benevolence. They are little minds who reason like these Bramins."

The following will serve as a specimen of the freaks of fancy which the Hindoos have consecrated into points of faith:

"The Hindoos say that the general system consists of fourteen *Bhoobons*, or spheres, seven below, and six above that of the earth. The seven inferior worlds are inhabited by an infinite variety of serpents, every monstrous form that the imagination can suggest. The earth is called *Bhoor*, and mankind, who inhabit it, *Bhoor logue*. The spheres gradually ascending from thence, are *Bobur*, whose inhabitants are called *Bobur logue*, those of the second *Sweigeh logue*, of the third *Mahur logue*, of the fourth *Junneh logue*, of the fifth *Juppeh logue*, and of the sixth *Suttee logue*.

"The *Bobur* is the vault of the visible heavens, in which the sun, moon, and stars are placed. The *Sweigeh* is the first paradise, and general receptacle of those who merit a removal from the lower earth. The *Mahur logue* are the Faquirs, and such persons as by the dint of prayer have acquired an extraordinary degree of sanctity. The *Junneh logue* are also the souls of pious and moral men; and, beyond this sphere, they are not supposed to pass without some uncommon merit and qualifications. The sphere of *Juppeh* is the reward of those who have all their lives performed some wonderful act of penance and mortification, or who have died martyrs for their religion. The *Suttee*, or highest sphere, is the residence of Birmah and his particular favourites. This is the place of destination for those men who have never uttered a falsehood during their whole lives, and for those women who have voluntarily burned themselves with their husbands. (*Preface to the Gentoo Laws*, p. 45.) These different spheres, or worlds, the Hindoos supposed to be connected by a mountain, which they call *Meroo*, and of which they relate many wonders. (*La Croze*, p. 283.)

"In this earth, they say, there are seven continents, or great portions of land, called *deeps* or *dwips*, and not so distant but they have some communication. For, according to the pundits who compiled the Gentoo laws, the bird *Keraer* brought a man from the *Shakud deep*, which is the sixth in order, and cast him down on the *Jumboo deep*, the first in order, or that which the Hindoos inhabit, and the tribe that sprung from him they call *Deitaul*. The length of the Jumboo deep, they make to be a hundred thousand *Joojun*, that of the next twice as much, the next in the same duplicate proportion, till we come to the last, which they say is sixty-four times as large as this. (*Code of Gentoo Laws*, p. 104.)

"These deeps, or continents, they say, are surrounded by as many seas, one of which is of milk, another a solution of sugar, and others consisting of other liquors, (*La Croze*, p. 284) and, according to them, the water of our sea was once sweet; but, having been drank by *Agosta*, and voided in the form of urine, it became salt. (*Ezourvedam*, vol. i. p. 26.)"

Our author justly observes, that the Hebrew scriptures contain nothing to compare with this.

The sixth, seventh, and eighth sections of this work, contain remarks on the polytheism and idolatry of the Hindoos, a view of the Egyptian superstition, and of the tenets of the Schamans or Samanes, supposed to be the remnants of the primitive and oldest sect of this religion.

It seems to be proved that this religion includes the worship of an assemblage of deities, of deified men, of the powers and elements of nature, and of rudely fashioned representatives of these in wood and stone; together with pernicious rites and idle penances without number.

It likewise appears that sects and

schisms are innumerable; and that unbelief has its votaries in India as well as elsewhere. We are even told that there are six sects of *atheists*, who have each their sages, systems, and authoritative treatises.

The view here taken of the Egyptian religion, is eminently learned, perspicuous, and satisfactory; and there are few, we presume, who will not concur with the author, when he says, "Let any candid person who has read the Pentateuch say, whether he has discovered any thing in the institutions of Moses that resembles the religious systems or rites of the Egyptians. They are, in every respect, the reverse of each other. Could Moses have borrowed any thing from the Egyptians, and not have adopted the worship of any of their numerous deities, or of the living animals which represented them, or any of their impure rites? Numerous as were the superstitious restrictions which the Egyptians laid themselves under with respect to food, dress, &c. none of them are recommended by Moses: and in the books of the Old Testament in general, the religion of Egypt is spoken of with as much detestation as that of the other neighbouring nations, that of the Canaanites excepted, with whom human sacrifices prevailed to a greater degree than in any other part of the world."

The observations on Schamanism please us less. By this name, he distinguishes the superstition of the rudest and most savage races of men, and takes his account from Tooke's View of Russia. It is likely that civil and religious tyranny has caused the peopling of the earth; and that Middle and North Asia have been colonized by exiles and wanderers from the Hindoostanic peninsula; but it is chimerical to trace a genealogical affinity between the tenets of Siberia and Benares. All the rites here detailed, are the obvious results of the social condition of the people; and would probably be found, not only in the polar regions of this globe, but in those of Mercury or Venus, if these orbs be inhabited by men, and these men are in the first stages of society. Yet it may be allowed that there is more resemblance between the rites of the Hindoos and Siberians, than between either of their systems and that of the Hebrews.

Having thus far advanced in this work, we shall dismiss it for the present.

ART. XLVIII.

A Sermon, delivered December 29, 1799, occasioned by the death of General George Washington, late President of the United States, and Commander in Chief of the American Armies. By Samuel Miller, *A. M. one of the Ministers of the United Presbyterian Churches in the City of New-York. Published by request. New-York.* T. *and* J. Swords. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 39.

"AND *in thine hand it is to make great.*" This is the text, branched out into numerous distinctions, and judiciously applied to the merits of the great deceased, which forms the basis of this performance. The usual sources of greatness, in birth, property, and talents; in fit adjustment of occasions; in the reverence of mankind; and in moral excellence or sanctity; are concisely displayed; and a transition is made to Washington, in whom the principal sources of greatness were, in a remarkable degree, combined.

This is by no means a lavish and undistinguishing encomium. Religion is not scandalized by raising a mortal to a deity; by giving to man, what is due to him at whose will, and by whose direction, the instrument man was formed and guided. The fancy is not tired in endeavouring to keep pace with the flights of a rambling, obscure, or audacious fancy. The style has little ornament but that which flows from good sense and correct taste, and maintains not a dazzling altitude beyond the reach or the strength of common eyes, but a sober, unambitious elevation.

These remarks, we doubt not, will be justified by the following specimens:

"You will not understand me as intending to ascribe to this favourite Hero, all the honour of effecting our deliverance from a foreign yoke. Many illustrious men, no doubt, shared largely with him in the burdens and the honours of those trying times. But his pre-eminent services in accomplishing our glorious revolution, have been universally acknowledged, and have long been the theme of wonder and eulogium in both hemispheres. Who was it that, under God, encouraged our suffering army, raised their drooping spirits, and cemented their affections and their strength, in the most gloomy crisis? Who was it that, by his prudence and his fortitude, eluded the snares which were laid for his feeble bands, and conducted them, by unexpected means, to victory and glory? Ye patriots of seventy-six and seventy-seven! Ye who witnessed the hardships, the dangers, and the disasters of that memorable period, do not your hearts, big with mighty emotions, responsive say, It was HE? Yes; under the direction of the GOD OF ARMIES, it was, indeed, HE. There was a majesty, and, I will add, if the expression may be allowed, a magic in his presence, which dispelled fear, which inspired confidence, and which commanded the veneration of enemies themselves."

"With respect to the administration of our departed Friend and Father, as a civil magistrate, it is, perhaps, impossible, at present, to make up an impartial opinion. The tendencies and effects of some of his measures, posterity only can fully appreciate. That there is less unanimity among his countrymen with respect to these, than with respect to his military services, you need not to be informed. It should always, however, be remembered, that he was called to the helm of state only a short time before the gathering of a storm in the political world, which has subverted the works of ages, which still shakes Europe to its centre, and of which no one can estimate the consequences, or see the end. Many of the conjunctures in which it became his duty to decide, and to act, were eminently critical, arduous, and embarrassing. To explore the untried interests of an infant empire, and to select the safest connections abroad, when the civilized world had, almost universally, risen in arms, was surely a task of magnitude, of peril, and of doubt. Nor is it wonderful that, at such a period, the feelings and passions of his constituents should be tremblingly alive to the impression of public measures; or that the human mind, weak, fallible, and variously modified as it is, should rush to opposite conclusions. Recollections of this kind cannot fail to soften the asperities of party, and to suggest an apology, both for the mistakes which have been imputed to the illustrious deceased, and for the warmth of many who differed from him in opinion. And it is pleasing, and, in a high degree, honourable to his memory, to observe, that, amidst all the diversity of sentiment, and the collision of parties; amidst all the mutual accusations of foreign influence and domestic corruption, which have, unhappily, agitated our country, his integrity has remained unimpeached and unsuspected. Even those who believe his political errors to have been most numerous, have yet acknowledged, that they were the errors of a mind actuated by the purest motives, and pursuing, with undeviating rectitude of intention, the public good."

ART. XLIX.

A Discourse, delivered at New-Haven, February 22, 1800, *on the Character of George Washington, Esq. at the request of the Citizens. By* Timothy Dwight, *President of Yale College. New-Haven:* Green *and* Son. 1800. 8*vo. pp.* 55.

THIS discourse is remarkably different from most of those that have issued from the pulpit and the press on the same occasion. All fervour, and impetuosity of conception and language, seem to have been studiously avoided. There is the calmness and circumspection of the analist in his closet, who desires to convince us, by slowly and accurately adjusting the balance, and taking a numerical account of how much one scale outweighs the other, rather than the bold career of eloquence, that aims to hurry us away without deliberation and in spite of our reluctance.

The text has relation to the deeds of Moses, and the author begins a catalogue of eminent men with the Jewish lawgiver, whom he places at the head of them. The various parts in which Moses appeared are displayed.

"In all of them," says Dr. Dwight, "he is the same glorious person; the man of God; selected from the race of Adam; called up into the mountain, that burned with fire; ascending to meet his Creator; embosoming himself in the clouds of Sinai; walking calmly onward through the thunder and lightnings; and serenely advancing to the immediate presence, and converse of Jehovah. He is the greatest of all prophets; the first type of the Saviour; conducted to Pisgah, unclothed of mortal flesh, and entombed in the dust, by the immediate hand of the Most High."

The next place is assigned to Paul, whose eulogy is closed by these words:

"To his labours, mankind are directly more indebted than to those of any other man, for the moral wisdom, the virtue, the peace and the happiness, which they now enjoy."

Dr. Dwight next proceeds to discuss the merits of the first and second Gustavus, and Alfred. The characters of Adolphus and Alfred, are quoted from Russel and Hume, with a slight addition to the latter. The fourth place in this list of worthies is assigned to Washington. To prove the propriety of associating Washington with the two Swedes, and with Alfred, the author gives us a recital of what Washington has done, and next enumerates the attributes manifested in his conduct.

The following passages, with which this recital is closed, are particularly curious:

"Through the plantation on which he resided, ran a stream stored with fish. This fishery, two days in the week, he made, together with his own boats and nets, the property of the surrounding poor; and frequently directed his servants to aid them in taking and curing their booty.

"In the course of the war, he wrote, as I have been well informed, to his friends in Virginia, a proposal to free his servants, should the Legislature think it consistent with the general welfare. This plan he has realised in his will; and the public are already informed, that it will be speedily executed by his most respectable Executrix.

"After the surrender of Yorktown, he returned, at the end of eight years absence, to visit his family. His servants had voluntarily arranged themselves in two lines, from his mansion house to the creek which runs before the door. When he came in sight, these humble and affectionate domestics sent up a shout of joy, and uttered an extravagance of transport; the women, by shrieking, beating their breasts, and rending their hair; and the men by cries and tears, and all the gesticulations, with which nature, in uninformed and unpolished society, gives vent to excessive passion. When he had crossed the creek, he delayed his progress to his beloved abode, to shake all the adults by the hand, and to speak tenderly and affectionately to the children. "Never," said the gentleman from whom I received this information, "was I so delightfully affected, except at the surrender of Yorktown; and then, only because I considered the independence of my country as secured."

The author's view of his character, manifests a thorough knowledge of his subject; but, like the rest of this discourse, is plain, simple, and dispassionate.

Art. L.

The Scripture Doctrine of Regeneration considered, in six Discourses. By Charles Backus, *A. M. Pastor of a Church in Somers, Connecticut. Hartford.* Hudson *and* Goodwin. 1800. *12mo. pp.* 180.

As so many works have been already presented to the public on this important subject, it may probably occur to some of our readers to ask why this addition has been made to the number? To this question it may be answered, that inquiries concerning practical religion having, for more than two years past, engaged much attention in some parts of the State of Connecticut, and particularly in Mr. B.'s neighbourhood, books of this nature have been more than usually sought after, and read with peculiar avidity. In this state of things, the writer thought it his duty to furnish his parishioners, and that portion of the religious public with which he is more immediately connected, with a manual, exhibiting his views of the point of theology here discussed. We doubt not that every pious reader will consider this reason for the publication abundantly sufficient; especially when it is considered that most people peruse with more than usual interest, a work which originates among themselves, and with the author of which they are acquainted. It may also be observed, in farther justification of attempts like that before us, that although true religion is the same in all ages, and although the human heart, amidst all its windings and deceitfulness, presents pretty uniformly the same phenomena under similar circumstances, yet there is generally something so far peculiar in the state of society, and in the habits of thinking, in different parts of the country, as to give obvious advantage to moral or religious works written in accommodation to them.

Mr. B. has distributed what he thought proper to offer on the subject of regeneration, into six discourses. The first, on John iii. 3. treats of the nature of this change. The second, on the same text, urges its necessity. The third and fourth, on Titus iii. 5. represent the agency of the Holy Ghost in effecting it. The fifth and sixth, on 1 John iv. 7. exhibit the character of the regenerate, or true religion distinguished from false.

Mr. B. has executed the task which he undertook, in a manner which, we think, most of his religious readers will consider reputable to him, both as a man of talents and of piety. He delivers his opinions, on the subject which he treats, with a degree of good sense, discrimination, solemnity, and earnestness which impress us very agreeably. How far these opinions are conformable to scripture, it is not our province to decide. Mr. B. supposes that regeneration does not consist in reforming the outward conduct, or in changing from habits of vice to external regularity and decorum. He maintains that it does not consist in baptism, or in attending upon any ordinance of christianity. But that it implies a change of the heart—of the temper, affections, and taste, in a moral view: that there is a difference in *kind*, as well as in *degree*, between the views and exercises of the regenerated, and those who are strangers to this change; and that the Spirit of God alone can effect this complete revolution in the moral character.

Mr. B.'s style displays little ornament. It is, however, unaffected, concise, and perspicuous. We are fond of seeing, in pulpit discourses, a little more warmth and pathos than we find in this collection. But, perhaps, the author has accommodated himself to the taste of a majority of his readers.

SELECTIONS.

Biographical Sketch of the Life of JEAN SYLVAIN BAILLY.

THE fate of this great man is truly lamentable; not merely because he addicted himself to learning, and was distinguished for his love of, and knowledge in, the sciences, but as being a patriot in the full sense of the word: this, indeed, he proved himself to be, even before the revolution; by which event, he lost some valuable places, and almost the whole of his fortune.

Jean Sylvain Bailly was born at Paris, on the 15th of September, 1736. His family, during nearly a century and a half, had followed painting as a profession; and the disease which proved fatal to his grandfather, proceeded from an attachment to his art, it being occasioned by some experiments on marble with pigments, which he himself had brought from China.

Young Bailly was also destined to be a painter, and had actually made some progress; but, as he exhibited a marked predilection to *Belles Lettres*, he did not cultivate the powers of the pencil with that assiduity which could alone have ensured celebrity. Poetry, in particular, engaged and fascinated his attention: he even produced some tragedies, which were praised by Lanouë, who however advised him to turn the bent of his thoughts towards the sciences.

His friend, Mademoiselle Lejeuneux, at length introduced him to Lacaille, and this circumstance contributed not a little to direct his attention to the study of natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1762, he presented "Observations on the Moon," to the French Academy, drawn up under the inspection of the former.

His reputation at length became so considerable, that he was deemed a proper candidate for the office of Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, which, however, in 1771, was bestowed on Condorcet. In 1784, he was recompensed by the French Academy, having at that period been appointed the successor of Tressan.

During the same year, he was nominated one of the natural philosophers who assembled in order to report on the animal magnetism of Mesmer, as practised by Deslon; and soon attained a high degree of reputation, in consequence of his various scientific publications.

His "History of Astronomy," in five volumes 4to, obtained him great reputation throughout all Europe. His "Theory of the Satellites of Jupiter," was still more prized by scientific men; and Jerome Lalande, one of the first astronomers of the present day, and who, at this moment, presides over the National Observatory at Paris, was so much pleased with the paper on the light emitted from the satellites of Jupiter, inserted in the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences, in 1771, that he afterwards told the author, while in the height of his glory, "that he would have rather composed that memoir, than been President of the States-General." "For," added he, "there are assuredly many citizens worthy of being mayor of Paris, or of filling the chair of the National Assembly, but there are not ten men in all Europe capable of writing such a dissertation as that; it will therefore, of course, become a more certain passport to the notice of posterity."

M. Bailly, after distinguishing himself as an astronomer and philosopher, was elected a deputy for the *tiers état* to the States-General, and was president of the first National Assembly, at the time the king's proclamation, issued the 20th of June, 1789, ordered it to disperse. On that memorable occasion, when the Legislative Body was excluded from the Senate-house, by royal order and a military force, he invited the members to assemble in the Tennis-court, situated in the *Rue du Vieux Versailles*. It was there he dictated the oath, "to resist tyrants and tyranny, and never to separate till a free constitution should be obtained for the French people."

On the 14th of the succeeding month, the famous, or rather infamous, bastille was attacked by the Parisians, headed by a few national guards.

It being necessary, after this event, that the affairs of the capital should be well administered, especially as the apprehensions of a famine rendered that period more critical, Bailly was unanimously called upon to undertake that important task. He continued a favourite of the Parisians, among whom he was born, till the unhappy affair of the *Champ de Mars*, where the crowd assaulting the soldiery, for enforcing what was considered an unjust order, the latter were directed by the magistracy, of which Bailly was the chief, to fire on the former; on which occasion, about forty citizens were killed, and three times that number wounded.

This compulsory act of Bailly, termed in the new French vocabulary, *populicide*, was unhappily treasured up in the invidious memory of his rivals and enemies, ready to be brought forward against him at the moment most favourable to his undoing.

Among the papers belonging to Louis XVI. which were found both at the house of Laporte, and in the iron-chest of the Thuilleries, some of them contained attacks on Bailly, and endeavoured to place him in a ridiculous point of view (*see Cazotte's letters*). Talon says in one, "Sire, if you make such sacrifices, Bailly will come and deliver a fine harangue to you."

Others, and those of the date of 1791, remark, "the mayor of Paris shall be managed so as to prevent him from giving us any further trouble." A few insist on the necessity of taking off his head.

When he found he had fallen into the disesteem of his fellow citizens, he hoped to preserve himself by retiring into privacy, where he proposed to finish a treatise on sticks, which he had begun; but the crisis of the revolution approached fast, and a severe retrospective eye was cast, not only upon every act that savoured of the abuse of power, but also upon every person who affected to *chastise* the people for excesses which long-continued oppression had forced them into.

To discover a faulty fugitive, or a denounced person, at this period, was to merit public applause. The ex-mayor was accordingly denounced, apprehended in an obscure country-house, and, by a melancholy reverse of fortune, was conducted a prisoner for examination to that very Hôtel de Ville where he had presided, two years before, with almost sovereign authority, and into which he never entered but amid the loud acclamations of *Vive Bailly!*

It is known that he was named, and inculpated in the act of accusation directed against Marie Antoinette, which contains the following passage: "It is manifest, from the declaration of Louis Charles Capet, and of the girl Capet, that Lafayette, a favourite of the widow Capet, and Bailly, then mayor, were present at the flight from the palace of the Thuilleries, and that they favoured it with all their power."

But the testimony of the queen overthrew that of the children; and Bailly proved not only an *alibi*, but even brought facts in evidence, from which it appeared, that he had mentioned to Lafayette the communications he had received, and likewise his own apprehensions: upon which, he was assured by the general, "that all was so secure, that a mouse could not get out of the palace."

Some days before the flight of the king, M. Simolin, the Russian ambassador, applied to him for a passport for the baroness de Knoff; but, considering that a passport for a foreigner ought to be delivered by the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he referred the Russian ambassador to that minister. On this subject, therefore, there was not the slightest ground for crimination.

Bailly was interrogatd respecting certain private meetings, said to have been held at the Thuilleries, and composed of intriguers and members of the Constituent Assembly, such as Mirabeau, Barnave, Lameth, &c. His connection with Lafayette was likewise adduced against him, and also his having been at some meetings at La Rochefaucault's, but the capital charge was the affair of the Champ de Mars.

He was first committed to the ci-devant monastery of the *Madelonnettes*, then converted into a state-prison; and, what will scarcely appear credible, his fellow-prisoners themselves made application to the Committee of General Safety to have him removed thence, under the alledged apprehension of the popular fury setting fire to the building, from a desire of summary vengeance. It ought, however, to be known, that those who made this application for his removal, were chiefly accused nobles and suspected aristocrats, who were always eager to precipitate the destruction of the first movers of the revolution.

Bailly was accordingly transferred to the *Conciergerie*, and, in four days after, found himself on the *sellette*,* where he heard his condemnation (for trial it cannot be called) in a manner consistent with his character as a great philosopher. His execution took place the next day, November 12, 1793. He was compelled to wear the *red shirt*, the ignominious badge intended for conspirators against liberty only; and the sentence was executed in the *Champ de Mars*, near the spot where he gave the order for the military to fire upon the populace.

The rain poured on his bald head the whole way to the fatal spot; and, as so much wet had rendered the ground boggy, and the scaffold happened to be fixed in too swampy a position to bear the weight, it became necessary to remove the apparatus to a higher spot, while the unhappy sufferer was waiting the approaching catastrophe.

Many cruel indignities were offered to him, and the bloody flag was repeatedly waved in his face. As he was observed to shudder while ascending the platform, a bye-stander, with the view to insult him, cried out "*Tu trembles, Bailly!*" he answered, "*Oui mais non pas de peur.*" The truth is, his teeth chattered with the cold.

M. Bailly was in his 57th year. His complexion was of a healthy hue; he stooped a little in his shoulders, and greatly resembled Mr. Dundas in the form of his face, and especially in the prominence of the cheek-bones. His "Oriental Astronomy" contains a severe attack on the Mosaic chronology.

Madame Bailly survives her husband. Her maiden-name was Jeanne le Seigneur, and she was the widow of his intimate friend, Raymond Gaye, when he married her in 1787; at a period, according to the eulogist of the deceased astronomer, when she was of an age proper to inspire the regard and attachment of a man of worth, who was not to be influenced by the ordinary motives of beauty or fortune, especially since he had eight nephews whom he educated with all the care of a father.

"In person," adds he, "Bailly was tall, of a sedate but striking countenance; and his mind, though firm, possessed much sensibility. His disinterestedness was frequently, and in a very eminent manner, exhibited towards his relations; and, during his magistracy, he expended a considerable part of his income in administering to the necessities of the poor.

"Few men of letters have so eminently distinguished themselves in so many different ways, and no one has ever united so many titles to respect, with such general applause. But his highest and greatest fame is derived from his virtue, which always remained unblemished, unsuspected, and admired.

"Those who knew him the best, loved him the most; and, in his own family, he was almost adored."

Remarks on the Climate in North-America; with Observations upon certain Effects of Frost in Mountainous Parts of the Country; Methods used to preserve Fruit Trees, by means of Straw Conductors, Fire, Pavement, &c. By Mr. Tatham.

IT seems to be somewhat generally believed by the people in Europe, that the climate of the American Continent is wholly regulated by its spherical gradations; for we frequently hear it observed, that a place must be hot or cold, sickly or healthy, because it is situated in such or such a latitude.

---

* The ſtool on which criminals were formerly placed.

If the whole western Continent, indeed, had been a continued plain, corresponding with the *southern* banks of North-America, which border upon the Atlantic Ocean, it is probable that this doctrine might have proved generally true; but as the interior parts of the country are not only mountainous, but greatly elevated above the common horizon, and formed upon a magnificent scale, we must search for an auxiliary principle of temperament in more exalted regions than this imaginary level.

The bountiful hand of Providence has constructed things in America, of a magnitude widely different from that upon which men are accustomed to observe on the European side of the sea; and when we enter a river of the Transatlantic hemisphere, which we find to be ten or twelve miles wide at its mouth, and ascend beyond the flow of the tide until we approach a visible inclination of river current similar to that which moving water assumes in every country as it approaches the ocean, we are naturally led to consider the position which nature must have assigned to its source, according to the proofs which we behold in an existing result of the philosophical principle by which the descent of fluid particles is necessarily governed; and we form our conception of its distant origin, to correspond with its cubic contents, and the angle of its inclination.

Beyond such a rule for judging of an unknown source, we have, at this day, an authentic knowledge of the topography of the country, as far westward as the banks of the river Mississippi; and, in such parts where the heights of land which divide the eastern streams of that wonderful river from those which fall into the Atlantic, have not been actually ascertained, we have, at least, the superficial admeasurements of the States, and the obtuse angle which is indicated by the respective eastern currents, as the foundation of an approximate calculation.

Assuming this kind of data, we shall be enabled to form a tolerable conjecture concerning the nature of that exalted summit which gives rise to the unexplored waters of the rivers Missouri, Oregan, Mississippi, and other divergent streams which are yet but partially known to us; and when, by this measure, we are enabled to compare their vast extent and regular supply of moisture, with what we know of the lakes of Canada, which feed the rivers Ohio and St. Lawrence, throughout the thirsty season of a summer's draught, we shall, I think, rationally conclude, that the high regions of the American Continent, which are hitherto unknown to us, contain vast reservoirs of stagnant water, collected into lakes and morasses, which the wisdom of Providence hath contrived as a permanent resource to supply the perpetual demand of such unparalleled channels as are elsewhere unequalled, and are exceptions to the ordinary operations of natural philosophy; nor need we be surprised, if the accounts of circum-navigators should confirm this ideal theory with future proofs, that reversed winds produce similar weather and climate to that which is prevalent at the opposite point of a central line, which takes its transit across the highest summit of the land, from one sea to the other.

This supposition is, I think, greatly strengthened by the well know fact, that north-westerly winds are the most powerful and piercing of any which the people of the United States experience; and certain it is, that winds in this direction traverse the cold regions of the highest summit on the continent, and bring with them the frigid quality, with which they are impregnated in passing over, which necessarily pacifies the atmosphere, and subjects the parts of the country which are most exposed to the winds blowing in this direction, to the greatest dominion of cold, and to the severest effects of the chilling blast.

In respect to the degrees of cold, which obtain a more powerful agency in a line of perpendicular ascent (if it can be so expressed) from the common horizon, I believe the philosophical theory is well understood by the scientific characters of England; but in respect to the confirmation of theoretic experiment by practical proofs, this is one of those grand and fortunate cases in natural philosophy, which affords the most satisfactory demonstration. Those who have dared to soar above the clouds in a balloon, have felt and testified the rigid perception; those who have ascended the cloud-capped Peak of Teneriffe, have even there visited the frigid zone with which nature hath begirt its head; and I myself have seen the mountains of Spain and America, both, in a state of contrast between summer and winter, having their tops covered with snow, while the country surrounding their base has been clothed with perfect foliage and verdure.

If we may be permitted to deduce a general effect from the great example of the American Continent, there are certain phænomena connected with the position of a country, in respect to the effects of *frost*, which may merit the attention and experiments of philosophers. It is a fact, which thousands as well as myself can witness, in those western countries of America which have an high exposure to the winter's blast, that the northern sides of a ridge or mountain arrive sooner and more certainly at a state of perfect vegetation, than the south sides of the same hills which are laid open to the power of the sun. I account for this phænomenon as follows: I apprehend that the southern exposure to the vehement rays of the sun during the infant stages of vegetation, puts the sap in motion at too early a period of the spring, before the season has become sufficiently steady to afford nurture and protection to the vegetating plant, blosom, or leaf; and when, in this condition, the first efforts of vegetation are checked by the chilling influence of cold nights, and such changeable weather as the contest (as it were) between winter and spring is ever wont to produce in their apparent struggles to govern the season. I suppose the capillary tubes and ducts which perform the nourishing offices of vegetation, are not only impeded and choaked up by the means of an irregular counter-process, but that the sap is thrown into a state of acidity or fermentation, from which it must necessarily purify itself by some natural process, before it becomes fit to reassume its functions in the common order of the universal system.

On the other hand, the northern exposures, which are not so early presented to the vivifying influence of the sun, remain, as it were, in a torpid state until the more advanced period of the spring; and when this powerful luminary is perceived to apply his coercive properties to the earth, which has been hitherto so sheltered, he will be found, also, to have attained a decided altitude over the receding winter.

Another phænomenon (an effect which I suppose to proceed from the alternate influence of a sheltered site on the one hand, and the transit of the wind over a frozen region, from whence the restrictive properties are dispensed over every northern exposure, on the other hand), is to be perceived in the quality of the soil: that in the northern coves or hollows of the mountains being generally the richest, and producing the most luxuriant vegetation, and largest timber, (witness the *buck-eye* or horse-chesnut, poplar, beech, walnut, sugar-tree, and many others which indicate valuable lands), while that on the south side is perpetually impoverished by the powers of exhalation, and the parching heat of an unsheltered southern exposure. I recollect an early instance (1770 to 1772), where a gentleman in America began to profit by the observance of this phænomenon. C. Yancey, Esq. a respectable farmer in the county of Amherst, in Virginia, was remarkable for the management of his peaches, and for the excellent brandy which he distilled from them; but a circumstance which rendered Mr. Yancey more generally known and beloved by his neighbours, was, that whensoever a year of scarcity happened in respect to peaches, he possessed both a plentiful supply, and a disposition to dispense them in baskets full to the use of those who applied for them; his advantage, in this respect, was derived chiefly from an orchard which he had planted upon the northern exposure of a lofty mountain in defiance of custom, and which verified the solidity of his judgment, by a bountiful crop, when many orchards in the valley were nipped in the bud, and rendered wholly unproductive.

In the month of November, 1777, (being before the Indian war of 1776 was thoroughly quieted), I happened to find a deserted cottage upon the abandoned frontier of the Nonocluckie (vulgarly Nolockuckie) settlements, where the summer remained so late and warm, as to surprise me with the agreeable discovery of some delicious watermellons among the grass; and the summer verdure was every where perfect, with little or no appearance of the approach of autumn about the spot. I had occasion to travel directly from thence, an eastern course, over the mountains, upon a journey of several hundred miles into the Atlantic territories; having upwards of one hundred miles to ascend the western waters of the river Mississippi, and to pass the Mountains in this route near to that elevated part of the Iron Mountain, where the Allegania, the Apalachian, and Blue Mountains form their junction into one stupendous mass. As I ascended the southern branches of the river Holston into a higher degree of latitude, I perceived that the leaves became gradually tinted, and every hour of my journey presented stronger evidences of the approaching autumn.

When I began to ascend the spurs of the Iron Mountain, I discerned the grass to be affected, the leaves to be falling, and the gradations from autumn to winter, to be every where evident.

When I reached the summit or gap of this mountain, that opens to view the picturesque and extensive vale of Kanhawa, which extends above one hundred miles across the country, in a transverse or northwardly direction between the sources of the eastern and western rivers, and has a fair exposure to the north-western winds blowing over the lakes of Canada, the trees were disrobed of their cloathing; and when I reached the ford of the Kanhawa, at the mouth of the Meadow Creek, I found winter completely verified by the presence of *wild geese*, which separated into two distinct flocks, and permitted me to pass between them without flight; and by the first appearance of clear ice upon the brinks of the river. I now bid adieu to the autumn of this year, and began to prepare myself with warmer raiment; but, to my great surprise, when I approached the summit of the Blue Mountains, at the place called *Fiske's Gap* (which commands one of the grandest views in nature, and lays open the diminished objects below, *to the utmost capacity of optics*), I could perceive, in one immense scope, all the gradations before me which I had passed; and I found in the eastern descent of my next day's journey, a verdure approaching towards summer, and differing very little from the state in which I had left Nonocluckie.

Since the period here spoken of, I have spent several years in the countries westward of the Allegania Mountains, and have had many opportunities of making correspondent remarks upon the American climate. I think there can be little or no doubt, that these facts evidence the existence of a frozen summit in those regions of the western world, which are hitherto untrodden by European feet. I will not hazard an opinion that such regions are uninhabitable; I am rather inclined to think that we shall shortly find them to be the abode of a populous and hardy race of savages; and that if they are more frigid in the summer months than those elevated exposures which are even influenced as far south as Georgia, by the rapid emissions of their impregnated *north-westers*, that their retentive property must be ascribed (not to a mere cap of eternal snow upon the head of a central mountain, but) to a wide expanse of fresh-water lakes and morasses, which are prone to collect the frigid particles from a still more exalted sphere; and which the wisdom of Providence has thus consistently ordained for the bountiful purposes of its creation; and by which means alone it would seem capable (according to the comprehensions of human philosophy), to preserve an inexhaustible reservoir, to support the successive demands which the change of seasons impose upon so many wonderful channels for the accommodation of the inferior country, and to relinquish the innumerable ducts which are continually exhausted by the calls of absorption and evaporation.

If, however, the supposition of such a theorem should need some farther *known* facts to establish the congeniality of water towards congelation by the powers of attraction, we may instance that the attraction of rivers is known to preserve fruit upon their banks, when the blossoms of those at a greater distance are seen to wither and die away. It is ascribed to this cause chiefly, that orchards in the lower countries of *James*, and other principal rivers in Virginia, are supposed to yield more certain crops near the river banks, than in the plains at a distance; and in some parts of that State there is a custom prevails of suspending a straw rope from the highest twig of a fruit-tree into a tub of water below, as a conductor to the frost. I have been often told of this experiment, and have at this hour to lament that I resided in the neighbourhood of its practice at too early an age to think it worthy my care, and have not been of later years in a way to accomplish such accurate observation as might enable me to vouch for the fact.

Before we take leave of the phænomena of frost, it seems fitting to remark, that clay soils have a greater tendency to retain the impressions of cold, than those of a more light, loamy, or sandy quality. Hence it is, that the snow is of longer continuance upon the surface of a red clay, than upon any other kind of country; and it may, perhaps, be ascribed to some peculiar refrigeratory property in this kind of soil, that the farmer always prays for a coat of snow to shield his crop from the dreaded depredations of an intense winter. So far as my observation goes in respect to agriculture, I think both the *red* clay, and the lighter *red* soils of every quality, are most subject to emit the grain in the act of freezing, and by this means to impoverish the crop of wheat. But I think all *red* lands are the most universally suitable for clover; and it may possibly arise from this condition of the ground, which, although it may prove a bane to grain previously sowed, which happens to be then in the very act of radification; yet the disposition of such land to embosom with the thaw any light seed which may become scattered upon its surface, may be a good reason why farmers make choice of such land, and seize the opportunity of a suitable frost or a competent fall of snow, for the purpose of sowing it with clover.

In respect to the radical preservation of trees and plants, I recollect to have observed a casual instance during a hard winter, where a particular tree in a row of the same kind, growth, and condition, was preserved, and shot forth with very superior luxuriance through the mere accident of its having been paved with oyster shells; probably, deposited there by the mimick industry of small children.

Upon this principle the Judge of the High Court of Chancery in Virginia, *(George Wythe, Esq.)* who is remarkable for his fine fruits, is said to have succeeded admirably in an experiment of planting a young orchard in the usual mode, and securing each tree respectively by passing it through the eye of a grind-stone, and breaking the several stones by the stroke of a sledge hammer, so soon as the maturity of the tree required a greater space for its expansion.

I have frequently observed a practice in the American orchards, of piling brushwood, weeds, straw, or rubbish, round the roots of fruit trees, and think it may generally be considered an useful method; and I have often seen the stumps of trees and other rubbish, set on fire with an intent to preserve the bloom (of peaches more particularly) from a frosty night. I cannot say, however, that I suppose this last method to have more than a partial capacity; nor do I know any other place than America, where the expense would not exceed the profit.

July 27, 1799.

[From the True American.]

We some days ago mentioned the appearance of the Locust, in the environs of our City. Since then, we learn it has been seen, in several parts of the State, in great numbers. As this insect, denominated *Cicada Septemdecim*, or Locust of North-America, will most probably attract some attention, we lay before our readers the following account of it, given by a gentleman who observed it during its last visit in 1782.

THIS remarkable insect, though but trivial attention has been given to its history, appears as an extraordinary phenomenon in the works of creation. Its periodical visits, its long absence, the number which rise from the earth, where they have, perhaps, undergone various transformations, whilst they have lain entombed for the space of 15, 16, or even 17 years, (for they are not always regular in their visits) certainly deserve some inquiry.

We know not the progress of the American locust through its several changes during its long confinement in the earth. I have no doubt but it often alters its appearance; and, though these changes remain, as yet, among the arcana of nature, yet some interesting observations may result from a pursuit of the inquiry as far as their last appearance, which was in the year 1782, will admit of.

Towards the latter end of May, under such trees as had been planted previous to their former visits, the ground was perforated so as, in some degree, to resemble a honey-comb; and, from these perforations, issued an army of these insects, which, if they had been endued with the voraciousness of the locust of the east, must have spread devastation and terror throughout the country they fixed upon for a visit. But, happily, the cicada or locust, in this State, is not more injurious than the sportive summer grass-hopper.

The appearance of the locust, when first escaping from its earthly mansion, is a large amber-coloured grub-worm, about one inch and an half in length, and about an inch and an half in circumference; the feet are more strongly formed than those of the grass-hopper, and considerably shorter, the insect seldom leaping, as has been before observed. In the outer covering, or *grubcase*, if the term may be admitted, near the back of the neck, begins an opening, which continues down the body nearly half the length of the insect: through this opening the locust protrudes itself, and appears, at first, a white-coloured moth, nearly resembling a silk-worm, in its moth state, though much larger. The wings, in this tender state of the insect, are wonderfully folded in close rolls near their basis, so exquisitely compact, that it required several careful observations to comprehend the possibility of the wings being formed with the insect, as it really appeared an almost instantaneous creation, when they were expanded, which was performed by the locust shaking itself with considerable force.

When the insect relieves itself from the outer covering, or grub-worm case, the wings are of the hue of rich milk. In this state, the filaments, which add strength to them, are of the same white colour, and, instead of the transparency which they afterwards obtain, they are now remarkably opaque; but, as soon as the moisture dries from off the wings of the insect, these filaments become more firm, and have a dark brown colour, which approaches a black as the locust becomes stronger.

The time when they issue from the ground, is about an hour or two after sun-set; soon after which, they begin their exertions to free themselves from the grub-case, which the stronger ones effect in an hour or two. They remain on the branches of the trees, which they have attained before this last metamorphosis, until morning, when they are of an high amber-colour, have acquired their strength, and are able to contend with some of their enemies. The weaker ones, and those who do not leave the earth till morning, do not so easily effect their transformation, and often prove a delicious prey to the larger, and even the smaller birds.

While in the grub-worm state, there is a tissure on the back of the skin, sufficiently large to admit the locust to pass therefrom; which, notwithstanding, is not done without great exertions. At the time of their leaving the grub-case, for it cannot be, with propriety, termed the crysalis, life and motion is strong in the insect, even when it is about assuming its new form. And when we consider that every particular limb, every part of the body, however delicately and tenderly formed—and, really, some of them, at this time, are almost inconceivably thin and tender—is enclosed in a separate case; and that these tender parts must be necessarily extricated from their sheaths before the insect can enjoy uninterrupted freedom, we certainly feel our astonishment increase, in observing, that those so elegantly formed members escape uninjured from even the extremities of their covering. When this escape is effected, the insect leaves the place where its covering is, and rests at a very short distance from it, where it remains until the moisture is evaporated from its body. The wings, as well as the insects, when first protruded from the grub-case, are very moist and tender; though, by degrees, they dry and become more firm and rigid. But, should any accident prevent the cicada from a free expansion of its wings for a considerable time after the grub-case is forsaken, the poor insect is doomed to remain either in a state of total or partial debility; for, should it be so weak as to be unable to expand its wings thoroughly while the moisture and pliancy remains, as soon as they become dry and rigid, they are fixed in that particular, or total want of expansion; and, in this helpless state, the cicada is a certain prey even to the long-applauded and industrious emmet.

The locust grub, rising from the ground, is nearly the colour of the locust when it has attained its full perfection, though not altogether as dark: its strength is very great, nearly equalling that of the scarabaeus carnifex, or the beetle which forms the balls from ordure, but, as it is about to leave the case, it becomes weaker.

At the time of their last appearance, an apple-tree was approved of for the theatre of my inquiry; and, though it must have been very small at the time of their former visit, yet, having carefully collected the grubs which came up under its branches, the first evening I numbered five hundred, which I removed; the second evening, six hundred more had made their appearance; and, the third evening, upwards of four hundred. Several stragglers remained, who were neglected, as the numbers were already sufficiently great to claim my whole attention.

Two or three days after their assuming the moth state, the air resounded with their notes, which were re-echoed either on the wing, or on the branches of the trees indiscriminately. These notes, expressive as those of the feathered songsters, proved a call to courtship. The power of song, which somewhat resembles the noise of a stocking-loom, was confined to the male; which, it was easy to discover, was produced by inflating air into his body, and expressing it through two small apertures, placed a little below the base of the wings: these holes lead from a musical table, on each side of which are five or six thin bars connected by exquisitely fine membrances, which, during the time of singing, maintain a continual vibration. Like the grass-hopper, the locust very seldom sports its social call without a response from almost all the males within hearing: and frequently, when the courtship has obtained its mate's approbation, an intruder, allured by the concert, which is easily distinguished, challenges the hero to combat, and the fight is often long and desperate, as the victory always confers an interesting reward.*

When gestation is fully accomplished, which is generally two or three days after they have assumed the flying state, the female prepares to deposit her burden; and, although her body does not appear greatly distended, yet she generally lays about one hundred and forty eggs. The egg is of a white colour, and about a line in length, and one third of a line in diameter. Nature has wonderfully provided her with an instrument in her tail, somewhat resembling a two-edged sword, which, like the grass-hopper, she can sheath and unsheath at pleasure: with this she perforates the tender twigs of such trees as will afford a convenient nidus for the eggs, and deposits them, by fourteen or fifteen, under the bark, in the form of the letter V; and sometimes, she pierces through a twig one fourth of an inch thick. After she has carefully deposited her eggs in the smaller branches, a sudden blast of wind frequently lops off the branch she has chosen for their residence.

---

* Mas et feminina Cicada in coitu [æque ac Grylli ſpecies] adeo firmiter uniti, ut ſine corporum mutilatione ſeparari nullo modo poſſint; et in hoc ſtatu per ho multas remanent, donec fecundationis opus perfectum ſit. Per lucos firmi uniti ſæpe volitant, et complures ſimul in conſpectu apparent.

It is thus that the parent provides for a succession of the species, in which employment she is generally busied until about the tenth day of her moth state, seldom, if ever, feeding on any thing but the early dew. For, as they fly in such numbers, and always carelessly, without a leader, as is usual with the eastern locusts, were they to feed on the plants, the damage must certainly be observable: and, as they live in the moth state twelve or thirteen days, it is probable they have a portion of the dew of heaven for their sustenance. Then they dry up as the silk-worm moth; the male becoming superannuated two or three days before the female.

Having pursued the locust through its several moth stages, the numerous offspring it has deposited in the slender twigs of trees have some claim to an investigation. s are of a cylindrical form, rounded at the ends, and are of such a consistence that they require a hard pressure between the fingers to crush them. The substance within, as in most other small eggs, is a white, transparent, and viscous fluid. In about the space of fourteen days from the time of their first being left by the parent, the egg produces a whitish insect, somewhat larger than the silk-worm when fresh hatched, which leaves the branch where the nest was, and, dropping on the ground, either enters the hole through which the old locust issued, or turns the earth aside afresh, and entombs itself there, to undergo the metamorphosis of its ancestors.

In digging wells, cellars, &c. in America, insects of very different appearances have been discovered, some twenty feet deep, which have been supposed to be of this species—others have been discovered nearer the surface, of which, no doubt remains but they are the grub of the locust; and, early in the spring, previous to their assuming the moth state, the plough-share often furnishes the black-bird, which follows the ploughman, with a rich repast of them; for which, by his clamours and flutterings, he endeavours to express his obligations. Varieties of this genus appear annually—they are, in general, much larger than the cicada septemdecim, and of a greyish cast, the dark brown, or amber colour which the others have, appearing in these mottled with a dirty white.

A View of the State of the Stage in Germany.

WHO can attempt the task of mustering each stationary and wandering troop, which raises on the boundaries and among the nations of Germany, Thalia's stan dard? In this point, too, does Germany wear the badge of her constitution, pieced out into so many small and even petty states. And Lessing, when engaged for the German stage at Hamburg, when he wrote his excellent work the *Dramaturgia*, purchased with much uneasiness of mind, the conviction that among the people who speak German, no real *National Theatre* can be established and supported. For want of a single metropolis, there can be only one particular national stage in Mannheim, in Vienna, or in Hamburg. But, even if the German Theatre be deprived of all those perfections and advantages which, above all things, the concentration of one large metropolis offers in a very high degree to the Drama, in several other kingdoms; still, for that very reason, do the annals of the chief theatres deserve, not merely the attention of fellow-artists and real connoisseurs, but also in a more universal point of view, the observation of the statesman, of the historian, and, on the whole, of the philosophical observer of the manners of the most enlightened age. For, in answer to the questions, "What is the Public?" and, "Does Germany still possess a public?" before many other common institutions, the theatre, as Herder has so beautifully shewn in his *Letters towards the Advancement of Humanity and polite Learning*, should come first into consideration.

The four chief theatres, each of which, with a louder or more gentle voice, lays claim to the honorary name of National Stage, are those at *Vienna*, *Berlin*, *Hamburg*, and *Frankfort*. At Vienna, where Thalia, in the boulevard-stages of the suburbs, under the management of the famous Shickneder and the Tyrolian Merry-Andrews Gasperle, often receives more blessed consecration, than in the chief temples of its theatrical Muses, was *Kotzebue* (called from Livonia by the Baron *Brown*, manager in chief of the Burgh-theatre), several months ago, the cause of a serious dispute. His well-directed spirit of reform, the objects of which were *highly necessary* improvements, threatened to lash the folly of some strutting self-conceited actors in a Theatrical Journal, which, by a deep-laid scheme of knavery, was smothered in its infancy, and could be but poorly supplied by criticisms on the theatre, officially inserted in the Court Gazette. Mr. Kotzebue engaged some new actors of the first line, amongst whom were Mr. *Koch* and his lovely daughter from the stage of Hanover, and offended the ancient company belonging to the theatre. It had certainly a very singular appearance, that, at the very time when in London and Paris Kotzebue's *Misanthropy and Repentance*, and his *Child of Love*, raised their author to the stars of the theatrical heaven, and ingrafted into many thousand inhabitants of those cities the first love of German literature, this very same poet, in the residence of the Emperor of Germany, was obliged to put up with having the most odious aspersions published against him. The Emperor himself, though personally attached to him, could not shelter him, and gave him a pension of 1000 florins per annum. He has just published a curious work about all these transactions, very interesting indeed for such who would be delighted with a peep into the green-rooms of the Vienna theatre. His present residence is Weimar, in Saxony, where he enjoys all the comforts of a sequestered literary life, composing new dramas with an unparalleled fertility. He has just finished a Comedy in one Act, the plot of which runs about that contested point of the *beginning of the new century*.

The theatre at Berlin possesses in the person of *Iffland*, at the same time, the most able of managers, and the most excellent of actors; and a more commodious house is now expected from the bounty of their beloved sovereign. Connoisseurs who, in forming their opinions on different theatres, have travelled far and near, do not for a moment hesitate to assign to the Berlin company, on the whole, the chief rank among their numerous fellow-comedians in the many theatres of Germany. A wonderful combat is here fought, the issue of which is as yet undetermined. The question is, Whether the gratification of gaping and staring at a shew, which characterizes the middling and lower classes of people, who here form the majority, and who crowd the house on every fresh representation of that nonsensical ballet *Don Quixote at Gamachoes Marriage*, shall drag the superior performers down to their level; or whether the perfect acting of an Iffland and of a company united with him, can raise to their standard a mass of people so difficult to animate. How pitifully the clapping and unbounded applause of the multitude only a few months ago was directed, is testified in the *Annals of the Prussian Monarchy*, by a sharp reproof from the pen of Iffland himself. However, on the other hand, appearances are more flattering; since within this little while, four pieces in verse have been there studied and got up with *approbation*, namely, *Don Carlos*, and *The Piccolomini*, both by Mr. *Schiller*; *Claudine of Villa Bella*, by Mr. *Göthe*; and, lastly, on the Queen's birth-day, Voltaire's *Merope*, by *Gotter*. If it be possible to breathe new vivacity and life into the art of declamation, which has been so murdered by the low chatting style of common dramas, the true way will be to compose and represent pieces in verse, in which view also the late appearances of *Wallenstein* and the Piccolomini, by Schiller, resemble now the Messenger of Light, and the first kiss of Aurora's beam on the eastern hills. As for Iffland himself, a fine medal in silver has been struck in his honour by the court medalist of the king, M. *Loos*, at Berlin, in which his head is expressed in a striking likeness, with a pretty Latin inscription on the reverse.

At Hamburg, the monstrous coalition of five managers of unequal abilities and inclinations superintend now the self-same stage, where once Roscius-*Schroeder* terrified in Lear, and astonished in the *Miser*. That superior actor took his farewell of the stage two years ago; and, equally far from the bustle of cities and from selfish egotism, reposes in a little snug villa at a village of Holstein, some miles from Hamburg, by name Röllingen, smiling at the much admired idols of our modern theatrical world. His successors renounce even the balsamic waft of false praise. By their bad acting, which appears to be expressly adapted for the upper gallery, they exclude from their representations the polished part of the Hamburgh audience, who beguile with foreign exhibitions in the French theatre an appetite which is not over-nice in its cravings. Mrs. *Righini* is the favourite songster of the German stage.

Much more successfully does the Frankfort stage flourish, at least in some side branches of that art, which unites in itself all the polite arts. Vocal and instrumental music in the Operas, and the coincidence of every decoration, are found here in perfect union, each excellent in its way. Whoever has seen Saliere's *Palmira* represented there, in the moment of enjoyment, did certainly not feel the want of a more elevated subject. Also, single actors are better paid than, perhaps, at any other place at Frankfort, where to the rich merchants, who have a share in the management, whatever deserves estimation is looked upon as worthy of any price.

There are also now in Germany many theatres of a secondary rank, some of which advance to a high degree of perfection, and by a just blending of their powers, perhaps, attain that united whole, so much missed on most stages, better than several highly renowned *National Theatres*. In this class, Altona, Breslau, Dresden, Dessau, Manheim, Munich, and Weimar, contend with various success, each frequently producing very complete representations. It is only a few years since Altona has possessed its own regular house; but the taste of the audience is not finer than at Hamburg; and in order to have a full house, the managers are very often obliged to enhance the value of their representations by masquerades, transparencies, and illuminations. A Theatrical and Literary paper is published there; the frequent changes in the name of which do not augur very favourably for a long duration. The second wife of the celebrated poet, the late M. *Burgher*, the ballad-writer, performs here as an actress.—Since the death of Mrs. Weaser has liberated Silesia from a very burdensome theatrical monopoly, Breslau has undertaken to establish a stage for herself by means of shares, and has for those two years employed uncommon sums on the completion of the decorations and company. This expense lately exceeded the reckoning of the stockholders so much, that they dreaded disagreeable consequences, and now begin to think on extraordinary means of assistance. Dresden shares with Leipzig freely and without envy the pleasures of its theatre, however well entitled this latter town is, since the purchase of a play-house by their magistracy, to wish for a fixed company itself. Some of the most famous names are mentioned among that company commonly called *Seconda's first Company*, but it is much straightened in its choice of pieces by political views; and, in Dresden, must often yield to the more favourite Italian court opera. The acting of a *Bably*, who has filled up the place of *Allegranti*, who was sent for to London, is dignified with more admiration than the most feeling expression of a *Hartwig;* and the buffoon *Bonaveri* seems to create much more delight than the theatrical frankness of the excellent *Christ*, and the highly comic acting of the veteran *Thöring*. *Dessau* has, for some time, promised us a perfectly new theatrical arrangement, under the protection and benevolence of a prince so much the patron of the polite arts: it has obtained, by means of Mr. *d'Erdmannsdorff*, a play-house, in which are many things worthy of example; in the interior of which, the constructor has known how to unite some of the advantages of the Grecian theatre with the modern demands of the art, and, for this reason, deserves to be made known to strangers by a particular description. It was opened by an opera, *Battumendi*, which the new director, a nobleman possessed of a deep knowledge in music and the skill of an actor, M. de Lichtenstein, has himself written and composed. To complete the wonder, he and his wife appeared as performers in that piece, and in another, likewise, of his own composition. *Manheim*, which in that happy period which *Iffland* has so enchantingly painted to us in his theatrical life, prefixed to the new edition of his plays printed for Mr. Göschen at Leipsic, in fourteen volumes, united under a Dalberg the most extraordinary talents, and possessed a stage which other German theatres adopted as a model, has, by undeserved misfortunes, and the calamities of a ruinous war, been deprived of this beautiful garland, and is now in dread for the very existence of its theatre. *Beck*, the first performer, the once inseparable friend of Iffland, and the author of that favourite piece, the *Chess*, has been transplanted to Munich, where, since the late change in its master, a more kindly star beams on the polite arts; and, accordingly, from an inconsiderable and trifling theatre, Thalia's residence has been placed already in a more fitting temple. The company at Weimar, under the beneficent and enlivening direction of a *Göthe*, without making great professions, has long performed far more than could be expected in a little town, in which many abound with talents, few with money; and, by a prudent reparation of its inside, has obtained, lately, an ornamental theatre for its pleasures. In Weimar, has Iffland twice represented his choicest characters to a select audience. In Weimar was the new production of Schiller, the deservedly celebrated drama of Wallenstein, first represented, and under the eye of the author, performed to the entire content of an impartial public. In the drama and in the opera, are here united industry and talents; which, though in a confined space, produce an excellent and agreeable well-rounded *whole*, the loss of which is often there felt, where *one* eminent talent darkens the surrounding merit. Besides, there are, both within and without the boundaries of Germany, many a regular and wandering company, from which, if selected with judgment, one excellent theatre might be formed. Prague, Cassel, Stuttgard, Saltzburg, Grâtz, Brunswick, Hanover, Magdeburg, often equal in their performances several of the above-mentioned theatres. They have shining, but alas! too transient moments, when even the rigid judge could not forbid his disinterested approbation. Königsberg too, Dantzig and Riga, make a figure in the annals of the German theatre; and Amsterdam possesses a German stage, excellent in many respects, which owes its establishment (wonderful to say!) to the Jews. To these may be added other wandering companies. *Walter's* company, in which *Grossman* and *Koch* have earned great applause, has fixed itself in Hanover; but, at times, visits alternately Heldersheim, Bremen, Lübeck, and Pyrmont. *Krüger's* company, which makes up by Italian singing and by feats of activity, the want of the more serious demand of the drama, spent last winter at Leipzig, and is now gone to Freyberg. A company of one *Medo*, has pitched its tent in Bauzen, the capital of Upper Lusatia, where a bastion of the old town-walls has been converted into a temple of Thalia; from whence her votaries, at certain periods, issue into the Upper Lusatia, and the neighbouring provinces. Besides, there is a company belonging to Döbbelin; and strolling players are to be met with at every fair, and in the most crowded watering-places, as at Carlsbad and Eger in Bohemia, Dobberau at the coast of Mecklenburgh, and in many other places; the names of which, together with all the changes and theatrical occurrences, are regularly detailed in a particular *theatrical almanack*, published every year at Gotha, by Mr. Reichard, the library-keeper of the duke. There are many other Magazines and monthly publications, in which circumstantial accounts of the pieces which were performed at such a theatre, are joined to critiques both of the plays and the actors. There are two Magazines published at Berlin, *The Annals of the Prussian Monarchy*, and *The Archives of the Present Time*, both appearing at the beginning of every month, in which a standing article is allotted to the concerns of the Berlin theatre. Besides these, an interesting Magazine, with the name of *Berlin* at its head, amongst other views of the character and amusements of the inhabitants, gives useful hints on the performances of the favourite actors and actresses, and illustrates them with copper-plates. A monthly retrospect of the most striking occurrences in the German theatrical world, is also given in *The Journal of Modes and Habiliments*, which makes its appearance regularly every month at Weimar; and would be highly interesting to English readers for the rich stock of information, collected carefully from a well-directed correspondence from every part of Germany. According to the lists given of the new publications brought to the Leipsic fairs in the year 1799, there have been printed only *seventy* new plays, tragedies, comedies, and dramas; and *eleven* greater and smaller works on the theory of the drama.

Account of a WILD BOY found in the Wood of Lacaune.

[From a late French Paper.]

Copy of a Letter, written January 10, by the Commissary of the Government, residing in the Canton of St. Sernin, to the President of the Administrative Commission of the Civil Hospital of St. Afrique.

"Citizen,

"I SEND to your hospital a wandering boy, of and from twelve to fifteen years of age, who appears to have been born deaf and dumb. Besides the interest the privation of his senses inspires, he exhibits something very extraordinary in his habits, which resemble those of the savage state. In these respects, this interesting and unfortunate being may well claim the duties of humanity; but he will also, perhaps, fix the attention of the philanthropic observer. I am about to present his case to government, who will doubtless determine that this youth ought to be placed under the care of Sicard, the celebrated instructor of the deaf and dumb.

"Be so good as to take every possible care of him. Let him be closely watched all day, and lodge him at night in a room from which he cannot escape. With regard to his affections, I have observed that, notwithstanding that I was studious in testifying a zealous friendship for him, and had gained his confidence during the two days and two nights I kept him at my house, he was constantly seeking an opportunity to escape. His usual food, and that which he prefers since he has been somewhat civilized, is roasted potatoes. When he was first found, he devoured the potatoes and other roots raw.

"I shall speedily send to you a detailed account of the circumstances which have brought this youth under my notice, the information I have obtained relative to his previous existence, and the reasons which, in my opinion, ought to induce us to consider him as a being of a very extraordinary nature.

"Health and consideration,

"Constans Saint Esteve.

"*Rainaidis Noucairolus,*
Administrator."

Note by the Editor of the French Journal.

The following Letter, which has been addressed to us by the Administrators of the Hospital of St. Afrique, contains information which appears *to us capable of supplying the account promised by the Commissary of Government:*

"*Saint Afrique, January* 11.

"I think it proper, citizen, to acquaint you with a phenomenon which has this day occupied the attention of all the inhabitants of this commune. There was yesterday brought to our hospital, of which I am one of the administrators, a boy, who was taken in the wood of Lacaune, by the chasseurs. He was naked, and, on their approach, fled and climbed up a tree. He was carried to Lacaune, whence he escaped. He was afterwards taken in a wood in the neighbourhood of Saint Sernin, and conducted to the house of citizen Constans Saint Esteve, commissary of the government. I learned the manner in which he was taken, from the soldiers who escorted him thither.

"It is certain that he lives only upon potatoes and nuts. If bread be given him, he smells it, chews it, and then spits it out. He acts in the same manner when other kinds of food are presented to him. These facts leave no doubt of his having lived long in the woods. How has he been able to endure the severe cold of this winter in the wood of Lacaune? It is on the highest and coldest mountain in this part of the country, and the cold has been more intense this year than in the winter of 1795.

"This boy appears to be about twelve years of age. He is a fine figure. His eyes are black, and very lively. We allowed him to walk out this morning into a field contiguous to the hospital: he soon began to run as fast as he could. Had he not been quickly followed, he would soon have gained the mountain and disappeared. His pace is a kind of trot. We have given him a dress of grey cloth, and though the clothes seem to embarrass him very much, he does not know how to pull them off. Upon leaving him at liberty in the garden, he evinced his desire of escaping, and endeavoured to break one of the bars of a gate that obstructed his passage.

"He speaks none. When potatoes are given him, he takes as many as his hands will hold. If they are roasted, he skins them and eats them in the manner of a monkey. There is something very pleasant in his laugh. When the potatoes are taken from him, he utters a number of shrill cries. Constans believed he was deaf, but we are now convinced of the contrary. He is not, however, quick of hearing. I leave it to the learned to explain this phenomenon, and to deduce consequences from it; but I am sincerely desirous that this extraordinary youth may experience the beneficent attention of government."

On the History of Tobacco.

THE following particulars concerning tobacco, digested in a chronological order, and taken from "An Introduction to Technology," by professor J. Beckmann, of Gottingen, will appear curious and interesting to many readers:

In 1496, Romanus Pane, a Spanish monk, whom Columbus, on his second departure from America, had left in that country, published the first account of tobacco, with which he became acquainted in St. Domingo. He gave it the names of cohoba, cohobba, Gioia.—See Schlözerz's Briefwechsel [*Epistolary Correspondence*,] vol. iii. p. 156.

In 1535, the negroes had already habituated themselves to the use of tobacco, and cultivated it in the plantations of their masters. Europeans, likewise, already smoked it.

In 1559 Jean Nicot, envoy from France at the court of Portugal, first transmitted thence to Paris, to queen Catharine de Medicis, seeds of the tobacco-plant: and, from this circumstance, it acquired the name nicotiana. When tobacco began to be used in France, it was called herbe du grande-prieur, from the then grand-prieur, of the house of Lorraine, who was very fond of it. It was likewise once known by the name of herbe de St. Croix, after cardinal Prosper St. Croix, who, on his return from Portugal, where he had been nuntio from the pope, introduced into Italy the custom of using tobacco.

In 1565 Conrad Gesner became acquainted with tobacco. At that time, several botanists already cultivated the plant in their gardens.

In 1570 they still smoked in Holland, out of conical tubes, composed of palm-leaves plaited together.

In 1575 first appeared a figure of the plant in André Thevet's cosmographie.

In 1585 the English first saw pipes, made of clay, among the native Indians of Virginia; which was, at that time, discovered by Richard Greenville. It appears, likewise, that the English soon after fabricated the first clay tobacco-pipes in Europe.

In the beginning of the 17th century, they began to cultivate tobacco in the East-Indies.

In 1604 James the first of England endeavoured, by means of heavy imposts, to abolish the use of tobacco, which he held to be a noxious weed.

In 1610 the smoking of tobacco was known at Constantinople. To render the custom ridiculous, a Turk, who had been found smoking, was conducted about the streets with a pipe transfixed through his nose. For a long time after, the Turks purchased tobacco, and that the refuse, from the English. It was late before they learned to cultivate the plant themselves.

In 1615 it appears that tobacco began to be sown about Amersfort, in Holland.

In 1616 they began to cultivate tobacco in Virginia: the seeds had probably been carried thither from Tobago.

In 1619 king James I. wrote his *Misocapnos* against the use of tobacco; and ordered that no planter in Virginia should cultivate more than one hundred pounds.

In 1620 some English companies introduced the custom of smoking tobacco in Zittau, in Germany. See Carpzov's Zittauischer Schanplatz, vol. ii. p. 228.

In 1620 Robert Königsmann, a merchant, brought the first tobacco plant from England to Strasburg.

In 1624 Pope Urban VIII. published a decree of excommunication against all who should take snuff in the church; because then, already, some Spanish ecclesiastics used it during the celebration of mass.

In 1631 smoking of tobacco was first introduced into Misnia, by the Swedish troops.—See Kamprad's Leisnigner Chronica, p. 442.

In 1634 smoking was forbidden in Russia, under the pain of having the nose cut off.

In 1653 they began to smoke tobacco in the canton of Appenzell, in Switzerland. At first, the children ran after those who smoked in the streets. The council likewise cited the smokers before them, and punished them; and ordered the inn-keepers to inform against such as should smoke in their houses.—Walser's Appenzell Chron. p. 624.

In 1661 the police regulation of Bern was made, which was divided according to the ten commandments. In it the prohibition to smoke tobacco stands under the rubric, "Thou shalt not commit adultery!" The prohibition was renewed in 1675; and the tribunal particularly instituted to put in execution *(chambre du tabac)*, continued till the middle of the present century.—See Sinner's Voyage Histor. et Litter. dans la Suisse Occidentale.

In 1670, and in the following years, smoking of tobacco was punished in the canton of Glarus, by a pecuniary fine of one crown, Swiss money.

In 1676 two Jews first attempted the cultivation of tobacco in the margraviate of Brandenburg; but, which, however, was not brought to bear till 1681.

In 1686 tobacco first planted in the canton of Basil.

In 1689 Jacob Francis Vicarius, an Austrian physician, invented the tubes for tobacco-pipes, which have capsules containing bits of spunge: however, about the year 1670, already pipes were used with glass globules appended to them, to collect the oily moisture exuding from the tobacco.

In 1690 Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who should be guilty of using snuff or tobacco in the church of St. Peter at Rome.

In 1697, great quantities of tobacco already produced in the Palatinate and in Hessia.

In 1719, the Senate of Strasburg prohibited the culture of tobacco, from an apprehension lest it should prove injurious, by diminishing the growing of corn.

In 1724 Pope Benedict XIV. revoked the bull of excommunication, published by Innocent, because he himself had acquired the habit of taking snuff.

	Rix dollars.
In 1753 the king of Portugal farmed out the tobacco-trade for about	2,500,000
The revenue of the king of Spain, from tobacco, amounted to	7,330,933
Brought forward	9,830,933
In 1759 the duties on tobacco in Denmark, brought in	40,000
In 1770 the empress Maria Theresa received from duties, &c. on tobacco	806,000
In 1773 the duties on tobacco in the Two Sicilies, amounted to	446,000
In 1780 the king of France received from tobacco, a revenue of twenty-nine millions of livres, that is, about	7,250,000
Total annual revenue of these six kingdoms, from duties, &c. on tobacco	18,372,933

A sum greater than the revenues of the kingdoms of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden together, on an average, amount to.

"To me it appears probable," remarks professor Beckmann, "that even before the discovery of the fourth quarter of the globe, a sort of tobacco was smoked in Asia." This conjecture being mentioned to the celebrated traveller M. Pallas, he gave the following answer: "That in Asia, and especially in China, the use of tobacco for smoking, is more ancient than the discovery of the New World, I too scarcely entertain a doubt. Among the Chinese, and among the Mongol tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and become so indispensable a luxury; the tobacco-purse affixed to their belt, so necessary an article of dress; the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken the model of theirs, so original; and, lastly, the preparation of the yellow leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces and then put into the pipe, so peculiar, that we cannot possibly derive all this from America by way of Europe; especially as India, where the habit of smoking tobacco is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China. May we not expect to find traces of this custom in the first account of the voyages of the Portuguese and Dutch to China?" To investigate this subject, I have, indeed, the inclination; but at present, at least, not sufficient leisure; and must, therefore, leave it to others. However, I can now adduce one important confirmation of my conjecture from Ulloa's Voyage to America, vol. i. p. 139. "It is not probable," says he, "that the Europeans learned the use of tobacco from America; for, as it is very ancient in the eastern countries, it is natural to suppose, that the knowledge of it came to Europe from those regions, by means of the intercourse carried on with them by the commercial States on the Mediterranean sea. No where, not even in those parts of America where the tobacco-plant grows wild, is the use of it, and that only for smoking, either general or very frequent."

BETHLEM-GABOR.

THE character of this restless and ungrateful man, has been lately introduced by Mr. Godwin in his singular romance of "The Travels of St. Leon." It is, certainly, one of the happiest efforts in that work; and the reader must now be interested in the real character, with which history presents us.

Bethlem-Gabor was a Transylvanian, of an ancient but impoverished family, who gained the favour of Gabriel-Battori, prince of Transylvania. Having, as a restless adventurer, quitted this court for that of Constantinople, he acquired such credit among the Turks, as to induce them to declare war against his first and kindest benefactor. Battori, lost by intrigue, and abandoned by his subjects and the emperor, was vanquished in 1613. Bethlem-Gabor took several places in Hungary; and, compelling a Pacha to invest him with Transylvania, he declared himself king of Hungary. In 1620 the emperor marched some troops against him; but his general, Bucquoi, was killed. Bethlem-Gabor, though now a conqueror, dreaded the Imperial power, and solicited peace, which he obtained on condition of renouncing the title of king of Hungary, and that he should only take that of a prince of the empire. The emperor, who was not, on his side, a little troubled by so restless and intrepid a subject, was willing to acknowledge this rebel as sovereign of Transylvania, and to cede to him seven counties, of about fifty leagues in circumference. But nothing could appease the fire raging in the wild bosom of this Gabor He soon after revived his claims on Hungary. Walstein vanquished him; and the war was at length concluded by a treaty which made over Transylvania and the adjacent territories to the house of Austria, after the death of Gabor, which happened in 1629.

On Hat-Making.

THE following improvements in the art of hat-making, have lately been published in the Journal Politechnique. The manufacture of hats may be divided into four general processes, viz. felting, fulling, dying, and finishing. During the second of these operations, the felt is repeatedly dipped in boiling water, holding tartar in solution, which tartar requires to be occasionally renewed. The editor of the Encyclopédie attributes the use of the tartar to the alkali which it contains; this, however, appears to be a total mistake; for, if a piece of blue paper be dipped in the tartar bath, it will be immediately changed to red, thus shewing an excess of acid, which, from the analysis of tartar, is well known to be the case: moreover, the tartar requires to be renewed in proportion as it loses its acid. From this circumstance, citizen Chaussier was induced to substitute sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) instead of tartar, and found it answer every purpose of the tartar, with the peculiar advantage of being much cheaper, less disagreeable to the workmen, requiring water of a temperature not higher than seventy degrees to dilute it with, and therefore saving much of the expense of fuel, and allowing a leaden boiler to be substituted in the room of the copper one. There is a still further superiority in this new method: the colouring mucous matter of the tartar is partly absorbed by the felt, and beaten out with much labour. After the dying in this operation, a vast quantity of black dust is disengaged, prejudicial to the workmen, and which, being charged with colouring matter from the dye vat, causes a considerable waste in dying materials, and prevents, in some degree, the felt from taking the colour. By the substitution of sulphuric acid, a perfectly clear bath is prepared for the fulling of the felt, and all the above inconveniences are entirely obviated. The finishing of a hat consists in impregnating the felt with mucilaginous matter, in order to make it retain its shape, and to be less permeable to rain. The size commonly made use of, is a mixture of glue and common gums; by this, the hat is rendered hard and apt to crack. An important improvement, in this respect, is to prepare the size with linseed jelly instead of gum. These alterations in the manufacture of hats, have been for some time introduced, to great advantage, in a large establishment in the department of Coté-d'or.

A Critique on the Poems of Falconer.

By Mr. Irving.

THE poetry of Falconer is not to be regarded as the production of a man whose situation in life was favourable to the pursuits of literature. Born of humble and obscure parents, he enjoyed none of those advantages which affluence is calculated to secure. It was not his fate to bask in the sun-shine of prosperity. In early youth, he was compelled to relinquish his native home, and to enter upon a profession which, in too many instances, succeeds in blunting the softer feelings of humanity; and, in the pursuit of this profession, he was exposed to innumerable dangers and misfortunes. But his native genius rose superior to the untoward circumstances incident to his station. His leisure hours were devoted to the muses; and the hands that had been employed in adjusting the braces of a ship, were not found unskilful in the management of the golden plectrum.

By those who possess the smallest relish for pathetic simplicity, "The Shipwreck" will always be perused with pleasure. Its excellences are not the result of painful and unwearied application; they are the happy effusions of a vigorous imagination, and a heart true to the warm impressions of nature.

In reviewing his shorter productions, we shall find little scope for critical investigation. They cannot pretend to any particular marks of distinction; and, unless his fame had rested upon some more solid basis, it must very soon have decayed.

In the "Elegy Sacred to the Memory of his Royal Highness Frederick, Prince of Wales," which was the first poetical effort that he ventured to submit to public inspection, it is scarcely possible to discover even the faintest glimmerings of that genius which he afterwards displayed. It is true, we occasionally meet with a few tolerable lines; but these only appear like the scattered flowers that sometimes bloom amid the sterile plains of Arabia. Towards the close of it, there occurs the most ludicrous simile that ever disgraced the serious page of an author. The rising fame of the young prince, he compares to the curling volumes of sable smoke, which mount in the atmosphere and blacken all the sky!—This is apt to remind us of Butler's comparing the changing of the morning from black to red, to the circumstance which takes place in the boiling of a lobster.*

The "Ode on the Duke of York's second departure from England as Rear Admiral," is of that species of writing which some have thought proper to denominate Pindaric. Every author possesses an indisputable right to impose upon his own productions whatever name he chuses; but such rude masses of verses as generally compose these odes, no more resemble the *pointed shafts*† of Pindar, than *The Hatchet* and *Shepherd's Pipe* of Simmias, resemble *The Iliad* of Homer.‡ Falconer's genius does not appear to have been peculiarly adapted to lyric poetry. This ode discovers none of that enthusiasm, which ought to have been its chief characteristic: it is generally languid, and seldom or never rises to any considerable height. It must, at the same time, be confessed, that his hero was but ill calculated for inspiring sublime ideas. A man who is only distinguished by the splendour of his rank, is a very indifferent subject for poetry. The "Episode of the Choice of Hercules," is introduced with propriety, and possesses some merit. The incidents of which it is composed, have been embellished by Shenstone, Lowth, and others; but it is probable that no poetical imitation will ever rival the original prose of Xenophon.§

"The Demagogue" is a political satire, directed against a certain party, whom he regards in the light of incendiaries. Among other partizans, he assails the virulent Churchill, a poet, who once enjoyed a reputation which his uncouth strains were by no means adequate to support. This poem cannot be considered as a very happy effort: it is often incorrect, and contains frequent inelegancies of expression. There is nothing in its versification to compensate for the want of skill which is displayed in the arrangement of its component parts. The satire, however, is sometimes manly and poignant.

---

* Butler's Hudibras, part ii. canto ii. v. 29.

† Pindari Olymp. ii. 150, &c.

‡ The mode of writing which is here alluded to, was introduced by Cowley, a poet of no mean genius, but of an extremely vitiated taſte. The unmerited reputation which he acquired by means of his lyric poetry, induced many others to follow his example. Long did the Engliſh preſs groan beneath the load of theſe abſurd productions: and Congreve claims the honour of having cured the nation of this Pindaric madneſs. He not only ſhewed them, by his own practice, the manner in which Pindar arranged his ſtanzas, but alſo pointed out the abſurdity of that rambling mode of writing which, about his time, was ſo prevalent. It may, however, be remarked, that he was not the firſt Engliſh poet who exhibited this ſpecies of compoſition in its genuine form: among the works of Johnſon, there is an ode which is ſtrictly modelled after the example of Pindar.

§ Xenophon, Memorabil. lib. ii. chap. 1.

In the verses beginning "Ye hills fall prostrate," there is a profane allusion to a passage of the sacred writings, which might, with much more propriety, have been omitted.

As "The Shipwreck" is a performance which the public has always been accustomed to distinguish with particular marks of regard, its peculiar excellencies and defects demand a more ample display. The uniform popularity which it has maintained, may be adduced as a proof of its real merit. Various causes may tend to confer a short-lived reputation upon poets of inferior genius. That reputation, however, which does not rest upon a true foundation, must very speedily decay. Sheffield, Montague, and Granville, were once extolled as legitimate sons of Apollo; but indignant Time has erased their names from the rolls of fame.

The fate of a merchant-ship that was lost in a violent storm, will, at first sight, appear to be a subject little susceptible of embellishment; but, when we begin to peruse the page of Falconer, every prejudice of this kind immediately vanishes. In exhibiting a series of events which can scarcely be deemed of a poetical nature, he has discovered no common ingenuity. To relate simple and unadorned facts in their natural order, is not the part of a poet: he must select those that seem most conducive to the general purpose which he has in view, and blend them with others which are purely imaginary, so that the whole may become interesting, and assume an air of probability. These rules are exemplified in the practice of Falconer: the manner in which he has conducted his simple tale, cannot fail to touch the sympathetic breast.* His chief characteristics are tenderness and sensibility. If he seldom reaches the sublime, it ought to be remembered, that, in this respect, he is far from being singular. Few, indeed, are the poets that can aspire to a station on *the mountain of sublimity!*†

After having proposed the subject, and invoked the muses, he apologizes for his undertaking, and proceeds to introduce an allegorical description of memory, which is highly poetical. He supplicates this power to recall to his view the events he is about to relate; for, in these events, he himself had a principal concern. The narrative then commences: the ship Britannia is represented as proceeding on her intended voyage between Egypt and Venice. Upon the occasion of her touching at the island of Candia, the poet finds an opportunity of lamenting the devastations of war, and of expatiating on the miseries of slavery. He next delineates the characters of Albert, Rodmond, and Arion, the officers of the ship: and, in doing this, he discovers considerable powers of discrimination. That of Rodmond is the most masterly. Under the significant appellation of Arion, he exhibits an interesting portrait of himself. To this succeeds the beautiful episode of Palemon and Anna, two lovers, whom the cruelty of a sordid parent had doomed to extreme misery. The ship sets sail from Candia; and the natives of the island assemble along the shore in order to view her as "she marches on the seas," and to contemplate the various devices which ornament her stern and prow.

---

* Thy woes, Arion! and thy ſimple tale,
O'er all the heart ſhall triumph and prevail!
Charm'd as they read the verſe too ſadly true,
How gallant Albert and his weary crew
Heav'd all their guns, their found'ring bark to ſave,
And toil'd, and ſhriek'd, and periſh'd on the wave!
CAMPBELL.

† See Mr. Alexander Thompſon's Paradiſe of Taſte, canto vi. This poem, like the other productions of its author, is "highly rich in fancy and in phraſe."

A series of pathetic reflections on bidding adieu to the land, forms the exordium of the second canto. In that part of the narrative which immediately follows, a variety of striking objects are described; the brilliant hues that are reflected from the sides of a dying dolphin; the water-spout, whose towering column mingles with the skies; and the gambols of a shoal of porpoises, which are seen exploring their prophetic course along the ocean. They are now threatened with a storm. The pilots begin to apprehend dangerous consequences from its increasing violence, and hold a consultation respecting the measures they ought to adopt. In the mean time the mariners are overwhelmed by the severe exertions which they are under the necessity of using, in order to prevent the vessel from foundering.

The third canto commences with a dissertation on the design and influence of poetry. He then resumes his subject; but very soon finds an opportunity of entering upon a long digression relative to the ancient and modern state of Greece. After he has thus indulged his fancy, our wandering thoughts are again directed to the state of the labouring vessel, which, at length, strikes upon a rock and is dashed to pieces, the greatest part of the crew perishing along with her. The poet himself is dragged to the very gates of death:

> Another billow burſts in boundleſs roar;
> Arion ſinks, and Memory views no more!
> Ha! total night, and horror here preſide!
> My ſtunn'd ear tingles to the whizzing tide!
> It is the fun'ral knell! and, gliding near,
> Methinks the phantoms of the dead appear!

At length he emerges from the deep, and, with only two of his companions, gains the shore. An affecting picture of the fate of Palemon closes the narrative.

Such are the outlines of "The Shipwreck;" a poem pregnant with various matter. The most material objection that can be urged against its general plan is, that the poet makes a long excursion into the adjacent nations at the very time when the storm is precipitating the vessel towards her ruin. It is true, there is magic in the sound of ancient Greece; yet, the man who stands on the pinnacle of danger, may be supposed to have his mind too much engaged with ideas of a different kind, to leave any room for the admission of classical raptures. The manner in which he has treated this subject, will scarcely be admitted as a sufficient compensation for such a breach of propriety: he performs much less than his readers might reasonably expect on such an occasion.

Upon the whole, however, the poem is conducted with taste and judgment. Although he is sometimes too circumstantial in detailing the different nautical manœuvres, yet we follow him through the various gradations of the fable with a lively interest. The introduction of numberless pleasing and pathetic incidents, renders the narrative animated and interesting. The only regular episode which the poem contains, is that of Palemon and Anna. A more beautiful and tender story is hardly to be found in the whole body of English poetry:

never were the distresses of two lovers pourtrayed with a more delicate hand. The description of Palemon's sensations when he falls in love, breathes all the pathos of the amorous Sappho. Such a description could only have been produced by one who had experienced

The trembling ecſtaſies of genuine love.

The sequel of this episode occurs towards the close of the third canto. In relating the mournful fate of Palemon, the poet appears to great advantage. Upon the foundering of the vessel, the unhappy youth, having betaken himself to a raft, endeavours to gain the shore; and we are artfully left to suppose, that he is instantly overwhelmed by the fury of the storm. Arion and two of the mariners having providentially escaped the general wreck, begin to search for an adventurous youth whom they had seen approaching the land—

Panting, with eyes averted from the day,
Prone, helpleſs, on the ſhingly beach he lay—
It is Palemon!

We are thus revived with the hope, that he may yet be restored to the arms of the lovely Anna: but this hope is soon blasted; the bruises which he had received when thrown on the shore by the breakers, put a period to his existence. His final speech is truly affecting.

The sentiments of the poem are commonly adopted with propriety. The most remarkable deviation from the language of nature, occurs in the last words that are uttered by Palemon. After having addressed his beloved friend in very affecting terms, he proceeds in the following manner:

When thou ſome tale of hapleſs love ſhalt hear,
That ſteals from pity's eye the melting tear,
Of two chaſte hearts by mutual paſſion join'd,
To abſence, ſorrow, and deſpair conſign'd;—
Oh! then, to ſwell the tides of ſocial woe,
That heal th' afflicted boſom they o'erflow,
While memory dictates, this ſad ſhipwreck tell,
And what diſtreſs thy wretched friend befel! &c.

These lines are beautiful; but their beauty is misplaced. Is it natural for a man to utter such sentiments as these, when he is already tottering on the very brink of that awful gulph which no mortal ever repassed? In order to take a survey of this kind, the mind must be free from every painful sensation, and entirely divested of the influence of every boisterous passion.

The language of *The Shipwreck*, though not always carefully correct, possesses considerable merit. We are not unfrequently presented with happy turns of expression. His versification is, for the most part, spirited and vigorous: and some passages may even boast of

The long majeſtic march, and energy divine*

which characterize the manly productions of Dryden.

Among the principal faults of the poem, may be reckoned the unceasing recurrence of the barbarous phraseology of seamen. The nature of the subject rendered it absolutely necessary to introduce a number of uncouth terms incident to navigation: but it will be difficult to assign a reason why, in the use of them, he has been so extremely liberal. Such jargon is but ill-calculated for enhancing the value of a poem. It must, at the same time, be confessed, that in reducing it to the smoothness of verse he has been wonderfully successful.

---

* Pope.

In the management of his comparisons, he seldom discovers any great degree of skill.—They occur too frequently; and it but rarely happens that the analogy is steadily pursued. Comparisons are introduced for the sake of placing some object in a more conspicuous point of view; and unless they answer this purpose, they are only to be regarded as useless appendages, or false ornaments. Many of Falconer's similies neither tend to illustrate, nor to embellish; they derive their origin from objects too contiguous or too remote, and consequently fail to produce the desired effect. Yet it is but just to observe, that others are of a different description. The following comparison, which relates to Rodmond, is, perhaps, the most masterly one the poem contains:

Like ſome ſtrong watch-tower nodding o'er the deep,
Whoſe rocky baſe the foaming waters ſweep,
Untam'd he ſtood.

This has even some pretentions to sublimity.

In the poems of Falconer, it is not easy to discover any material vestiges of imitation. Passages sometimes occur, which bear a pretty strong resemblance to others in Milton, Shakespeare, Gray, and Pope: but it would betray a precipitancy of judgment to affirm, that in every instance this is the effect of imitation.

A Visit to Vesuvius. By Spallanzani.

I ROSE four hours before day, and continued my journey towards the burning crater, from which flames arose at intervals, which, on a nearer approach, appeared larger and more vivid; and every ejection was followed by a detonation, more or less loud, according to the quantity of burning matter ejected; a circumstance I did not notice before, on account of the distance, but which became more perceptible to the ear in proportion as I approached the mouth of the volcano: and I observed, when I had arrived within half a mile of it, in a direct line, that the ejections preceded their accompanying explosions only by an instant, which is agreeable to the laws of the propagation of light and sound. At this distance, not only flames were visible to the eye, but a shower of ignited stones, which, in the stronger ejections, were thrown to a prodigious height, and thence fell on the declivities of the mountain, emitting a great quantity of vivid sparks, and bounding and rolling till they came within a short distance of the place where I stood. These stones, when I afterwards examined them, I found to be only particles of the lava, which had become solid in the air, and taken a globose form. These showers of lava appeared an invincible obstacle to my nearer approach to the volcanic furnace. I did not, however, lose all hope, being encouraged by the following observation. The showers of heated stones, I remarked, did not fall vertically, but all inclined a little to the west. I therefore removed to the east side of Vesuvius, where I could approach nearer to the burning mouth; but a wind suddenly springing up from the west, compelled me to remove, with no little regret, to a greater distance, as the smoke from the mouth of the crater, which before rose in a perpendicular column, was now drifted by the wind to the side on which I stood; so that I soon found myself enveloped in a cloud of smoke, abounding with sulphureous vapours, and was obliged hastily to retire down the side of the mountain. Yet, though I was thus disappointed of the pleasure of approaching nearer to the edge of the crater, and observing the eruptions more nearly and accurately, many instructive objects were not wanting.

Pursuing my way to the south, along the declivity of the mountain, I arrived at the part where the lava ran above the ground. Where the stream was broadest, it was twenty-two feet in breadth, and eighteen where narrowest. The length of this torrent was two miles, or nearly so. The stream of lava, when compared with others which have flowed from Vesuvius, and extended to the distance of five or six miles, with a proportionate breadth, must certainly suffer in the comparison; but, considered in itself, and especially by a person unaccustomed to such scenes, it cannot but astonish, and most powerfully affect the mind. When I travelled in Switzerland, the impression made upon me by the Glacieres was, I confess, great: to see, in the midst of summer, immense mountains of ice and snow, placed on enormous rocks, and to find myself shake with cold, wrapped up in my pelisse on their frozen cliffs, while, in the plain below, Nature appeared languid with the extreme heat. But much more forcibly was I affected at the sight of this torrent of lava, which resembled a river of fire. It issued from an aperture excavated in the congealed lava, and took its course towards the south. For thirty or forty paces from its source, it had a red colour, but less ardent than that of the lava which flowed within the cavern I have mentioned above. Through this whole space, its surface was filled with tumours which momentarily arose and disappeared. I was able to approach it to within the distance of ten feet; but the heat I felt was extremely great, and almost insupportable, when the air, put in motion, crossed the lava, and blew upon me. When I threw into the torrent pieces of the hardened lava, they left a very slight hollow trace. The sound they produced was like that of one stone striking against another; and they swam, following the motion of the stream. The torrent at first descended down an inclined plane, which made an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon, flowing at the rate of eighteen feet in a minute; but, at about the distance of thirty or forty paces from its source, its superficies, cleared from the tumours I have before mentioned, shewed only large flakes of the substance of the lava, of an extremely dull red, which, clashing together, produced a confused sound, and were borne along by the current under them.

Observing these phenomena with attention, I perceived the cause of this diversity of appearance. The lava, when it issued from the subterranean caverns, began, from the impression of the cold air, to lose its fluidity, so that it yielded less to the stroke of solid bodies. The loss of this principle, however, was not such as to prevent the superficies from flowing. But, at length, it diminished by the increasing induration; and then, the superficial part of the lava, by the unequal adhesion of its parts, was separated into flakes, which would have remained motionless had they not been borne away by the subjacent matter, which still remained fluid, on account of its not being exposed to the immediate action of the air, in the same manner as water carries on its surface floating flakes of ice.

Proceeding further, I perceived that the stream was covered, not only with these flakes, but with a great quantity of scoriæ; and the whole mass of these floating matters was carried away by the fluid lava, with unequal velocity, which was small where the declivity was slight;

but considerable when it was great. In one place, for ten or twelve feet, the descent was so steep, that it differed little from a perpendicular. The lava must therefore be expected there to form a cataract. This it in fact did, and no sight could be more curious. When it arrived at the brow of this descent, it fell headlong, forming a large liquid sheet of a pale red, which dashed with a loud noise on the ground below, where the torrent continued its course as before.

It might be expected that, where the channel was narrow, the velocity of the torrent must be increased; and, where it was capacious, diminished: but I observed that, in proportion as it removed from its source, its motion became slower; since the current of melted matter being continually exposed to the cold air, must continually lose some portion of its heat, and, consequently, of its fluidity.

At length the lava, after having continued its course about two miles along the declivity of the mountain, stopped, and formed a kind of small lake, but solid, at least on the superficies. Here the fiery redness disappeared; but, about two hundred feet higher, it was still visible, and more apparent still nearer to its source. From the whole of this lake, strong sulphureous fumes arose, which were likewise to be observed at the sides, where the lava had ceased to flow, but still retained a considerable degree of heat.

Comparison between Vesuvius and Etna. By the same.

THOUGH Vesuvius, considered in itself, may be justly called a grand volcano; and though, from the destruction and calamities it has at various times occasioned, it has continually been an object of consternation and terror to the inhabitants of the neighbouring country; yet, when it is compared with Etna, it must lose much of its celebrity, and appear so diminished that, if the expression may be allowed, it may be called a volcano for a cabinet. Vesuvius does not, perhaps, rise higher than a mile above the level of the sea; and the whole circuit of its base, including Ottajano and Somma, is not more than thirty miles; while Mount Etna covers a space of one hundred and eighty, and in its height above the sea, considerably exceeds two miles. From the sides of Etna, other lesser mountains rise, which are, as it were, its offspring, and more than one of which equals Vesuvius in size. The most extensive lavas of the latter mountain, do not exceed seven miles in length; while those of Etna are fifteen or twenty, and some even thirty miles in extent. The borders of the crater of Mount Etna, are never less than a mile in circuit, and, according to the changes to which they are subject, sometimes two or three miles: it is even reported, that, in the dreadful eruption of 1669, they were enlarged to six. But the circumference of the Vesuvian crater is never more than half a mile, even when widest distended in its most destructive conflagrations.* Lastly, the earthquakes occasioned by the two volcanoes, their eruptions, showers of ignited stones, and the destruction and desolation they occasion, are all likewise proportionate to their respective dimensions. We cannot, therefore, wonder that visits to Vesuvius should be considered as undertakings of little consequence, and never be made public, except lavas should have been flowing at the time; while a journey to Etna is considered as no trivial enterprize, both from the difficulty of the way, and the distance; as, from Catania, whence it is usual to set out, it is thirty miles to the summit of Etna. On such a journey, likewise, we have to pass through three different climates; whereas to go from Naples to Vesuvius, should be rather called an excursion than a journey. We find also little difference between the temperature of the air at the bottom of this latter mountain, and that of its summit. Notwithstanding these difficulties, however, the gigantic majesty of the Sicilian volcano, its sublime elevation, and the extensive, varied, and grand prospects its summit presents, have induced the curious, in every age, to ascend and examine it; and not a few have transmitted to posterity the observations they have made during their arduous journey.

---

* I know not how M. Sage was led into ſo ſtrange an error as to aſſert that the crater of Veſuvius is more than three miles in diameter. (Elem. de Min. tom. 1.) Were this true, the circumference of the Veſuvian crater muſt be nearly ten miles, an extent which, perhaps, the crater of no volcano in the world ever had.

Mademoiselle Clairon's Account of an Apparition.

WHEN Mademoiselle Clairon first appeared on the stage, she was besieged by an army of young fops and old libertines.—"Among the rest," says she, "was a Monsieur de S. son of a merchant of Brittany, for whom I had a sort of friendship; but he hoped for something more. This young man was of so gloomy, fretful, and suspicious a temper, that, after a certain time, I dismissed him. On his being taken ill, however, I bestowed on him all the kindness and attention in my power; but, when he was recovered, I refused him admission again into my house, and returned him all his letters.

"Two years afterward, he died, having no one with him but an old lady, his relation, the only society which he had admitted for a long time. One evening, when several friends and my mother had supped with me, after having been very cheerful, I sang several lively songs; but, when the clock had struck eleven, we heard a cry of the most lamentable complaint, for which we were unable to account. We sent several persons into the street to try to discover whence this lamentation proceeded. My friends and neighbours had all heard the mournful cry at the same time, constantly under my window; and it as constantly seemed to be produced in the air without any apparent cause; but it called on our attention by circumstances still more incomprehensible. One time among others, when M. B***, the master of the revels, with whom I had supped, and who waited on me home, was taking leave of me, the fatal cry was heard just over our heads, and almost terrified us to death. This phenomenon immediately furnished conversation for all Paris, and was recorded in the register of the police.

"After some other alarms of a similar kind, the ghost, tired of bewailing himself, meditated other pranks.

"Conversing one night with my usual visitors, the clock struck eleven, and was instantly followed by the discharge of a musquet, seemingly levelled at one of my windows: every one heard the report, and saw the flash; but no mischief was done of any kind, not even a pane broken in the window against which it was fired. Every one, however, concluded that my murder was intended. The master of the revels flew to the lieutenant de police, who was his friend: all the neighbouring houses were searched; and the street was filled with spies; yet, notwithstanding all these precautions, the musquet was discharged against the same window during three months, without killing any one, or ever breaking the glass.

"The pains which the master of the revels took to discover the mysterious business, were ill rewarded; and the ghost, by whom he was not beloved, was doubtless offended with him for alarming all Paris about the report of a musquet, which was certainly very innocent.

"One fine night, the hour was forgotten; and the window, consecrated to the pranks of the ghost, was opened. The master of the revels and I were leaning over the rails of a balcony; but, when the clock struck eleven, the gun was fired, which drove us both back into the middle of the room, where we fell, and lay like dead persons. When we came to ourselves, we looked at each other, laughing, and confessed that we had each received the most violent slap on the face that had ever visited the human countenance.

"These lamentable cries, reports of musquets, and slaps on the face, were succeeded by the clapping of hands, a noise to which the encouragement of the public had long accustomed me. After this, I heard aerial music; a celestial voice seemed to give a specimen of the air that was going to be sung. Though many heard this voice, nothing was to be seen. Accustomed to my ghost, who was a good-natured devil enough, I paid little attention to the melodious sounds that were floating in the air; and, at length, all these phenomena ceased, after a little more than two years duration, when the ghost seemed to have laid himself, and to be reconciled to his tomb, which he quitted no more.

"Being informed that an elderly lady wished to see me, and having always treated age with respect, I went out of my room to receive her. An emotion, for which I could not account, made me examine her minutely from head to foot; and this emotion was much increased, when I found that she examined me with the same degree of attention. All that I could do was to beg her to sit down, and we had both occasion for support. Our silence continued, but our eyes left no doubt of the desire which we reciprocally had to break silence. She knew whom I was, but I was wholly unacquainted with her. She was sensible that it was her business to speak first, and the following conversation took place:

"I have long, Madame, eagerly wished to know you; but, never going to the theatre, and having no acquaintance with persons who have the happiness of seeing you elsewhere, I was unwilling to explain my wish in writing, lest a letter, leaving you in doubt as to my motives, should meet with a refusal." "After having listened, not very patiently, to a torrent of compliments on my person, talents, and celebrity, I begged, if she had any business to disclose, that she would speak, or I must leave her. She then informed me, that she was the best friend of Monsieur S. and the only one whom he would see during the latter years of his life." "Our whole time," said she, "was employed during this period in speaking of you, sometimes as an angel, sometimes as a d——l; but we always finished by my entreating him to forget you; yet he always protested that he would love you beyond the tomb. Your eyes, which I now see full of tears, permit me to ask why you used him so cruelly; and how, with a heart full of sensibility, you could refuse him the consolation of seeing and speaking to you once more?"—"We cannot," I answered, "command our hearts. M. S. had merit, and estimable qualities; but his gloomy, revengeful, and despotic character, made me equally dread his society, his friendship, and his love. In order to render him happy, it would have been necessary that I should renounce all human intercourse, and even my talents. I was poor and proud; and I wished then, as I hope to continue to wish, to owe nothing but to my own powers and diligence. The friendship which I had conceived for him, made me desirous of leading him to more tranquil and equitable sentiments; but not succeeding, and persuaded that his obstinacy proceeded less from passion than from the violence of his character, I determined to separate myself from him entirely. I refused to see him in his last moments, because such a sight would have torn my heart: I feared to shew myself too cruel in refusing what might have been asked, and should have been too miserable had I granted it. These, Madame, have been the motives of my conduct; and I hope that I shall not incur the blame of any reasonable person."—"To condemn you, Madame," she replied, "would doubtless be unjust: we owe great sacrifices only to oaths, parents, and benefactors; and, on this last point, I well know to whom gratitude is due. I assure you that his mind was penetrated with the obligations which he owed to you; but he was overcome by passion, and your last refusal hastened his dissolution. He anxiously counted every moment till his servant returned at half an hour past ten o'clock, and told him, positively, that you had determined not to come. After a short silence, he seized my hand in a fit of despair, which terrified me—"*Barbarian!*" he cried, "*she shall repent of her inhumanity: I shall pursue her as constantly when dead, as when alive.*"—"I tried to calm him, but he was no more!"

Theory of the Tides. *By* M. La Place.

THE true cause of the tides was first assigned by Newton, in his Principia. He found that the same law of attraction which solved the other phenomena of the system, might be applied to this with equal success. The deductions, however, of this great philosopher concerning the tides, not being sufficiently full and particular, the Paris Academy proposed, as the subject of its prize dissertation for the year 1740, "The flux and reflux of the sea." The prize was shared by Euler, D. Bernouilli, and Maclaurin; who, in three masterly and celebrated treatises, developed the Newtonian theory: but the question had not been considered, even by these mathematicians, in all its generality. Consulting facility, they had adopted an hypothesis similar to that of Newton concerning the equilibrium of the sea; which they supposed every instant to be in equilibrio under the action of the heavenly bodies; whereas, the rapid rotatory motion of the earth prevents the water at its surface from assuming, at every instant, the figure which results from the operating forces. In comparing the results from theory with actual observation, a great want of coincidence was manifested in the difference of two tides in the same day; which was observed to be, in fact, very small; but, by theory, appeared to be considerable.

The deficiency of their theories was perceived and acknowledged by the authors themselves; and, in order to supply it, neither analysis nor the science of the movement of fluids, offered adequate resources. The first researches, which were to conduct to a more perfect theory of the tides, were made by D'Alembert, in his "Reflections sur la

Cause des Vents;" in which he considers the oscillations of a fluid covering a planet placed under the action of an attracting body. Afterward, the discoveries of this great geometrician in the doctrine of fluids, and in analysis, afforded ampler means of considering the subject of the tides under a more general point of view. He introduced a new branch of analysis, called "Calcul aux differences partielles;" a calculation which must necessarily be made, when into the conditions of the problem all the elements which influence the phenomena of the titles are made to enter. From the time of the first invention of this calculus, its inventors, Euler, and La Grange, have continually and greatly contributed to its perfection.

M. de la Place, availing himself of the great improvements which had been made in the doctrine of fluids, and in pure analysis, since the time of the publication of the treatises of Euler, Bernouilli, and Maclaurin, resumed, in the memoirs of the Academy for 1775 and 1776, the problem of the tides. His hypothesis was simply this: that the spheroid (mentioned in the problem) differs very little from a sphere; that the fluid covering it is of a very small depth, relatively to the radius of the solid; that the spheroid has an uniform rotatory motion round a constant axis; and the centrifugal force thence resulting, for all the parts of a fluid, is very small with respect to the force of gravity; finally, that these parts obey other forces, such as the attraction of the several heavenly bodies: which forces, however, are inconsiderable with respect to the force of gravity. The motion of the bodies, likewise, is supposed to be much slower than the rotatory one of the spheroid. M. de la Place, by thus establishing his theory on an hypothesis more conformable to real circumstances, was enabled not only to solve the ordinary phenomena, but to assign the true reason of that almost exact equality which exists between the tides of the same day.

Anecdote of the late Pope.

While Pius VI. was passing through a street of Rome, carried along with a splendour suitable to his dignity, a voice was heard from one of the windows which were crowded with curious spectators. It was that of a young woman. "*Quanto è bello! quanto è bello!*" cried she in a moment of enthusiasm. An old woman, in haste to correct any thing that might appear too profane in this exclamation, replied, with her hands joined, and her eyes lifted up towards heaven, "*Tanto è bello, quanto è santo!*" It is said that such a compliment gave Pius VI. more secret satisfaction than all the incense lavished upon him by the prelates at the altar, and all the genuflexions of the Sacred College.

Condition of the late Pope *after his Deposition.*

Pius, who, by his own obstinacy, and the evil counsels to which he had given ear, had prepared the way for the overthrow of the Roman government, remained almost entirely ignorant of the catastrophe which completed that event. He was yet overwhelmed with the consternation caused by the entry of the avengers of Duphot, when he learned that the cardinals had abdicated their temporal authority: he saw general Cervoni enter, who at this time held the chief command in Rome: he came to announce to the pontiff that the people had thought proper to resume their sovereignty.—"And my dignity!" exclaimed his Holiness, in the accent of profound grief. "It is too intimately connected with religion, which the people are determined to preserve inviolate. They have so expressed their resolution in the solemn act which has been proclaimed in their name; and they promise to make for you a provision suitable to your rank."—"And my person?" continued Pius—"It is in perfect safety; and they engage to furnish a guard of one hundred and twenty men for its protection."—Pius was silent, and resumed an air of resignation.

But the hopes which this beginning had encouraged him to conceive, were soon disappointed. Notwithstanding the wish so formally and solemnly announced by the people of Rome in favour of liberty, that capital harboured a considerable number of malcontents—of sincere fanatics, who considered the fall of the papal throne in no other light than as the downfall of religion: many hypocrites, who, from motives of vanity and ambition, were interested in supporting the ancient order of things. Under these circumstances, the presence of the Pope might give birth to conspiracies. Though he had, while vested with sovereignty, been viewed with the eyes of hatred, or at least of indifference, his misfortunes had now rendered him an object of sympathetic interest. The French commissioners thought it indispensible to the public safety that he should be removed from Rome, and even from the Ecclesiastical State. He was conducted to Tuscany, not at the request of the Grand Duke, but with his consent, which that prince would have been very glad to have had the liberty of refusing. He was sensible that the presence of such a guest might become troublesome, and even dangerous. Pius was at first conducted to Sienna.

Here he lived in peace, and forgotten by almost every one except the devotees and some curious persons, when an earthquake shook the place which he had chosen for his retreat, and threw down several buildings. Pius lodged in the convent of St. Barbara; but, at the moment when the shock was felt, he happened to be walking in one of the public gardens of the city. He was hastily conveyed from within the walls of Sienna, to a country-house called by the name of *Hell*; which circumstance gave rise to the sarcasms of the undevout who had not felt compassion for his misfortune. After some time, he was conducted to Florence. At the moment of his entering this city, the sky, which is usually so serene in Tuscany, was overcast with heavy clouds, and the rain fell in torrents. Malignity, which is so prompt, especially in Italy, to seize every opportunity of exercising itself, did not fail to observe that the Pope brought bad weather with him wherever he came.

His first interview with the Grand Duke, which took place in presence of the Marquis Manfredini, was, on both sides, accompanied by marks of melting tenderness. The Grand Duke, in particular, was moved even to the shedding of tears: but he was not insensible of the inconvenience which might result to him from keeping the Pope in his capital. In a few days after his arrival, Pius was conducted to a Carthusian monastery, at the distance of two miles from Florence.

The fallen pontiff did not appear so deeply affected by his situation as might have been supposed: his health, far from being impaired by a catastrophe which would have caused any other person in like circumstances to die with grief, seemed to be in a more flourishing state. His relish for the pleasures of the table accompanied him to his solitude; and, on that subject, the following anecdote is related by credible witnesses. On his arrival at the Carthusian convent, his Holiness, who, among the small suit of servants by whom he was accompanied, had not forgotten his cook, gave him permission to take his station in the conventual kitchen, and there ordered him to prepare for his table delicate viands, which formed a striking contrast with the frugal fare of the monks. The latter, mortified no doubt by the comparison, pretended to be scandalized at the holy father's sensuality, and pronounced it to be the source of those calamities which desolated the church. The cook warmly defended the cause of his useful profession, and, in revenge for the ill humour shown by those recluses, slipped, unknown to them, a bit of meat into their peas soup.* This horrible plot being discovered, the monks utter shrieks of indignation, which reach the ears of his Holiness. Pius fancies he still hears the revolutionary storm growl around him; he inquires what cause has excited it. To avoid the repetition of such a scene, he orders that his kitchen be henceforward separate from that of the monks; and they congratulate themselves on no longer having before their eyes the scandalous exhibition of the sovereign pontiff's epicurism.

Vanity, as another anecdote, proves—and that particular species of it which was the least excusable in a pontiff and an old man—the vanity which is connected with external accomplishments, did not abandon Pius in his retreat. There lived at Florence, a young Hungarian painter, who was desirous of the honour of drawing his Holiness's portrait, with the intention, as he said, of presenting it to the Empress. He was conducted to the holy father, who accepted his offer with a sort of enthusiasm. "Let your pencil," said he to the young artist, "revive that bloom and animated complexion which is somewhat faded through age and chagrin; paint me in scarlet robes, to give the greater relief to my features." The painter is said to have paid docile obedience to the directions of the pontiff's vanity; and Pius, even in the season of disgrace, still found a *flatterer*. It is asserted that his eyes dwelt with pleasure on that portrait, which, some years before, would have been a very good likeness, and which, by an innocent deception, carried him back to a less advanced age, and to happier days.

These anecdotes will, to many people, afford sufficient ground for dispensing with that pity which they might otherwise be inclined to bestow on him. Can we consider him as an object of compassion, when we see him so resigned, so contented, still so well disposed to relish the only indulgences that have been left within his reach?

It is moreover asserted, that, instead of repining at his fate, he has several times protested that he had renounced all hope of ever revisiting Rome, and that his utmost wish was to conclude his days in peace in the Carthusian monastery. He enjoys there, likewise, some other consolations: he is not forgotten by all mankind in this obscure retreat: he has there received magnificent presents from all quarters. One day he saw ten purses brought in to him, each containing five hundred crowns. The donator chose to keep his name secret: all that is known is, that he was a Florentine. The present was accompanied by a note containing these words, "To provide ten shirts for his Holiness." Another Florentine caused a sedan chair to be constructed for him, richly gilt, decorated with all the symbols of the church, and displaying in front a silver plate, inscribed with these words, which their author considered as prophetic, "*Post fata resurgo.*" Many prelates, and almost all the chiefs of the catholic church, have made him considerable offers, which he has had the generosity to decline. But he accepts, without scruple, the favours tendered by sovereign princes. He receives a monthly pension of three thousand crowns from a neighbouring court: the king of Spain continues faithfully observant of his former custom of annually sending to him an abundant provision of drugs, wines, and tobacco: he has also given him testimonies of affectionate regard, which Pius has much more sensibly felt; for that monarch has not only directed the cardinal Lorenzana to continue to reside near the pontiff, but has also sent him a dispatch, in which he assures him that he has not ceased to consider and to respect Pius VI. as "head of the catholic church."

---

* The Carthuſians, obſerving a perpetual Lent, never eat fleſh-meat: and, according to the notions of their church, the ſmalleſt particle of fleſh, or the ſmalleſt drop of its juice, mingled with any quantity of faſting fare, is ſufficient to contaminate the whole maſs ſo completely that whoever taſtes of it is guilty of the no ſmall crime of violating the faſt!

On Writing-Pens.

[From the History of Inventions and Discoveries.]

AS long as people wrote upon tables covered with wax, they were obliged to use a style or bodkin made of bone, metal, or some other hard substance; but when they began to write with coloured liquids, they then employed a reed, and afterwards quills or feathers. This is well known, and has been proved by various authors. There are two circumstances, however, respecting this subject, which require some farther research; and which I shall endeavour to illustrate by such information as I have been able to collect. With what kind of reeds did people write? When, and where did people begin to employ feathers for that purpose?

It is rather astonishing, that we are ignorant of what kind of reeds the ancients used for writing, though they have mentioned the places where they grew wild, and where, it is highly probable, they grow still. Besides, we have reason to suppose that the same reeds are used even at present, by all the Oriental nations; for it is well known, that among the people of the East, old manners and instruments are not easily banished by new modes and new inventions. Most authors who have treated on the history of writing, have contented themselves with informing their readers that a reed wes employed; but that genus of plants called by the ancients *calamus*, and *arundo*, is more numerous in species than the genus of grasses, to which the corn of the ancients belongs; and it might perhaps be as difficult to determine what kind of reed they employed for writing, as to distinguish the species of grain called *far*, *alica* and *avena*.

The most beautiful reeds of this kind grew formerly in Egypt; near Cnidus, a city and district in the province of Caria, in Asia Minor; and likewise in Armenia and Italy. Those which grew in the last-mentioned country, seem to have been considered by Pliny as too soft and spongy: but his words are so obscure that little can be gathered from them; and though the above places have been explored in latter times by many experienced botanists, they have not supplied us with much certain information respecting this species of reed. It is, however, particularly mentioned by the old botanists, who have represented it as a stem, such as I have seen in collections; but as they give no characterising marks sufficiently precise, Linnæus was not able to assign any place in his system to the *arundo scriptoria* of Bauhin.

Chardin speaks of the reeds which grow in the marshes of Persia, and which are sold and much sought after in the Levant, particularly for writing. He has even described them; but his account has been of no service to enlarge our botanical knowledge. Tournefort, who saw them collected in the neighbourhood of Teflis, the capital of Georgia, though his description of them is far from complete, has taught us more than any of his predecessors. We learn from his account, that this reed has small leaves, that it rises only to the height of a man, and that it is not hollow, but filled with a soft spongy substance. He has characterised it, therefore, in the following manner in his System of Botany: *Arundo orientalis, tenuifolia, caule pleno, ex qua Turcæ calamos parant.* The same words are applied to it by Miller; but he observes that no plants of it had ever been introduced into England. That the best writing-reeds are procured from the southern provinces of Persia, is confirmed by Dapper and Hanway. The former says, that the reeds are sown and planted near the Persian gulph in the place mentioned by Chardin, and gives the same description as that traveller of the manner in which they are prepared.

The circumstance expressly mentioned by Tournefort, that these writing reeds are not entirely hollow, seems to agree perfectly with the account given by Dioscorides. It is probable that the pith dries and becomes shrunk, especially after the preparation described by Chardin, so that the reed can be easily freed from it in the same manner as the marrowy substance in writing-quills is removed from them when clarified. Something of the like kind seems to be meant by Pliny, who, in my opinion, says that the pith dried up within the reed, which was hollow at the lower end, but, at the upper end, woody and destitute of pith. What follows refers to the flowers, which were employed instead of feathers for beds, and also for caulking ships. I conjectured that Forskal had given an accurate description of this reed; but when I consulted that author, I did not find what I expected. He only cófirms that a great many reeds of different kinds grow near the Nile, which serve to make hedges, thatch, and wattled walls, and which are used for various other purposes.

These reeds were split, and formed to a point like our quills; but certainly it was not possible to make so clean and fine strokes, and to write so long and so conveniently with them as one can with quills. The use of them, however, was not entirely abandoned when people began to write with quills, which, in every country, can be procured from an animal extremely useful in many other respects. Had the ancients been acquainted with the art of employing goose-quills for this purpose, they would undoubtedly have dedicated to Minerva not the owl, but the goose.

A passage in Clemens of Alexandria, who died in the beginning of the third century, might, on the first view, induce one to conjecture that the Egyptian priests even wrote with quills. This author, after describing a procession of these priests, says, The sacred writer had in his hand a book with writing-instruments, and on his head feathers. But it is impossible to guess what might be the intention of these feathers or wings on the head, among a people who were so fond of symbols. Besides, Clemens tells us, expressly, that one of the writing-instruments was a reed with which the priests used to write.

Some assert, from a passage of Juvenal, that quills were used for writing in the time of that poet; but what he says is only a metaphorical expression, such as has been employed by Horace and various ancient writers. Others have endeavoured to prove the antiquity of writing-quills from the figure of the goddess Egeria, who is represented with a book before her, and a feather in her right hand; but the period when this Egeria was formed is not known, and it is probable that the feather was added by some modern artist. No drawings in manuscripts, where the authors appear with quills, are of great antiquity. Among these is the portrait of Aristotle, in a manuscript in the library of Vienna, which, as expressly mentioned at the end, was drawn at Rome in the year 1457; and we have great reason to think that the artist delineated the figure for ornamenting his work, not after an ancient painting, but from his own imagination.

If we can give credit to the anonymous author of the history of Constantius, extracts from which have been made known by Adrian de Valois, the use of quills for writing is as old as the fifth century. We are informed by this author, who lived in the above century, that Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, was so illiterate and stupid, that during the ten years of his reign he was not able to learn to write four letters at the bottom of his edicts. For this reason the four letters were cut for him in a plate of gold, and the plate being laid upon paper, he then traced out the letters with a quill. This account is, at any rate, not improbable; for history supplies us with more instances of such men not destined for the throne by nature, but raised to it either by hereditary right or by accident, who had neither abilities nor inclination for those studies which it requires. The western empire was governed, almost about the time of Theodoric, by the Emperor Justin, who also could not write, and who used, in the like manner, a piece of wood, having letters cut in it, but with this difference, that, in tracing them out, he caused his hand to be guided by one of his secretaries.

The oldest certain account, however, known at present respecting writing-quills, is a passage of Isidore, who died in the year 636, and who, among the instruments employed for writing, mentions reeds and feathers. Another proof of quills being used in the same century, is a small poem on a writing-pen, to be found in the works of Althelmus, called sometimes also Aldhelmus, Adelhemus, and Adelmus. This writer, descended of a noble family, was the first Saxon who wrote Latin, and who made the art of Latin poetry known to his countrymen, and inspired them with a taste for compositions of that kind. He died in the year 709.

In the eighth century writing-pens are mentioned by Alcuin, who at that period, in the time of Charlemagne, was of service in extending literary knowledge. He composed poetical inscriptions for every part of a monastery, among which there is one even for a privy, and another for a writing study. Speaking of the latter, he says that no one ought to talk in it, lest the pen of the transcriber should commit a mistake.

After the above period proofs

occur which place the matter beyond all doubt. Mabillon saw a manuscript of the gospels, which had been written in the ninth century, under the reign of St. Louis, in which the evangelists were represented with quills in their hands. The same author mentions a like figure of the eleventh century. In the twelfth century, Peter de Clugny, who, by scholastic writers, is called *Venerabillis*, and who died in 1157, wrote to a friend, exhorting him to assume the pen instead of the plough, and to transcribe, instead of tilling land. In short, writing-quills are often called *calami* by ancient and modern authors who wrote good Latin; and it is probable that this word is employed by older writers than Isidore to signify writing-pens, where, for want of other proofs, we understand reeds.

The poet Heerkens has lately asserted, that the use of quills for writing is much older, and that the Romans became acquainted with them during their residence in the Netherlands, where they could not easily procure Egyptian reeds, and where, according to the account of Pliny, they paid so much attention to the catching of geese. That writer, however, says, that this was done on account of the flesh of these animals, which they esteemed much when roasted, and of the softness of their feathers on which they were fond of sleeping. Heerkens himself remarks, that Pliny, had he known the use of quills for writing, would not have passed it over in silence, when he gives so circumstantial an account of writing-reeds. He is of opinion also, that, as the Dutch terms of art which allude to writing, such as *schryfpen*, &c. are of Latin extraction, the Dutch must have acquired them as well as the things signified from the Romans. This, however, seems to afford very little support to his assertion. Of more importance is the observation that is in an old and beautiful manuscript of Virgil, in the Medicean library, which was written soon after the time of Honorius; the thickness of the strokes, and the gradual fineness of the hair-strokes, of the letters, give us reason to conjecture, that they must have been written by some instrument equally elastic as a quill, as it is not probable that such strokes could be made with a stiff reed. It is also certain, that the letters of the greater part of ancient manuscripts, particularly those found at Herculaneum, are written in a much stiffer and more uniform manner. But little confidence is to be placed in this observation; for we do not know but the ancient artists may have been acquainted with some method of giving elasticity to their reeds, and may have employed them in such a manner as to produce beautiful writing.

Notwithstanding the great advantage which quills have over reeds for writing, the latter however seem to have continued long in use even with the former. This conclusion I do not form because *calamus* and *arundo* are to be found in the works of late writers; for many authors may have employed these old Latin words to express quills, like Cassiodorus, who, in the sixth century, when exhorting the monks to transcribe theological works, used both these terms indiscriminately: but I found my assertion on the testimony of diplomatists, and particularly on the undoubted mention made of writing-reeds in the sixteenth century.

Men of letters, well versed in diplomatics, assure us, from comparing manuscripts, that writing-reeds were used along with quills in the eighth century, at least in France, and that the latter first began to be common in the ninth. The papal acts, and those of synods, must, however, have been written with reeds much later. In convents they were retained for text and initials, while, for small writing, quills were every where employed.

I can allow little credit to a conjecture supported merely by a similarity of the strokes in writing, because it is probable that people at first would endeavour to write in as strong and coarse a manner with quills, as had been before done with reeds, in order that the writing might not seem much different from what was usual; and with quills one can produce writing both coarse and fine. Mr. Meiners, however, referred me to a passage in a letter of Reuchlin, which removes all doubt on the subject. When this worthy man, to whom posterity are so much indebted, was obliged to fly by the cruelty of his enemies, famine and the plague, and to leave behind him all his property, he was supplied with the most common necessaries by Pirkheimer. Among other articles the latter sent to him, in the year 1520, writing materials, good paper, penknives, and, instead of peacocks' feathers, which he had requested, the best swan-quills. That nothing might be wanting, he added also proper reeds, of so excellent a sort, that Reuchlin considered them to be Egyptian or Cnidian.

These reeds at that period must have been scarce and in great request, as it appears by some letters of Erasmus to Reuchlin, for my knowledge of which I am under obligations to Mr. Meiners, that the former received three reeds from the latter, and expressed a wish that Reuchlin, when he procured more, would send some of them to a learned man in England, who was a common friend to both.

Whatever may have been the cause, about the year 1433 writing-quills were so scarce at Venice, that it was with great difficulty men of letters could procure them. We learn, at any rate, that the well-known Ambrosius Traversarius, a monk of Camaldule, sent from Venice to his brother, in the above year, a bunch of quills, together with a letter, in which he said, "They are not the best, but such as I received in a present. Shew the whole bunch to our friend Nicholas, that he may select a quill, for these articles are indeed scarcer in this city than at Florence." This Ambrosius complains likewise, that at the same period he had hardly any more ink, and requested that a small vessel, filled with it, might be sent to him. Other learned men complain also of the want of good ink, which they either would not, or did not, know how to make. Those even who deal in it, seldom know of what ingredients it is principally composed.

Anecdotes of Colonel HUMPHREYS.

WHOEVER is much conversant with the History of Literature, cannot fail to have observed an uniform tendency in men of genius, to associate and link themselves together in some strong community of study and of life. Point out to me a man distinguished in any of the walks of science, and I habitually inquire who are his companions. Authors will have persons of some congeniality of character or views with whom to consult; and generally they will seek at least, one or two on whose judgments they dare rely, even if they envy his or their genius.

The peculiar talents of Mr. Trumbull and Mr. Dwight, and the enthusiasm with which they cultivated the politer studies, attracted many elevated and amiable minds to their society. Among these, some were incited to similar pursuits, and among the first was the subject of the present article.

David Humphreys was born at Derby, State of Connecticut, about the year 1752 or 1753; was admitted into Yale College in 1767, and graduated in 1771. Of the circumstances of his early education I am ignorant; nor is my information relative to his collegiate life sufficiently minute to render it interesting. That he formed his acquaintance at this time with the Muses, and with his friends Dwight and Trumbull, is certain; for, having entered the family of Colonel Philips, of Philips' Manor, State of New-York, on leaving College, he addressed a poetical letter to the former, in which he displays, with great ease of narrative and minuteness of circumstance, his situation, plans, prospects, and wishes. This epistle was never published, and perhaps is not now in existence. How long Mr. Humphreys continued in this situation, and at what time, and with what rank he entered the American army, my recollection does not now enable me to determine. But, as early as 1778 he was Aid de camp to General Putnam, with the rank of Major; and in 1780, as he himself informs us, (in his poetical letter of April, 1780) he was promoted to be Aid de camp to the Commander in Chief, with the rank of Colonel. In the family of General Washington he continued till the end of the war; and, after the resignation of his commission by the General, accompanied him to Virginia. On the appointment of Mr. Jefferson to succeed Dr. Franklin, as Ambassador to France, Col. Humphreys was nominated as Secretary to the Legation; and he left his native country for the first time, and sailed for Europe, in company with his friend the celebrated and unfortunate Kosciusko, in the summer of 1784. This he pleasingly mentions in his epistle to Dr. Dwight, written on board of the Courier de l'Europe, the ship in which he left America.

> "Him firſt, whom once you knew in war ſo well,
> Our Poliſh friend, whoſe name ſtill ſounds ſo hard,
> To make it rhyme would puzzle any bard;
> That youth, whom bays and laurels early crown'd,
> In virtue, ſcience, arts, and arms renown'd."

Col. Humphreys returned from Europe in 1786, and was almost immediately elected a Representative from his native town, to the Connecticut Legislature; a situation to which he was re-elected the following year, and in which he honourably acquitted himself. At this time, Congress resolved on the levy of some additional regiments for the western service; and Col. Humphreys was appointed to the command of that which was raised in New-England. This appointment furnished him with employment till some time in 1788, when the occasion for which the levy had been made no longer existing, the corps was reduced, and his commission terminated. But, during this command, his time was principally spent at Hartford, in company with Mr. Trumbull, Barlow, Hopkins, and others of his friends; poetry and politics divided their attention, and the purposes of both were united and pursued in the publication of the *Anarchiad*, and the various pieces of wit and satire which distinguished that period.

After the reduction of his corps, Col. Humphreys made a visit to his illustrious friend at Mount Vernon. There, honoured with the confidence of its possessor, he remained till the organization of the new government, and the election of Mr. Washington to the Presidency. He then accompanied the President to New-York, and was a member of his family till his public appointment to Portugal, in 1790. From this period his life is known to every one attentive to American affairs. He is the present Minister Plenipotentiary at Madrid; and his residence in Europe has only been interrupted by a hasty visit to America in the autumn of 1794.

As a poet and a man of letters, if estimated by that ideal standard of excellence which every critic forms in his own mind, and which is lofty in proportion as his own conceptions are elevated and magnificent, Col. Humphreys will not occupy a station in the foremost rank; but, if in judging of his literary character, we compare him with the mass of his cotemporaries, and consider the difficulties with which American genius had then, and even still has, to struggle, we shall not hesitate to assign him a respectable place among the poets of the present day. His poems, it is true, display none of that originality of thought which at once delights and astonishes; none of that fiery enthusiasm which hurries us beyond the bounds of sober recollection,

> ————quod pectus inaniter anget,
> Irritat mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
> Ut magus:—modo—Thebis, modo ponit
> Athenis—

but they are every where (at least the principal poems) correct and pleasing; the verse flows with an easy and becoming grace, and the sentiments, except when the writer aims at a sublimity to which he has no claims, are adapted to the occasion, and bespeak an amiable and manly temper and understanding.

What first drew the attention of his countrymen towards Col. Humphreys, as a poet, was his "*Address to the Armies*," at a time when, like Camden, "One hand the sword and one the pen employed." Few publications, whatever may have been their subject or their merits, have gained, for their author, a more sudden and surprising reputation; and the popularity with which it was attended in America, followed it to Europe. The Marquis de Chastellux honoured it by performing the office of its translator into French; and the English journals boldly challenged the author as a native of Britain. But much of this applause must be attributed to the circumstances of time and place; and the reader of the present day will find no reason for this unusual success of a poem, which, though handsome and spirited, has no peculiar claim to the admiration of the critic.

Col. Humphreys's next publication, of any note, was his poem "*On the Happiness of America*." The success of this publication was moderate but respectable. It did not raise, but it did not diminish the reputation of the author. This was followed by his "*Essay on the Life of General Putnam*," in 1788, and by his tragedy, entitled "*The Widow of Malabar*," translated from the French, first played in May, and published in August, 1790. Neither of these advanced the literary character of their author. The first was thought deficient in that ease and grace which biographical narration is supposed peculiarly to demand; and the second shared the fate of many other dramatic efforts of natives of the United States; it was decently received, but soon fell into neglect. It must be confessed, however, that the turgid frigidity of the original was very little improved in the translation; and that the interest which tragedy was intended to excite, was overwhelmed, in this instance, by the disgust which so horrid a spectacle as the devotion of the heroine inspired. Nor was the disgust much alleviated by the "dry rapture" of the catastrophe.

The works of Col. Humphreys consist,

1. Of an octavo volume, published by Hodge, Allen, and Campbell, New-York, 1790; comprising the preceding pieces, and his smaller poems, &c.

2. Of a poem, entitled, "*Industry*," published by Cary, Philadelphia, 1794, when the author made his last visit to America. This is the last meritorious performance; but its limited circulation has prevented that effect on his poetical character which is generally produced by the succession of a bad piece, to others of a certain reputation.

1798. H.

Anecdotes of WASHINGTON.

[From Dr. Dwight's Oration.]

THE address to the officers of the army, in reply to the letters of Major Armstrong, was penned by his own hand, and never seen by any person until after it was publicly delivered. The originals of his answers, also, to the addresses presented to him in his last tour through the eastern States, are now on file (as I am informed from high authority), in his own hand.

When he began to read the above-mentioned address to the officers, he found himself in some degree embarrassed by the imperfection of his sight. Taking out his spectacles, he said, "These eyes, my friends, have grown dim, and these locks white, in the service of my country, yet I have never doubted her justice."

Upwards of 9,000 men, together with the great body of artillery, ammunition, horses, carriages, cattle, provisions, &c. were conveyed from Long-Island to New-York, while the British army was so near that their men were distinctly heard at work with their pick-axes and shovels. The river is near a mile wide, and the decampment lasted thirteen hours; yet the enemy were perfectly ignorant of the measure until it was completed. It ought here to be observed, that, about two o'clock in the morning, a thick fog providentially favoured the retreating army.

The first knowledge which Lord Cornwallis had of the retreat of General Washington, was in the morning, a few minutes before the noise of the cannon at Princeton was heard at Trenton. Sir William Erskine, it is asserted, urged Lord Cornwallis to place a strong body of troops at the bridge over Sanpink Creek, apprehending that General Washington would retreat into the heart of New-Jersey rather than attempt to cross the Delaware. This, however, was refused. Very early in the morning, Lord Cornwallis, while in bed, was informed that General Washington had decamped. Sir William at that moment came in. His Lordship asked him whither he believed the American General to be gone. At that instant the artillery was heard from the neighbourhood of Princeton. "My Lord," said Sir William, "General Washington tells you where he is. Do you not hear him calling to you to come after him?"

So silently was this retreat conducted, that the American centinels at the bridge knew nothing of it until themselves were ordered to quit their post.

To these ought to be added, a bold and masterly design of attacking the whole British force on New-York Island, near the close of the campaign in 1782. In this design Col. Talmadge was to have attacked the enemy on Long-Island the preceding night, with a body of seven hundred and fifty choice troops, and thence to have marched on horseback to Hell-Gate, where boats, ready to receive him, were to have transported the corps to the opposite shore. Another body under the command of a general officer, was to have marched to Kingsbridge to attack the enemy in front, and to keep them in full expectation of being assaulted there only; while the main body of the army was to have gone in boats down Hudson's River, and, landing below the enemy in the night, was to have made the principal attack on their rear. The American army was, at this time, in great force, and perfectly disciplined and supplied. Had this design been attempted, there is every reason to believe, that, attacked at one moment in front, flank, and rear, at day-break, and with total surprise, the triumph over them must in all probability have been complete. It was prevented by a circumstance wholly providential. Two British frigates moved up the North River the preceding day, anchored directly opposite to the American army, and thus prevented the intended embarkation.

Account of MISS LINWOOD.

WERE any sculptor of the present day to give to his figures the correctness and character, energy and ease, which we see displayed in those unrivalled models of ancient art which were wrought in Greece, we should class him as the Shakespeare of his profession, conceive that he had discovered the scale by which some writers have supposed the ancient sculptors performed these prodigies of art, and venerate his name for having restored an art the world had long lost, and despaired of retrieving.

A portion of the praise which would be bestowed on such a man, is certainly due to the lady whose name is at the head of this article, for she has awakened from its long sleep, an art which gave birth to painting; and the needle is, in her hands, become a formidable rival to the pencil. She has realized, in the most glowing colours, those splendid wonders that were recorded by Homer, and other ancient poets; for, that *the labours of the loom*, so often alluded to by bards of other days,

> "When purple hangings cloth'd the palace walls,"

were *the art of making pictures in tapestry*, there can be no doubt.

The progress of this branch of the arts in Great-Britain is curious. In the first samples, or rather samplers, when it was in its infancy, we see the Lord's prayer, or the ten commandments, surmounted by Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden, or Daniel in the den of the lions; which, in massy Gothic frames, were wont to decorate the walls of our ancient gentry. The first curious pieces of needle-work that I recollect to have seen recorded, are a suite of chair-bottoms, worked by, and under the direction of, Queen Mary, consisting of some heavy trophies in honour of her heroic husband. Those were, probably, laboured, loaded, and tasteless; and almost all the early specimens that we have seen may be very fairly put in the same class.

Since the accession of the present king, the art has awakened from its long sleep. In the beginning of his reign, the wife of Worlidge, the painter, copied some prints in needle-work, which, though dry and feeble, excited attention, and were noticed in some of the public prints of that day by complimentary verses, &c.

Some five and twenty years ago, several of the orphan daughters of clergymen, patronized and protected by the Queen, and under the direction of Mrs. Wright, wrought in needle-work ſome bed-furniture, and ſeveral other things which beam with taſte and elegance.*

To theſe may be added the works of Mrs. Knowles,† who, to ſome of her fruit-pieces, has given
"The glow of nature, and the bloom of ſpring."

We might grace this liſt with many other names; but to Miſs Linwood it was reſerved to produce a collection, which, conſidering its magnitude and excellence, muſt be deemed a monument, not only of uncommon genius, but of an induſtry and perſeverance which ſurpaſſes the long, long labours of Penelope at her procraſtinated web. Her works exhibit an honourable hiſtory of that part of her life which is paſt; but, as her talents entitle her to a place in this miſcellany, and as many of the many thouſands who have viſited the exhibition in Hanover-ſquare, will naturally wiſh to know ſome particulars of the creator of *that world of wonders*, we have endeavoured to procure all the information we could (and it is very ſlender) of the artiſt who produced it.

Her family is of Northamptonſhire, where they have reſided for ſome ages in ſituations highly reſpectable. She was born in Warwickſhire, and has, from her very early years, reſided in Leiceſter.

Like many other perſons who have had a bias to what has marked and done honour to their future lives by very trivial cauſes, this lady owes her firſt thought of an art, in which ſhe has ſo highly diſtinguiſhed herſelf, to a very trifling circumſtance.

About the year 1782, a friend ſent her a large collection of prints in the various ſtiles of ſtroke, mezzotinto, &c. They were left with no other view than that of affording her a few days amuſement. Inſpecting them with the eye of genius, ſhe conceived that the force of an engraving might be united with the ſoftneſs of a mezzotinto. Unacquainted with the uſe of aqua fortis in etching, a ſtranger to the mode of ſcraping a mezzotinto, and totally ignorant of the art of engraving in ſtroke, and the whole uſe of the burin, ſhe had no inſtrument but her needle to make the experiment. With that ſhe endeavoured to realize and embody her firſt idea, by copying ſuch prints as moſt ſtruck her attention, with the rovings of black and puce-coloured ſilk upon white ſarſnet. The needle, in her hands, became like the ſpear of Ithuriel; ſhe touched her ground-work, her figures aſſumed form and ſtarted into life.

Encouraged by the applauſe which was beſtowed on her firſt works, ſhe made copies of a ſtill larger ſize; and the Empreſs of Ruſſia being then conſidered as the grand protector of genius, and ſeeming deſirous of making her court the repoſitory of every great work of art that was produced in Europe, Miſs Linwood was adviſed to preſent a ſpecimen to the Empreſs. Not knowing the extent of her own powers, nor having then a thought of making a collection, ſhe conſented, and conſigned a large picture to Peterſburgh, which, in October, 1783, was preſented to her Imperial Majeſty by her then favourite, General Landſkoy. She expreſſed the higheſt admiration of the performance, ſaid it was an exquiſite work, and, in that branch of art, unqueſtionably the fineſt in the world, and ordered Landſkoy to make such a present to the artist as should be worthy of the work, and of herself. But Death countermanded the commands of the Empress, for the General departed this life a few weeks afterwards, nor dared any one in the court of Petersburgh to mention either his name, or aught in which he had been a party, to the Imperial Catherine. But, however neglected the artist, the picture is highly distinguished, and now occupies a favourite situation in the Emperor's palace.

---

* This eſtabliſhment, ſo honourable to her majeſty, is ſtill continued: ſhe allows five hundred pounds per annum for the education and accompliſhment of five orphan daughters of clergymen.

† The quaker, widow of the late Dr. Knowles.

The first attempt Miss Linwood made to imitate paintings, was in 1785, and she so far succeeded, that in 1786, she submitted to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. the St. Peter, from Guido; the Head of Lear, from Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a Hare, from the Houghton collection. For this, the society voted her a medal, on which is engraven, between two branches of laurel "*Excellent imitations of Pictures in Needle-work.*"

Between that period and 1789, she made great additions to her collection, and, in that year, copied the Salvator Mundi, from a picture, by Guido, in the collection of the Earl of Exeter; for which exquisite production, she was once offered the immense sum of three thousand guineas.

In ancient times it was customary for ladies to present scarfs to their favourite heroes; but *the days of chivalry are no more:* Miss Linwood has, however, had the honour of having wrought the first banner that has been offered to any association since the commencement of the present hostilities, and of having, in the year 1794, presented it to the united corps of cavalry and yeomanry of Leicestershire. It is her own composition, extremely well thought, and finished with a neatness that has been rarely united with so much force.

She was never regularly instructed in drawing; but certain it is that she has uncommon merit in painting, both in crayons, distemper, and colours; draws with accuracy, taste, and spirit; and, in her paintings at the Leicester ball-room, &c. the perspective is precisely correct.

Her first thought of making an exhibition of her own paintings originated in some pictures which she some years since sent to the Royal Academy, being refused admission; as, by a law which, like that of the Medes and Persians, *altereth not*, they reject every thing in needle-work.

To enumerate the various merits of her exhibition, is scarcely necessary; and the attention with which it has been honoured, reflects equal praise on the taste of the English and the talents of the artist.

From the late, and the present president of the Royal Academy, and almost every other artist of eminence in England, her works have received the highest and most generous praise; and Sir Joshua Reynolds gave a sanction to his approbation, by pointing out which of his own pictures would have the best effect in her copies. From him, as well as the late Lords Exeter, Gainsborough, &c. &c. she had many capital paintings, of which, her imitations are now in Hanover-square.

She is now (1799) adding to her collection, by copying two (the Woodman in a storm, and the Shepherd's Boy) from the late inimitable Gainsborough, lent to her by Colonel Edward Noel, and two (Lady Jane Grey, and Ephraim and Manasseh) from Northcote.

POETRY.

THE RETURN.

By COWPER.

THE poplars are fell'd, and adieu to the ſhade,
And the whiſpering ſound of the cool colonade;
The winds play no longer, and ſing in their leaves,
Nor the Ouſe, on its ſurface, their image receives.

Twelve years had elaps'd ſince I laſt took a view
Of my favourite field. and the place where they grew;
When, behold, on their ſides, in the graſs they were laid,
And I ſat on the trees under which I had ſtray'd.

The blackbird has ſought out another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a ſcreen from the heat;
And the ſcene where his notes have oft charm'd me before,
Shall reſound with his ſmooth-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all haſting away,
And I muſt myſelf lie as lowly as they,
With a turf at my breaſt, and a ſtone at my head,
Ere another ſuch grove riſes up in its ſtead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs;
I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys;
Short liv'd as we are, yet our pleaſures, we ſee,
Have a ſtill ſhorter date, and die ſooner than me.

* * *

FROM THE ANNUAL BILL OF MORTALITY, NORTHAMPTON.

By the ſame.

Placidaq: ibi demum morte quievit.
VIRG.
Then calm at length he breath'd his ſoul away.

"OH! moſt delightful hour by man
"Experienc'd here below;
"The hour that terminates his ſpan,
"His folly and his woe:

"Worlds ſhould not bribe me back to tread
"Again Life's dreary waſte;
"To ſee my days again o'erſpread
"With all the gloomy paſt.

"My home, henceforth, is in the ſkies,
"Earth, ſeas, and ſun adieu,
"All heaven unfolded to my eyes,
"I have no ſight for you."

Thus ſpake Aſpatio, firm poſſeſt
Of Faith's ſupporting rod;
Then breath'd his ſoul into its reſt,
The boſom of his God.

He was a man, among the few,
Sincere on Virtue's ſide,
And all his ſtrength from ſcripture drew,
To hourly uſe apply'd.

That rule he priz'd, by that he fear'd,
He hated, hop'd, and lov'd,
Nor ever frown'd, or ſad appear'd,
But when his heart had rov'd.

For he was frail as thou or I,
And evil felt within,
But when he felt it, heav'd a ſigh,
And loath'd the thought of ſin.

Such liv'd Aſpatio, and, at laſt,
Call'd up from earth to heav'n,
The gulph of death triumphant paſs'd,
By gales of bleſſing driven.

His joys be MINE, each reader cries,
When my laſt hour arrives:
They ſhall be yours, my verſe replies,
Such ONLY be your lives.

* * *

ON MISS LINWOOD'S ADMIRABLE PICTURES IN NEEDLE-WORK.

By a Lady.

WHEN Egypt's ſons, a rude, untutor'd race,
Learn'd, with wild forms, the obeliſk to grace,
And mould the idol god in ductile earth,
The loom and poliſh'd needle took their birth.

When doom'd to dull obſcur'ty no more,
Fair Science reign'd on each ſurrounding
ſhore,
And ſtretch'd her arm o'er Greece and
early Rome,
Still in her train appear'd the labours of
the loom.
When Gothic night o'erwhelm'd the
cheerful day,
And ſculpture, painting, all neglected lay,
And furious man, creation's ſavage lord,
Knew but the hunter's ſpear, the mur-
d'rer's ſword;
Our ſofter ſex emboſs'd the broider'd veſt,
In flowery robe the blooming hero dreſt;
Or rang'd in tap'ſtry's glowing colours
bright
The mimic teſts, and long embattled
fight.
Now learning's better ſun-beam ſhone
anew,
And Gothic horrors gloomy night with-
drew;
Again Prometheus wak'd the ſenſeleſs
clay,
Grace, beauty, order, leap'd to ſecond
day.
Moſt did the manly arts its influence feel,
The pencil chas'd the houſewife's hum-
bler ſteel;
Rent was the aged tap'ſtry from the
wall,
Exulting genius gloried in its fall;
To monſtrous ſhapes, and hideous forms
uncouth,
Succeeded nature fair, angelic truth,
The artiſt, man, awoke the victor's lay,
And woman's labours crumbled in decay.
Then Linwood roſe, inſpir'd at once to
give
The matchleſs grace that bids the picture
live;
With the bold air, the lovely laſting dye,
That fills at once and charms the won-
dering eye.
Hail! better Amazon, to thee belong
The critic's plaudits and the poet's
ſong,
To thee may fame no barren laurels
bring,
But flowery wreaths that bud each riſ-
ing ſpring.

SONNET.

Written on riſing Ground near Lichfield.

By Miſs Seward.

THE evening ſhines in May's luxuri-
ant pride,
And all the ſunny hills at diſtance glow,
And all the brooks, that through the
valley flow,
Seem liquid gold.—O! had my fate denied
Leiſure and power to taſte the ſweets
that glide
Through waken'd minds, as the ſoft ſea-
ſons go
On their ſtill varying progreſs, for the woe
My heart has felt, what balm had been
ſupplied!
But where great Nature ſmiles, as *here*
ſhe ſmiles,
'Mid verdant vales and gently ſwelling
hills,
And glaſſy lakes, and mazy, murmuring
rills,
And narrow wood-wild lanes, her ſpell
beguiles
Th' impatient ſighs of Grief, and reconciles
Poetic Minds to Life, with all her ills.

SONNET *to the* CHICK-WILLOW.*

By John Davis.

POOR, plaintive bird! whoſe melan-
choly lay
Suits the deſpondence of my troubled
breaſt,
I hail thy coming at the cloſe of day,
When all thy tribe are huſh'd in balmy reſt.

Wiſely thou ſhunn'ſt the gay, tumultuous
throng,
Whoſe mingled voices empty joys denote,
And for the ſober night reſerv'ſt thy ſong,
When echo from the woods repeats thy
note.

Penſive, at ſilent night, I love to roam
Where elves and fairies tread the dewy
green,
While the clear moon, beneath the azure
dome,
Sheds a ſoft luſtre o'er the ſylvan ſcene,

And hear thee tell thy moving tale of woe
To the bright Empreſs of the Silver Bow.

---

* This bird was called *Whip-poor-will* by the Britiſh ſoldiers, from their fanciful aſſimilation of its cry to thoſe words. It is heard only in the night, when the woods of Carolina reſound with the mournful but pleaſing note of Chick! Chick! Willow! Charlotte Smith makes mention of this bird in one of her novels.

END OF VOL. II.

70585